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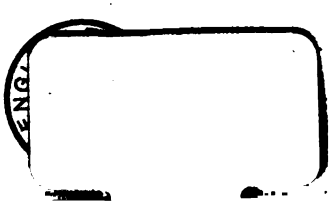

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# The Mirror

OF

## LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

## INSTRUCTION.

VOL. I.

*LONDON:*
PRINTED FOR J. LIMBIRD,
355, STRAND.

1823.

Printed by T. Dolby, 299, Strand, London.

# PREFACE.

CUSTOM, that great arbiter of the affairs of Editors as well as of other men, has rendered Prefaces almost as essential to books as title pages. Like the Prologue to a new play, their object is almost invariably to solicit the good opinion of the reader, and to persuade him into an approbation of the work. With us, however, the Preface rather resembles an Epilogue. Our play is acted, and we have now only to collect the suffrages of our auditory. The many tokens of approbation we have received during its progress, gives us a modest confidence that they will be in our favour.

When the MIRROR was first commenced, the Editor did not deem it necessary to begin with a formal address to his readers. The title "The MIRROR of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," he deemed quite sufficient to explain its nature and objects; and he felt confident, that if those objects were sedulously kept in view, the work must ensure a large portion of the public patronage. To afford the greatest quantity of "Amusement and Instruction" at the lowest possible expense, and to enable readers in the humblest circumstances to become acquainted with the current and expensive literature of the day, were the objects for which the Mirror was commenced. How far the Editor has been successful in the execution of his plan, it does not become him to say, though he would be ungrateful did he not acknowledge that the support he has met with has surpassed his most sanguine expectations. The Editor is sensible that no inconsiderable portion of the success of the MIRROR has been owing to the many valuable original contributions with which he has been favoured by correspondents, and whose services he now begs most gratefully to acknowledge, trusting that he will continue to receive their support. To the public the debt of gratitude by the Editor is large, but it is not to be paid by a Preface, or by promises; and he will best consult his own feelings, and, he doubts not, those of his readers, if he only assures them that, sensible of their kindness, he will spare no exertions to secure the continuance of their good opinion. Of the merits of the First Volume of the MIRROR now presented to the public, the Editor will leave such of his readers as may now meet with it for the first time to decide. For a view of the nature and extent of its miscellaneous contents, he will only refer to the Index, and to the List of the Embellishments, the whole of which have been expressly engraved for the work.

*London, May* 21, 1823.

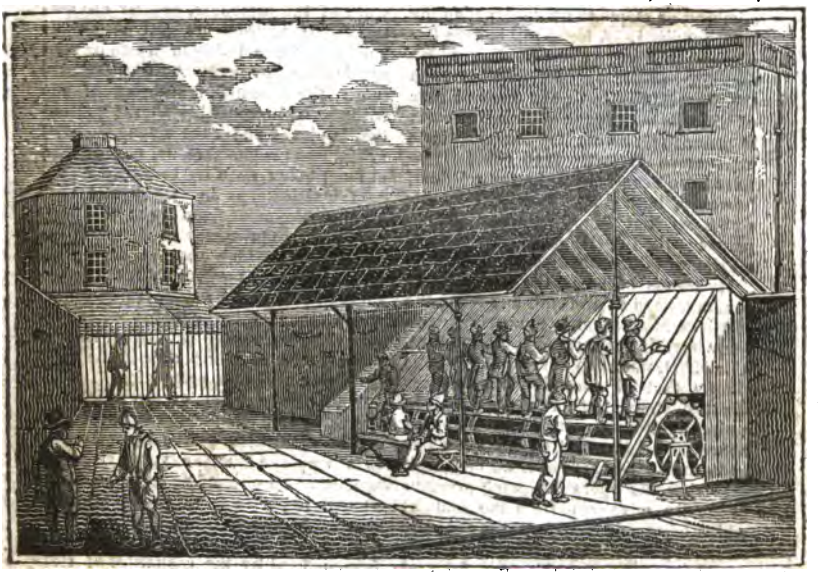
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. I.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1822. [Price 2*d*.


## THE TREAD-MILL AT BRIXTON.



The Tread-Mill at Brixton, that "terror to evil-doers," has excited so much attention, that the Proprietors of The Mirror think a correct view and description of it, cannot fail of being acceptable to their readers. The tread-mill is the invention of Mr. Cubitt*, of Ipswich, and is considered a great improvement in Prison discipline; so much so, that since its beneficial effects have been experienced at Brixton, mills of a similar construction have been erected at Cold-Bath-fields, and several places in the country.

The above engraving exhibits a party of prisoners in the act of working the Brixton tread-mill, of which it is a correct representation. The view is taken from a corner of one of the ten airing yards of the prison, all of which radiate from the Governor's house in the centre; so that from the window of his room commands a complete view into all the yards. A building behind the tread-wheel shed is the mill-house, containing the necessary machinery for grinding corn and dressing the flour, also rooms for stoving it, &c. On the right side of this building a pipe is seen passing up to the roof, on which is a large cast-iron reservoir, capable of holding some thousand gallons of water, for the use of the prison. This reservoir is filled by means of forcing-pump machinery below, connected with the principal axis which works the machinery of the mill:—this axis or shaft passes under the pavement of the several yards, and, working by means of universal joints, at every turn, communicates with the tread-wheel of each class.

This wheel, which is represented in the centre of the engraving, is exactly similar to a common water-wheel; the tread-boards upon its circumference are, however, of considerable length, so as to allow sufficient standing room for a row of from ten to twenty persons upon the wheel. Their weight, the

* This gentleman's name has given rise to some jokes on the subject, among such of the prisoners as can laugh at their own crimes, who say, they are punished by the *cubit*.

first moving power of the machine, produces the greatest effect when applied upon the circumference of the wheel at or near the level of its axle; to secure therefore this mechanical advantage, a screen of boards is fixed up in an inclined position above the wheel, in order to prevent the prisoners from climbing or stepping up higher than the level required. A hand-rail is seen fixed upon this screen, by holding which they retain their upright position upon the revolving wheel; the nearest side of which is exposed to view in the plate, in order to represent its cylindrical form much more distinctly than could otherwise have been done. In the original, however, both sides are closely boarded up, so that the prisoners have no access to the interior of the wheel, and all risk of injury whatever is prevented.

By means of steps, the gang of prisoners ascend at one end, and when the requisite number range themselves upon the wheel, it commences its revolution. The effort, then, to every individual is simply that of ascending an endless flight of steps, their combined weight acting upon every successive stepping board, precisely as a stream of water upon the float-boards of a water-wheel.

During this operation, each prisoner gradually advances from the end at which he mounted towards the opposite end of the wheel, from whence the last man, taking his turn, descends for rest (see the Plate), another prisoner immediately mounting as before to fill up the number required, without stopping the machine. The interval of rest may then be portioned to each man, by regulating the number of those required to work the wheel with the whole number of the gang; thus, if twenty out of twenty-four are obliged to be upon the wheel, it will give to each man intervals of rest amounting to 12 minutes in every hour of labour. Again, by varying the number of men upon the wheel, or the work inside the mill, so as to increase or diminish its velocity, the degree of hard labour or exercise to the prisoner may also be regulated. At Brixton, the diameter of the wheel being five feet, and revolving twice in a minute, the space stepped over by each man is 2193 feet, or 731 yards per hour.

To provide regular and suitable employment for prisoners sentenced to hard labour, has been attended with considerable difficulty in many parts of the kingdom: the invention of the Discipline Mill has removed the difficulty, and it is confidently hoped, that as its advantages and effects become better known, the introduction of the Mill will be universal in Houses of Correction. As a species of prison labour, it is remarkable for its simplicity. It requires no previous instruction; no taskmaster is necessary to watch over the work of the prisoners, neither are materials or instruments put into their hands that are liable to waste or misapplication, or subject to wear and tear: the internal machinery of the Mill, being inaccessible to the prisoners, is placed under the management of skilful and proper persons, one or two at most being required to attend a process which keeps in steady and constant employment from ten to two hundred or more prisoners at one and the same time; which can be suspended and renewed as often as the regulations of the prison render it necessary, and which imposes equality of labour on every individual employed, no one upon the wheel being able in the least degree to avoid his proportion.

The arrangement of the wheels in the yards radiating from the governor's central residence, places the prisoners thus employed under very good inspection—an object known to be of the utmost importance in prison management. At the Brixton House of Correction, with the exception of the very few confined by the casualties of sickness or debility, all the prisoners are steadily employed under the eye of the governor during a considerable part of the day.

The *classification* also of the prisoners, according to offences, &c. may be adhered to in the adoption of these discipline wheels; the same wheel, or the same connected shafts, can be easily made to pass into distinct compartments, in which the several classes may work in separate parties. In the prison from which the annexed drawing is taken, a tread-wheel is erected in each of the six yards, by which the inconvenience and risk of removing a set of prisoners from one part of the prison to another is obviated.

As the mechanism of these Tread-Mills is not of a complicated nature, the regular employment they afford is not likely to be frequently suspended for want of repairs to the machinery; and should the supply of corn, &c. at any time fall off, it is not necessary that the labour of the prisoners should be suspended, nor can they be aware of the circumstance: the supply of hard

labour may therefore be considered as almost unfailing.

It is unnecessary to occupy much time in proving the advantage which the invention of the Stepping-Mill presents as a species of *preventive punishment*. Although but very recently introduced, and hitherto but sparingly brought into action, the effects of its discipline have in every instance proved eminently useful in decreasing the number of commitments. As a corrective punishment, the discipline of the Stepping-Mill has had a most salutary effect upon the prisoners, and is not likely to be easily forgotten; while it is an occupation which by no means interferes with, nor is calculated to lessen the value of, those branches of prison regulation which provide for the moral and religious improvement of the criminal.

By an excellent contrivance, when the machinery of the mill has attained its proper speed, certain balls rise by their centrifugal force, so as to draw a box below the reach of a bell-handle, which will then cease to ring a bell, placed in some convenient situation for the purpose. But should the men at the wheels cease to keep up the requisite speed in the mill-work, the balls will descend, and a projecting pin on the box, striking the handle, placed in the proper situation for that purpose, will continue to ring the bell, till they go on again properly; and by this means, a certain check will be kept on the labourers, and the governor or taskmaster apprised, even at a distance, that the full work is not performed.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

*Cases for the Opinion of*

DR. LUSHINGTON.

Dear Doctor, in vain, by September set free,
Have I, a poor Proctor, eloped toward the sea.
This new Marriage Act, which my Lord Ellenborough
Has whisk'd through the House like a colt o'er the Curragh,
Has set the pent fears of my clients at large—
I'm boarded by dunces, like Pope in his barge.
My bag won't contain half the cases they draw,
The Church can't absolve, so they fly to the Law.
The Magistrates' clerks know not how to behave, It 's
So puzzling to draw up the right affidavits:
Then how shall I pick Cupid's bone of contention,
Remote as I am from the scene of dissension?
My client, Jack Junk, with a heart hot as Ætna,
Has cut through the knot by post horses and Gretna.
One says the church notice must not be a scrawl;
One says there is no need of notice at all;
A third swears it must be in black and in white;
A fourth hints that, where neither party can write,
A cross is sufficient; forgetting, of course,
That a cross before marriage is cart before horse.
My female complainants are equally busy,
And ply me with plaints till I'm really dizzy.
Miss Struggle, aged fifty, still baiting Love's trap,
Asks who keeps the children should Hymen's chain snap.
Miss Blue, equi-wrinkled, has dipp'd me in ink,
With doubts on divorce *à mens.* and *à vinc.*
Aunt Jane understands it: her niece Mary Anne
Says she cannot conceive—others say that she can;
And gladly would hie to St. George's, full trot,
To clench Cupid's nail while the iron is hot.
To flourish my flail, feather mounted, and draw
A handful of wheat from a barn full of straw;
*Five* Cases I've hit on, in Cupid's dominion,
On which I request your advice and opinion.
Case *one.*—Kitty Crocodile married Ned Bray,
And swore she would honour, and love, and obey.
The honeymoon over, thorns mingle with roses,
And Ned's upper head is the picture of Moses.
Love, honour, obey, toll a funeral knell,
Up start, in their place, hate, disdain, and rebel.

You 'll please to look over the statute, and say,
In case, at the next Lent Assizes, Ned Bray
Indict Mistress Kate for false swearing, can her jury
Bring the delinquent in guilty of perjury?

Case *two*.—Captain Boyd, to his tailor in debt,
Ador'd, at the Op'ra, Ma'amselle Pirouette:
'Twas Psyche that slew him: he woo'd; she consented:
Both married in May, and in June both repented:
The steps that she took gain'd eight hundred a year,
The step that he took made that sum disappear.
Please look at the Act, and advise whether Boyd
By debt made the deed *nudum pactum* and void;
And say, if eight hundred per annum, Miss Pirouette
May get back from Boyd, by a count *quantum meruit!*

Case *three*.—Martha Trist, of Saint Peter-le-Poor,
Had stuck up her notice upon her church door.
The Act (section eight) says, the wife must annex
Her proper description, age, station, and sex.
Her age, four-and-thirty, she fix'd to the door,
But somehow the wafer stuck over the four;
And Martha, if judged by some ill-temper'd men,
Would seem to have own'd to no more than thrice ten.
If Wildgoose, her spouse, should discover the flaw,
Please to say if the wedlock's avoided by law;
And if "on the whole," you would not deem it safer
To interline "four" at the top of the wafer.

Case *four*.—Captain Sykes won the heart of Miss Dighton
While driving a dennet from Worthing to Brighton.
Her West-India fortune his hot bosom stirs,
His cap and mustachios are too much for hers.
They married: the Captain was counting his gain,
When sugar and rum grew a drug in Mark-lane.
In temper both fired: 'twas a word and a blow:
(See Dibdin's Reports, Captain Wattle and Roe,)
And both, while the stool is at either head flung,
Try to tear with their teeth what they tied with their tongue.
Please to study the Act for this couple, and tell 'em
If they can't be replaced "*statu quo ante bellum*."

Case *five*.—Doctor Swapp'em, allied to a peer,
Has farm'd his great tithes for five thousand a year.
He never is vex'd, but when pheasants are wild;
And got a rich helpmate who bore him no child.
The curate of Swapp'em is pious and thrifty,
His annual stipend in pounds mounts to fifty;
His helpmate in annual parturience is seen,
His children already amount to fifteen.
While keeping the *dictum Ecclesiæ* in view,
(God never sends mouths without sending bread too)
You'll please to advise, if the Act has a clause
To marshal the bread, or to average the jaws.

But see, while my pen your Opinion implores,
Fresh couples, love-stricken, besiege the church doors.
The porch of St. Anne's ninety couple disgorges,
Thrice ninety stand fix'd on the steps of St. George's;
The fresh and the jaded promiscuously mingle,
Some seek to get married, some seek to get single:
While *those*, sage Civilian, you're fettering, please
To hit on a scheme to emancipate *these*.
Teach mortals, who find, like the man who slew Turnus,
A marvellous facile descent to Avernus,
Like him, back their Pluto-bound steps to recall,
And breathe the light æther of Bachelor's Hall:
Do this, through my medium, dear Doctor, and then
Ere Easter, my life on't, we both are made men;

My purse shall swell, laden by fee upon fee,
King's Proctor, in war-time, were nothing to me:
While you, happy man, down Pactolus's tide
Your silver-oar'd galley triumphant shall guide,
And whirl'd in no eddy, o'ertaken by no ill,
Reign Hymen's Arch-Chancellor, *vice* Lord Stowell.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## OLD ACTORS—DICKY SUETT.

O for a "slip-shod muse," to celebrate in numbers, loose and shambling as himself, the merits and the person of Mr. Richard Suett, comedian!

Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his lifetime he was best pleased to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetry of Holy Paul, to whose service his non-age and tender years were set apart and dedicated.—There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was "cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like *Sir John*, "with hallooing and singing of Anthems;" or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to "commerce with the skies," I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which cathedral seats and sounding-boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of *Motley*, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which Theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable. He was the *Robin Good-Fellow* of the stage.—He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like *Puck*, by his note—*Hâ! Ha! Ha!* sometimes deepening into *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of—*O la!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O la!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no further go." He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter,—a sigh have puffed him down—the weight of a frown had staggered him—a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Good-Fellow, "thorough brake, thorough briar;" reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakspeare foresaw him when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose gait, a slippery tongue; this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words light as air, venting truth deep as the centre with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest singing with *Lear* in the tempest, or *Sir Toby* at the buttery hatch.

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this: Jack was more beloved for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more liked for his sweet, good-natured no pretensions at all.—Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of *Walter*, in the *Children in the Wood*—how dearly beautiful it was!—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist, but because it could not touch him any more than a

cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burden of that death; and when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O la! O la! Bobby!—London Magazine.*

## JOE MILLER.

Many a would-be wit, who has Joe Miller constantly on his lips, might probably be induced to make a pilgrimage to his grave, if he knew that it was as near to him as the place called the *Green* Church-yard, or burying-ground, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, belonging to the parish of St. Clement Dane, and close by the once celebrated Lincoln's-inn-fields Theatre, where Garrick became so famous, and now as celebrated for being Spode's *depôt* for china, &c.—Miller's epitaph, by Stephen Duck, is on a handsome stone, on the left-hand side as you enter the burial-ground, nearly under the windows of the workhouse. The inscription was originally on another stone, but time had taken such liberties with it, that in the year 1816 the churchwarden for the time being, greatly to his credit, caused the present one to be erected. He certainly has tacked himself to Joe Miller by his explanation at the bottom of the stone; and probably hopes, and in some degree deserves, to share a little of his immortality; though at present he is on this side the grave, and a highly respectable man.

The following is the inscription on the present stone:

Here lie the remains of
honest Joe Miller,
who was
a tender husband,
a sincere friend,
a facetious companion,
and an excellent comedian.
He departed this life the 15th day of
August, 1738, aged 54 years.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The hum'rous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour, crown'd.
Could but esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

S. Duck.

From respect to social worth, mirthful qualities, and histrionic excellence, commemorated by poetic talent in humble life, the above inscription, which time had nearly obliterated, has been preserved, and transferred to this stone, by order of Mr. Jarvis Buck, churchwarden,

A.D. 1816.

## FANATICS.

Richard Brothers, the prophet, and Wright and Bryan, two fanatics, the former a carpenter at Leeds, the latter a journeyman copper-plate printer, in 1789 repaired to Avignon, in order to form a society of prophets: these men became the friends and coadjutors of Richard Brothers. One of them, however, had doubts, and he went to see Brothers, prepared with a knife; so that, if any doubts of his apostolic mission should arise, he might deliver such a message from the Lord as Eliud carried to King Eglon. The new king of the Hebrews had not so much as a single Jewish historian. Mr. Sharpe became one of his disciples, and beneath a well-engraved portrait placed the following words:—"*Fully believing this to be the man whom God hath appointed, I engrave his likeness.* W. S."—Brothers wrote letters to the King, and to all the Members of both Houses of Parliament, announcing his intention of speedily setting out for Jerusalem.—Some of his disciples actually shut up their shops, and many repaired to London to join him. Before his departure, he was to prove the truth of his mission by a public miracle, and said he would throw down his stick in the Strand at noon-day, which, like the wand of Moses, would be converted into a serpent. In a like strain he threatened London with an earthquake.

## NAUTICAL BREEDING.

When the late Duke of York (brother to George III.) went on board Lord Howe's ship, as a midshipman, the different captains in the fleet attended, to pay him their respects, on the quarter-deck. He seemed not to know what it was to be subordinate, or to feel the necessity of moderation in the display of that superiority which would naturally result from his high rank. He received them with some

hauteur, which a sailor on the fore-castle observing, after expressing his astonishment at the Duke's keeping his hat on, he told one of his messmates, that "the thing was not in its sphere;" adding, "It is no wonder he does not know manners, as he was never at sea before."—*Monthly Magazine.*

## OBSERVATIONS ON LYING.

Lies of interest are very various, and more excusable and less offensive than many others. The pale and ragged beggar who, to add to the effect of his or her ill looks, tells of the large family which does not exist, has a strong motive to deceive in the penury which does exist—and the tradesman, who tells you he cannot afford to come down to your price because he gave almost as much for the goods you are cheapening, is only labouring diligently in his calling, and telling a falsehood which custom authorizes, and which you may believe or not as you choose. It is not from persons like these that the worst, or most disgusting marks of falsehood are found. It is when habitual and petty lying profanes the lips of those, whom independence preserves from the temptation to violate the truth, and whom education and religion ought to have taught to value it.

Lies of convenience are next in the list, and are super-eminent in extent and frequency. The order to your servant to say, "Not at home," is a lie of convenience; and one which custom authorizes, and which even some moralists defend, because, say they, it deceives no one. But this I deny—It is often meant to deceive—but were it not so, and were it understood amongst equals as a simple and legitimate excuse, it still is very objectionable, because it must have a pernicious effect on the minds of our servants, who cannot be supposed parties to this implied compact among their superiors, and must therefore understand the order *à la lettre*, and that order is, "Go and tell a lie for my convenience." How then, I ask, in the name of justice and common sense, can I, after giving such an order, resent any lie which a servant may think proper to tell me for his convenience, or his pleasure, or his interest? But amongst the most frequent lies of convenience are those, which are told relative to engagements which they who make them are averse to keep. "Head-aches," "bad colds," "unexpected visitors from the country." All these in their turn are used as lies of convenience, and gratify indolence or caprice at the expense of integrity. How often have I pitied the wives and children of professional men for the number of lies, which they are obliged to tell in the course of the year!—"Dr.—— is very sorry, but he was sent for to a patient just as he was coming."—"Papa's compliments, and he is very sorry, but he was forced to attend a commission of bankruptcy, but will certainly come, if he can, bye and bye;" when the chances are, that the physician is enjoying himself over his book and his fire, and the lawyer also— congratulating themselves on having escaped that terrible bore, a party, at the expense of teaching their wife and daughter, or son, to tell what they call a white lie! I would ask those fathers, I would ask mothers who make their children bearers of similar excuses, whether they could conscientiously resent any breach of veracity committed by their children in matters of more importance. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, and I believe that habitual, permitted, and encouraged lying in little and unimportant things, leads undoubtedly to want of truth and principle in greater and serious matters. The barrier, the restrictive principle once thrown down, no one can presume to say where the inroads and the destruction will end; and however exaggerated, however ridiculously rigid my ideas and opinions may appear, I must repeat, it is my firm conviction, that on no occasion whatever is truth to be violated or withheld.—*European Magazine.*

## THE HOG,

A MOCK-HEROIC ORATION.

After all that has been said of the utility of the hog, in olden and modern times, we cannot but think that to him, instead of the lion, belongs the title of the king of animals; in point of instinct (by which he selects seventy-two species of vegetables, and rejects one hundred and seventy-one), sagacity, and docility, when tutored, he is but little, if anywise, inferior to the dog, beaver, and half-reasoning elephant. Who has not heard of the learned pig spelling words, pointing out names and designating cards? In the towns of Europe, when the swineherd sounds his horn, every hog leaves his stye to follow him to the forest or fields. If a storm is approaching or a change of wind or weather is about to take place, the hog is the first with his *barometer*

nose, true as *Torricelli's* best instrument, to make the discovery, and to warn his keeper by his cries and movements. With a knowledge of this fact, the conjecturers tell us 'he is the only animal who sees the wind,' by which means he is enabled, on the principle of *carpe diem*, to avoid foul weather and enjoy the fine. He is also endowed with *sensibility* as well as instinct, and has one quality which distinguishes him from all others of the brute creation—that of running to the aid of his brother hogs in distress and difficulty, braving the greatest dangers and the rudest treatment for the love of *kin*.

In all countries, except Scotland, the hog, out of gratitude for the eminent services his family has never ceased to render to man, *from the most remote antiquity*, is permitted to live in a state of what many erect hogs we know of would call luxury and ease. But whoever has visited that sage computer, the ever-saving sawney, in his Murrayshire, must have frequently seen the hog tackled with a small horse to the same plough. How different from the Mexicans, who, in driving their hogs to market, cover their feet and lower joints with a sort of boots, to prevent the ill effects of fatigue, while the *peasant* who conducts them goes *bare-footed!*

Had it not been for some Egyptian goddesses who fell in love with a bull, and the clan of that wise legislator, Moses, whose cutaneous sympathies pork was supposed to increase (and, therefore, the patriot hog was by both proscribed), we moderns should entertain a much higher respect for him than we do; for it must be acknowledged, taking him altogether, *soul* and body *(honi soit qui mal y pense)*, inside and out, that he is very superior to most animals, and the devoted friend of man, to whom he never fails to show his gratitude, by repaying him a hundred fold for all his favours.

As to his habits, they are, to be sure, for the want of care and education, rather grovelling and dirty; but this, as in some biped cousin-germans of his, ought rather to be termed a genteel slovenliness, indicative of *great natural gifts and contempt for artificial helps*. Though we admit he is an excessive gormandiser, insomuch as he is not very choice of his viands and liquids, yet he has no hankering after whiskey, egg-hot, or juleps, which, with segars, tobacco, and snuff, he leaves to certain *Cossack* relatives of his, who, while peleped lords of the creation, would do well to recollect, that—

'The hog who works not, nor obeys their call,
'Lives on the labours of these lords of all.'

Much has been said in praise of the hog, yet many a swinish excellence must be passed over in silence, and left, like virtue, to its own reward. The last advice of the dying, like the parting kiss of the lover, is the most impressive; so is the peroration of a discourse, the finish of an epigram, and last stanza of a poem, as well as the last hint of a moral, from Æsop to Franklin: so, precisely so, appears the last and most prominent character of our bristly personage; a character of inestimable value in this great republic, the *Pharos* among nations.

When nature created and endowed the hog with qualities surprising and rare, she seems to have presented him to the statesman, lawyer, judge, physician, and divine—to *all* the human race—as the perpetual model of that stubborn, rude, uncourtly integrity, commonly understood by the name of *independence;* and yet, strange inconsistency! this representative of honest obesity has given rise to the calumnious metaphor of bribery, implied by *greasing a man's palm!* as if the fat of a hog was synonimous with gold.—Our very aspersions are often times charged with precious confessions, detersive of the reputation they were intended to tarnish. Senators have been known to take bribes; Jugurtha bought the Roman and Walpole the British senate; and who has not heard of the Yazoo purchase?—Courtiers and sycophants, too, will flatter; but neither adulation nor money can tempt to deviate from the invariable laws of his nature, the 'even tenor of his ways,' this valuable quadruped, who, though like a candidate for public office, he will go through *thick and thin* to reach his object, will never be *led* or *driven* like a time-serving radical. The downy bed has no enchantment for him. With the *Doric* simplicity of a back woodsman, he lays himself down in the humblest hovel, or under 'the blue spangled arch of heaven,' and snores away the night with a full stomach and a clear conscience:—

'Go! from the creatures thy instruction take.'

When the Roman historian captivates us most, he recals that simple age

of purity in which Cincinnatus cultivated his own ground, or Scipio roasted turnips and broiled his own pork on his Sabine farm; not that vile Epicurean epoch when emperors and courtezans melted pearls for a soup, gave thousands for a turbot, and millions for a debauch. The incorruptible hog, with Roman simplicity, *ploughs his own fields*, and caters for himself. Truffles and mushrooms are his choicest dainties; for *his* heaven, like that of the gods, who, in the reign of Saturn, fought and ate with men, and held sweet converse with the women, is upon the earth. There he grunts and grumbles for his competency, which, like the fund of South American riches, is concealed partly under ground, as if the deity had foreseen that tyranny would enslave or cowardice surrender every thing above its surface. But all the crevices of despotism and its inquisition will not coerce him, like the Indian of the Mita, to dig dross for a master.—*Literary Chronicle.*

## BURNING DEAD BODIES.

The city of Calcutta being very populous, about sixty or seventy Hindoos are dying every day. After they are dead, their relations take their corpses to Cossy Miter's Ghaut (the only one in the town), where they burn them, and perform other funeral rites. This Ghaut is about fifteen cubits broad and forty long, within which space three, or at most four, piles of wood only can be heaped; therefore the inconvenience that is experienced in burning the dead bodies of the Hindoos will appear from the following description. When any person of a moderate fortune living at Jaun Bazar, and usually going about in a palanquin, has lost some of his relations, he experiences great difficulty in walking so far, in order to bring the body to Cossy Miter's Ghaut at Bagbazar. Again, when he has reached the Ghaut, he finds three or four piles already burning, while five or seven others are ready to be burnt: some brought in the morning, others at noon, and this, that is just coming from Jaun Bazar, at about four in the evening. When those three or four have been burnt away, those that were brought in the morning begin to be burnt about sunset, and are completed between ten and eleven at night. At this time, the water being raised, or, in other words, the flowing tide coming in, prevents those corpses which had been brought at noon from being burnt, and they that had brought them necessarily are obliged to wait the return of the ebb tide till six in the morning, when they begin their task, and leave those who have come from Jaun Bazar to burn their corpse about the noon, which they cannot finish before evening. This is the manner in which the Hindoo corpses are burnt. This is a very bad practice, and costs a great deal of trouble. First, as it is inconsistent with the general opinion and that of the Shasters, to stale the corpse; second, as our feelings are inexpressibly hurt, to wait at the burning ground with that object in our bosom for whose loss we lament; third, as those persons who take the dead body to the Ghaut have been obliged, before the death of the patient, to attend upon him, and keep up whole nights without any food to themselves, and are now again obliged to do the same on the river Ganges; and, fourth, as, until these persons return home, no one there is allowed to eat any thing, but all must lie down lamenting. We therefore sincerely wish, that either a very wide Ghaut, where twenty-five or thirty dead bodies may be burned, or three or four more of the present kind be made, so that the corpses, immediately upon being taken to the Ghaut, be burned without any opposition or inconvenience. I presume that, when this circumstance is publicly known, the merciful rulers of this land, who are doing every thing to make their subjects happy, will adopt some such measures as will tend to the abolition of this evil practice. They have granted extensive pieces of ground to the Moosulmans, Armenians, Portuguese, and many other nations for burying their dead, and they are more and more adding to those pieces of ground, for another corpse cannot be buried in the same place where one has already been interred: but such is not the case among the Hindoos, for they require only different piles of wood to burn their dead bodies, but not spots of ground. From this we presume to hope that the Hindoos will be able to meet with success from their generous and wise rulers.

## TWIN BROTHERS.

In the famous town of Calcutta there are two twin brothers, Cossy and Crishno, at Simlah, who are so alike that no one can discover any difference between them except themselves. They are of the same colour, size, and height; wear the same kind of clothes, eat the same food, and sleep and rise together

and at the same time. They love each other so tenderly, that they have not married yet, knowing that wives are generally the cause of separation between brothers; and as they are both the same, they think the wives would not be able to distinguish each other's husband, and preserve their chastity. One day a milkman was passing by their door with a pot of curds in his hand for sale, and these two brothers resolved to play a trick upon him. Cossy told him that he wished to buy some curds; the milkman presented him the pot, which contained about twelve seers of curds, and demanded the price. Cossy said that it was a very small quantity. "Do you think twelve seers a small quantity?" said the milkman, and told him that if he could eat that whole quantity of curds, he should get them for nothing. Cossy consented to it: and eating six seers, he went into his room, telling the milkman he would instantly return; and Crishno coming out, ate the remainder. The milkman being much confounded, returned home and told this circumstance to his family.—*Asiatic Journal.*

## ELECTION EXPENSES.

The following remarkable account of the economy with which members of Parliament were formerly elected, is taken from a MS. of J. Harrington, Esq. of Kelston, in Somersetshire. It is dated 1646, and is called, "A note of my BATH business, about the Parliament."

"Saturday, December 26, 1646, went to Bath, and dined with the mayor and citizens; conferred about my election to serve in Parliament, as my father was helpless and ill able to go any more. Went to the George Inn at night, met the bailiffs, and desired to be dismissed from serving; drank strong beer and metheglin; expended about three shillings; went home late, but got excused, as they entertained a good opinion of my father.

"Monday, December 28, went to Bath; met Sir John Horner; we were chosen by the citizens to serve for the city. The mayor and citizens conferred about Parliament business. The mayor promised Sir John Horner and myself a horse a piece, when we went to London, to the Parliament, which was accepted of: and we talked about the synod and ecclesiastical dismissions. I am to go again on Thursday, and meet the citizens about all such matters, and take advice thereon.

"Thursday, 31, went to Bath; Mr. Ashe preached. Dined at the George Inn, with the mayor and four citizens; spent at dinner six shillings in wine. Laid out in victuals at the

| | |
|---|---|
| George Inn | 11s. 4d. |
| Laid out in drinking | 7 2 |
| Laid out in tobacco and drinking vessels | 4 4 |

"Jan. 1, my father gave me four pounds to bear my expenses at Bath.

"Mr. Chapman, the mayor, came to Kelston, and *returned thanks* for my being chosen to serve in Parliament, to my father, in the name of all the citizens. My father gave me good advice, touching my speaking in Parliament, as the city should direct me. Came home late at night from Bath, much troubled thereat, concerning my proceeding truly for man's good report, and my own safety.

"Note. I gave the city messenger two shillings for bearing the mayor's letter to me. Laid out in all, three pounds seven shillings for victuals, drink, and horse hire, together with divers gifts."

As a contrast to the singular economy of the Bath election, in 1646, it may not be amiss to subjoin the following list of "charges of ONE DAY'S EXPENSES at a small POT-HOUSE at Ilchester, in the contest for the county of Somerset, in 1813."

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 353 bottles, rum and gin, at 6s. | £105 | 16 | 0 |
| 57 ditto, French brandy, at 10s. 6d. | 29 | 18 | 0 |
| 514 gallons, beer, at 2s. 8d. | 68 | 10 | 8 |
| 792 dinners, at 2s. 6d. | 99 | 0 | 0 |
| | £302 | 7 | 2 |

## WHAT IS CORRUPTION?

Mr. Beckford brought in a bill for preventing bribery and corruption at elections, in which was a clause to oblige every member to swear, on his admission to the House, that he had not, directly or indirectly, given a bribe to any elector. This clause was so universally opposed, as answering no other end but that of perjuring the members, that Mr. Beckford was compelled to withdraw it. Mr. Thurlow opposed the bill in a long speech, to which Mr. Beckford very smartly replied. "The honourable gentleman," says he, "in his learned discourse, gave us first one definition of corruption, then he gave us another definition of it, and I think he was about to give us a third. Pray, does that gentleman

imagine there is a single member of this House that does not know what corruption is?"

## IRISH ELECTORS.

The freedom of election was never more grossly violated than in Ireland, previous to the Union. The Beresford family, who were at the head of the revenue, could, on all emergencies, march a whole army of excisemen, tax-gatherers, distillers, brewers, and publicans, into the field; all of whom had either votes in corporations, or were forty-shilling freeholders in three or four counties; and if, on any occasion, the success of the court candidate was doubtful, a batch of those forty-shilling voters was manufactured for the occasion, and the same identical acre was sometimes transferred in succession from one to twenty tenants, with an increasing profit rent of forty-shillings a year to each. On one particular occasion, when popular interest ran high, on the approach of a general election, Mr. Beresford was obliged to brigade the custom-house officers from the metropolis, and every out-port in the kingdom, all of whom being previously organized as quorum voters for several counties, were actually marched by squads through every district within the circuit of their respective cantonments, to turn the scale at every election they could reach.

This circumstance was, on the meeting of the Parliament, happily seized on by Mr. Curran, who dwelt on it with infinite humour. "What, Mr. Speaker," said he, "must be the alarm and consternation of the whole country, when they saw these hordes of custom-house Tartars travelling every district, devouring like locusts the provisions, and overwhelming the franchises of the people? These fiscal comedians travelled in carts and waggons, from town to town, county to county, and election to election, to fill this House, not with the representatives of the people, but of the great Cham, who commands them. Methinks I see a whole caravan of these strolling constituents, trundling in their vehicles towards a country town, where some gaping simpleton, in wonderment at their appearance, asks the driver of the first vehicle, 'Where, my good fellow, are you going with these raggamuffins? I suppose they are convicts on their way to the kidship, for transportation to Botany Bay.' 'Oh! no,' answers the driver, 'they are only a few cart loads of raw materials for manufacturing members of Parliament, on their way to the next election.'"

Such is said to have been the effect of this speech, that Mr. Beresford, and his whole corps of commissioners, joined in the general laugh which it excited.

## MR. WILBERFORCE AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

The name of Wilberforce, is associated with the best offices of humanity; and with one of the most glorious triumphs that persevering eloquence ever accomplished—the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

It was soon after the meeting of Parliament in 1787, that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his intention to bring forward a measure respecting the slave trade. His speech was replete with eloquence, and he described this horrible traffic in the most glowing terms.

"Never," said he, "was a more complete system of injustice and cruelty exhibited to the world. To whatever portion of this odious traffic you turn your eyes, you find neither consolation nor relief. The horrors attendant on tearing the Africans from their native country, are only to be compared to the horrors of the voyage; the latter are only to be equalled by the horrors of the colonial slavery itself. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, in the moral, as well as the physical, order of things, some degree of good generally accompanies evil: hurricanes purify the air; persecution excites enthusiasm for truth; pride, vanity, and profusion, frequently contribute, indirectly, to the happiness of mankind. There is nothing, however odious, that has not its palliative; the savage is hospitable; the brigand is intrepid; violence is, in general, exempt from perfidy; and daring iniquity, from meanness. But there is no benign concomitant here; it belongs to this hateful traffic to deteriorate alike the good and the bad, and even to pollute crime itself; it is a state of warfare undignified by courage; it is a state of peace, in which there is no security against devastation and massacre. There you find the vices of polished society, without the delicacy of manners by which they are tempered; the primitive savageness of man, stripped of all its innocence; perverseness, pure and complete, full and finished, destitute of every honourable sentiment, of every advantage that can be contemplated without indignation,

or acknowledged without the deepest shame."

From this time, to 1800, when Mr. W. succeeded in erasing from British history that stain to our national character, his whole life may be read in the progress of the abolition of the slave trade.

Of all the debates to which this subject gave rise, that on the 2d of April, 1793, was the most eloquent and interesting. The number of petitions on the table of the House of Commons, amounted to five hundred and eight; this stimulated and encouraged the friends of the abolition; the want of success hitherto seemed to have awakened all the energies, and to have aroused every honourable feeling of which the human heart is capable. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt, appeared so insuperable, that it was imagined the question would have been carried by acclamation. Eighty-five persons were only found to vote against the total abolition. But by a skilful manœuvre of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, the word "gradual" was introduced into the motion before it was passed.

Mr. Wilberforce, after enumerating the evils attached to the slave trade, and describing the interest which the subject had excited in several parts of Europe, combated the arguments of those individuals who condemned the inhuman traffic on the score of religion, justice, and humanity, but vindicated it as consistent with the national interest. "I trust," said he, "that no such argument will be used this night, for what is it but to establish a competition between God and mammon, and to adjudge the preference to the latter? What but to dethrone the moral governor of the world, and to fall down and worship the idol of interest? What a manifesto to surrounding nations! What a lesson to our own people! Come, then, ye nations of the earth, and learn a new code of morality from the Parliament of Great Britain. We have discarded an old prejudice; we have discovered that religion, and justice, and humanity, are mere rant and rhapsody! Why, Sir, these are principles which Epicurus would have rejected for their impiety, and Machiavel and Borgia would have disclaimed as too infamous for avowal, and too injurious for the general happiness of mankind. If God, in his anger, would punish us for this formal renunciation of his authority, what severer vengeance could he inflict than a successful propagation of these accursed maxims! Consider what effects would follow from their universal prevalence; what scenes should we soon behold around us; in public affairs, breach of faith, and anarchy, and bloodshed: in private life, fraud, distrust, and perfidy, and whatever can degrade the public character, and poison the comforts of social life and domestic intercourse. Men must then retire to caves and deserts, and withdraw from a world become too bad to be endured."

The exertions of Mr. Wilberforce in the cause of humanity endeared him to the public, and particularly to his constituents, the freeholders of Yorkshire, which he represented for nearly thirty years; and in the great contest which took place in 1807, a contest which is said to have cost upwards of 300,000*l.* his whole expenses were defrayed by public subscription! Nay, such was the public zeal manifested in his favour, that more than double the sum necessary for the purpose of supporting his election, immense as it was, was raised in a few days, and one moiety was afterwards returned to the subscribers. A similar instance of popular favour in behalf of a candidate, has never occurred in the history of contested elections.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

## LAW AND LAWYERS.

We know very well that the French have a proverb, "a good lawyer, a bad neighbour." And we know that others have averred, that the remedy by law is worse than the disease, and strikingly exhibits the moral of that fable, where the horse implores the assistance of man to revenge an affront. Stamps and expense have saddled, bridled, and muzzled it. We recollect also, that a lawyer, making his will, bequeathed his estate to fools and madmen: being asked the reason; "from such (said he) I had it, and to such I give it." And it has also been alleged against Mr. Hargrave, one of our ablest law commentators, that he expressly says, that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be understood, is an enemy to his profession. Solon compares the people to the sea, and counsellors to the wind, for the sea will be calm and quiet, if the wind does not trouble it. We recollect also reading in Dr. Burnet's entertaining Life of Sir Matthew Hale, that Mr. Hale, the barrister and father of Sir Matthew, was a man of that strictness of consci-

ence, that he gave over the practice of the law because he could not understand the reason of giving colour in pleadings, which, as he thought, was to tell a lie; and this, with some other things commonly practised, seemed to him contrary to that exactness of truth and justice which became a Christian; so that he withdrew himself from the inns of court to live on his estate in the country. And Dr. Garth, alluding to their practice, tells us:

For fees, to any form they mould a cause,
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws;
Five guineas make a criminal to-day,
And ten, to-morrow, wipe the stain away.

But then, whatever may be the portion of truth contained in the aforesaid affirmation, the continued recitation of them in prose and verse, verbal and written, (for it is a fashion to have a fling at a lawyer) lose their freshness, and the observations being often ill-timed, grow sickly and decay, vanishing into air. There are contingent evils in this world; perhaps these may be of them. But let us proceed to show that, by the increase of lawyers; it is self-evident that we may as well attempt to do without property as to do without those who protect it for us, or take it from us. Now Swift much feared, that if books and acts of parliament continued to increase, few would be learned, or any man be a lawyer.—And we know, by the time you get one statute tolerably fixed in your memory, you come to another by which it is repealed: who then can wonder at this increase of lawyers, which some call fatal?

In the rolls of Parliament 1445, is a petition from the Commons of two counties, showing that the number of attornies had lately increased from 6 or 8 to 24, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. The Commons therefore petition, that it may be ordained, that there shall be no more than six common attornies for Norfolk, six for Suffolk, and two for the city of Norwich. The King granted the petition, provided it were thought reasonable by the judges.—Then again we find a contemporary making the following observations:—"The spirit and essence of the English law cannot be surpassed in point of wisdom by the records of the whole world, ancient and modern; and yet their prolixity is a serious evil, and which George Alexander Stevens drolly satirises, by one counsellor at the bar referring to the 984th page of the 120th folio volume of the abridgment of the statutes. First our legislature passes an act; then comes an act to amend this act; then a rider, then a supplement, then an appendix, and so on; instead of each act being consolidated under their own authority, or that of a delegated committee. The laws of China (Mr. Barrow tells us) are but 16 small volumes; and probably they have lasted for thousands of years, for a population which is equal to that of one-third of the universe. The Code Napoleon, we believe, is in a single volume octavo; but the ramifications of our statutes tend to confuse, not to define, and finally to fill all England with hosts of lawyers, and consequently, by their exertions in the way of trade, with hosts of plaintiffs and defendants. Some have thought that laws may be whimsically compared to nut-crackers, whilst they crush to atoms small objects, with great ones they bend and break."

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—It is to be hoped the professional gentlemen inhabiting that FOWL place—*Dorking*, will not bring an action against us for exposing its ancient character. We learn, that in the reign of Henry VI "Courts used to be held there every three weeks, and in them actions were brought. There are instances of suits *lasting for six months*; and perhaps, at last, the damages were four-pence, and the costs twelve-pence!" The old story! "Moreover, it was presented at the court leet, anno 24, (and often repeated) that butchers, inn-keepers, tailors, hucksters, millers, merchants, drapers, shoe-makers, smiths, turners, labourers, bakers, carpenters, and tanners, took excessive prices; that the watch was not kept, that there were several assaults; and that Matilda Symonds was, as presented in former years, a disturber of the peace."—*Manning's Surrey, p. 554.*

The Neapolitans are very fond of law. Mr. Addison tells us a pleasant story on this. One of the Popes made an application to the viceroy of Naples, for a supply of 30,000 head of swine. The viceroy answered, that for the swine, they could not be spared; but if his Holiness had any occasion for 30,000 lawyers, they were much at his service. The administration of law at Naples seems to have been contrived for the express ruin of litigants.

The pictures of the twelve Judges in

Guildhall, are those of the virtuous Sir Matthew Hale, and his eleven contemporaries, who, after the dreadful fire in London, 1666, regulated the re-building of the city by such wise rules, as to prevent the endless train of vexatious law suits which might have ensued, *and been little less chargeable than the fire itself had been!* These judges sat in Clifford's-Inn, to compose all differences between landlord and tenant. Such a judge now, would be thought an enemy to his profession; but such a fact shows what may be done, without the expensive parade of a suit, as some say.

The Chinese code of laws is so simple, so defined, and so promulgated through the empire, that the services of attorneys and counsellors are unnecessary; and there is not one to be found in the (thus truly called) Celestial Empire. And Peter the Great issued an edict, that no law-suit should exceed eleven days: then it was to terminate. The only wonder at all is, that litigation should exist at all in despotic states, where the will of power is the Lex Suprema.

At Axum, in Abyssinia, a singular custom is observed. When any person is injured, he gets hold, if possible, of his adversary's garment, and ties it to his own; if he can do this, the offender neither attempts to deliver himself, nor to leave the garment behind him, but quietly follows to the presence of his superiors, who are to judge him. Such a respect to this novel though legal form of arrest, would hardly have been expected in such a country.—*Valentia's Travels.*

A Prussian soldier was once detected taking certain jewels and corporal ornaments from the image of the Virgin Mary, and boldly asserted that she gave them to him. The case was novel, and a council of prelates and other learned men was convened, who, not averse to miracles, adjudged the thing possible. Frederic the Great understood it, and suffered the soldier to be discharged; but next day it was proclaimed, that on pain of death none should thereafter take advantage of the Virgin Mary.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

WILKES.—Wilkes never would spare Boswell, nor conceal before him, his prejudices against the Scottish nation. He seemed to seize with particular avidity every opportunity to play upon Boswell, when any thing relating to Scotland was introduced. "You must acknowledge, my friend Wilkes," observed Boswell one day, "that the approach to Edinburgh, from the London road, presents a very picturesque and interesting picture." "Why, so perhaps it may," returned Wilkes; "but when I was there, the wind was in my face, and brought with it such a confounded stink, that I was obliged to keep my handkerchief to my nose the whole way, and could see nothing of the prospect."

In the riots of the year 1780, which at the same time endangered and disgraced the metropolis, Wilkes was lamenting the ungovernable violence of a London mob; upon this some brother citizens took him up shortly, and reminded him of the disturbances of which he had formerly been the occasion. "Sir," replied Wilkes, "I never was a Wilkite."

THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING QUICKLY.—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, Sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

CANINE AFFECTION.—A bitch, belonging to Mr. Cullen, of the Crown and Thistle Inn, Loughborough, lately brought forth four puppies. After they were drowned and thrown aside, she sought diligently, and found one of them, which, though apparently dead, she found means to restore, by doubling herself up, and warming it, and by now and then shaking it violently in her teeth. But how transient was her joy, for a relapse took place, and its death quickly followed. She then carried it to a complete grave which she had previously prepared for it, and buried it with tears in her eyes, and howling as if in the utmost grief.

EPITAPH.—The following verse, stanza, or whatever else it may be called, is a literal transcript from a tomb-stone in Wigtown church-yard, Galloway:

"Here lies John Taggart of honest fame,
" Of stature low and a leg lame;
" Content he was with portion small,
" Kept a shop in Wigtown, and that's all!"

An October Sermon.—In a village not far from Oxford, a sermon was lately preached on a Sunday, from Gen. i. 28, "*Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.*" After saying a few words on the nature of the command, the preacher observed, that it was absolutely necessary various parts of scripture should be had in remembrance by his hearers, particularly those passages in which the holy rite of matrimony was ordained, for this holy rite must previously sanctify obedience to the precept; but as the wisdom of the Legislature had rendered the preparations for its celebration difficult and doubtful, he should strive to make them less obscure by reading what the law enjoined to be read—viz. the Act to prevent Clandestine Marriages, and by explaining those parts which most affected his parishioners. This he did to the great satisfaction of his audience.

Bonaparte.—Kotzebue's son, in the account of his imprisonment by the French, relates the following anecdote relative to Bonaparte's passage through Eisnach, after he had abandoned the wreck of his army in the retreat from Moscow. "I had a letter to the postmistress, a handsome young woman, born at Weimar. She told me, that as she was knitting on the evening before, a man entered, wrapt up in a large pelisse. He laconically wished her good evening, and proceeded to warm his hands at the stove. Such visits were common at first, and she took no particular notice of him. He soon began, however, to make inquiries respecting the damage done by the blowing up of an ammunition waggon, and asked whether those who suffered by the accident had received the money which the French Emperor had ordered to be distributed among them? She related what she knew of the affair. He asked her whether she knew the emperor? She answered, she had only seen him transitorily. "Do you wish to see him?" "O yes!" He then threw back his pelisse, with the cape of which his face was partly covered, and said, "You see him now." The surprise of the postmistress may be easily conjectured. She offered him some refreshment, which he declined. Meanwhile there was a loud noise at the door, where Caulincourt was caning the postillions for delaying to put to the horses. These gentlemen were on the point of returning like for like, when the postmaster, who recognised the Duke of Vicenza, ran to his assistance. In passing through the office, he found the emperor paying compliments to his wife, and dissuading her from going to see what the noise was about. He went, however, to the door himself, put an end to the uproar, and then proceeded further on his journey, after very politely taking leave of the postmaster and postmistress. He made the latter a present of a valuable ring."

A Scotch Eccentric.—An eccentric Scotsman, of the name of William Gordon, died on the 4th of October, at Gralvanston, near Glasgow. This singular individual, who had for ten years past worn the same coat, patched and mended, and who is said for seven years never to have used soap in washing himself, left behind him an immense quantity of keys, old and new, highly burnished; a hatful of pins; 15 large screws; from 90 to 100 hammers, adzes, and gimblets; a great quantity of bottles and jars; and what may appear most singular, a room full of boys' tops, peeries, whips, &c. His collection of sticks is curious. These, with gold and silver watches, are in the possession of his executor. For many years he wore a polished key on his thumb, a gold watch in one pocket and a silver one in the other.

Professions in Spain.—(*From the Madrid Government Gazette, Feb. 9, 1822.*)—[Advertisement.]—"Wanted a Surgeon. In the town of Argete, about five leagues distant from this Court, and containing 350 families, there is a vacancy for a Surgeon: the salary is 7,000 reals per annum, payable by the Corporation, besides which there are three Priests, and the Collector of the Tobacco dues, who pay separately; those inhabitants who wish to be shaved in their own houses pay 40 reals per annum if they require to be razored twice in the week, and 20 reals per annum for those who only shave once in the week.—Applications, post-paid, addressed to the Constitutional Corporation, will be admitted until the 15th instant."

The passion of De Luc, the natural Philosopher, for music was so predo-

almost in his latter days, that a piano was placed by his bed-side, on which his daughter played great part of the day. The evening of his death, seeing her father ready to sink into a slumber, she asked him—"Shall I play any more?"—"Keep playing, (said he) keep playing!" He slept; but awoke no more.

## Miscellanies.

CARD-TABLE COMPASSION.——So! Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen, a fine girl!

Ah! is she dead? Poor thing!—*What's trumps?*

—The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—

Is he? I thought he would not recover.—*Play a spade, ma'am.*

—There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies.—How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed.—*That odd trick is our's.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat.—

That's hard—*I have not a heart, indeed, sir.*

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—

Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody.—*Play a spade, if you please.*

—The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful, indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes; one really gives so much in charity.—*I'll bet you a crown on the best club.*

—Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. ——?

What? her son drowned! O yes.—*You are eight, you can call.*

—George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday—

You don't say so—*I had two honours in my own hand.*

—Yes; and, as misfortune never comes alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—

Dear me! that's bad—*single, double, and the rub!*

*Exeunt, counting their money.*

CELEBRATED TAILORS.—Among the celebrated tailors that this country has produced, Sir John Hawkwood, usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness of his needle, or his sword, leads the van. The arch Fuller says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner, was bound apprentice to a tailor in London, pressed for a soldier, and then, by his spirit, rose to the highest command in foreign parts. He served under Edward III., and was knighted. He showed proofs of valour at the battle of Poictiers, and gained the esteem of the Black Prince. He finished his glory in the pay of the Florentines, and died, full of years, in 1394. His native place (Hedingham, Essex) erected a monument to his memory in the parish church.

Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, and knighted for his valour by Edward III. ; married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall.

John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor. His merit, as a British historian and antiquary, is indisputable.

John Stowe, the antiquary, born in London, 1525,—was likewise a tailor. In his industrious and long life he made vast collections, as well for the history and topography of his native city, as for the history of England. He lived to the age of 80, and died in poverty.

Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage, and had great knowledge in naval tactics.

The first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the Slave Trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker, and a tailor, of New Jersey. He published many tracts against this unhappy species of trade; he argued against it in public and private; and made long journeys to talk to individuals on the subject. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York, in 1772; caught the small-pox, and died, Oct. 7, in sure and certain hopes of that reward which Heaven will bestow upon the sincere philanthropist.

☞ A liberal allowance is made to the TRADE, and the Numbers exchanged, until a month old, *if kept clean.*

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. II.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1822. [PRICE 2*d*.


## The Mermaid.

THIS eighth "wonder of the world;" this "frightful monster which the world ne'er saw," until the present year, is now the great source of attraction in the British metropolis; and three to four hundred people every day pay their shilling each to see a disgusting sort of a compound animal, which contains in itself every thing that is odious and disagreeable. But the curiosity to see a *real* Mermaid, after all the fictions that have been related respecting it, is natural enough—the only point is, whether it is a real one or not; and even on this professional men disagree.

This singular creature, which it is reported was brought to Batavia, in the East Indies, from some of the neighbouring islands, is in a state of high preservation, and appears to have been so for many years. It is nearly three feet in length. Its head is nearly round, about the size of that of a child two or three years old—its forehead somewhat depressed, and chin projecting similar to the negro. Its teeth perfect, and beautifully set in circular rows; but the canine teeth, as they are called, being longer, project much beyond the others. The cheeks of the face project a little, which, together with the eyes, eye-brows, chin, mouth, tongue, ears, throat, &c. exactly resemble those of the human species. Its head is somewhat bent forward. The spinous processes of the cervical and dorsal vertebræ project in that distinct and regular order, down to the lower part of the breast, that we find in the human subject; when they gradually lose themselves on entering the natural form of the lower portion of the body of a fish. The scapula and arms—the latter of which are of great length—hands, thumbs, fingers, and nails, furnish us with an exact representation of those of a delicate female; the breast bone, clavicles, and ribs of the chest are perfectly distinct; and the breasts, which are now of some size, and appear to have been very large—and nipples, are a tolerable model of those in the human species. Its body appears to be muscular above the chest, and covered with cuticle and hair, dispersed as in the human skin.

The one side of the head is covered with black human hair, about half an inch or an inch in length; but on the other side it appears to have been much worn or rubbed off.

When examining this singular phenomenon, what excited astonishment was, the external covering from the chest upwards to be such a near representation of that of a human being, whilst the whole of the body below was enveloped with the scaly covering of a fish.

Immediately under the breasts, the fishy form commences, by two large fins on its belly, on which it has been represented by those who have seen it at sea to rest the upper part of its body above water; it then tapers off

and terminates in the tail of a fish, not unlike that of a salmon.

The engraving we give in our present number is a very correct delineation of the appearance of the Mermaid which has been brought from one of the Molucca Islands. But, positive as some persons are, as to its really being that long-deemed fabulous creature, the Mermaid, we must beg leave to express our doubts—we may say firm conviction—that it is an imposture—certainly not the first that has been practised on the credulity of honest John Bull. The fact is, that the lower part is a real fish, of a species found in the rivers of China and Japan, the head and shoulders being cut off, and replaced by the bust of a baboon. We are confirmed in our opinion of its being an imposture by several of our contemporaries, as well as by the opinion of several professional gentlemen. The Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in speaking of it, says:

"Our opinion is fixed that it is a *composition;* a most ingenious one, we grant, but still nothing beyond the admirably put together members of various animals. The extraordinary skill of the Chinese and Japanese in executing such deceptions is notorious, and we have no doubt but that the Mermaid is a manufacture from the Indian Sea, where it has been pretended it was caught. We are not of those who, because they happen not to have had direct proof of the existence of any extraordinary natural phenomenon, push scepticism to the extreme, and deny its possibility. The depths of the sea, in all probability, from various chemical and philosophical causes, contain animals unknown to its surface, waters, or if ever, rarely seen by human eye, But when a creature is presented to us, having no other organization but that which is suitable to a medium always open to our observation, it in the first instance excites suspicion that only one individual of the species should be discovered and obtained. When knowledge was more limited, the stories of Mermaids seen in distant quarters might be credited by the many, and not entirely disbelieved by the few; but now, when European, and especially British, commerce fills every corner of the earth with men of observation and science, the unique becomes the incredible, and we receive with far greater doubt the apparition of such anomalies as the present. It is curious, that though medical men seem in general to regard this creature as a possible production of nature, no naturalist of any ability credits it after five minutes observation! This may perhaps be accounted for by their acquaintance with the parts of distinct animals, of which, it appears, the Mermaid is composed. The cheeks of the blue-faced ape, the canine teeth, the simia upper body, and the tail of the fish, are all familiar to them in less complex combinations, and they pronounce at once that the whole is an imposture. And such is our settled conviction."

A monthly journal, after giving a long account of Mermaids, and referring to an engraving of the one now exhibiting in London, which, we are told, appears in that number, has withdrawn the plate, in consequence of a subsequent conviction of the imposture. It is, however, a very ingenious imposture, and therefore is worth seeing on that account.

But while we doubt the reality of the disgusting looking Mermaid (as it is called) now exhibiting, we are compelled to acknowledge that there is a host of evidence in favour of the existence of such a creature, both in ancient and modern times. Pliny says, that "the Ambassadors to Augustus from Gaul declared that sea-women were often seen in their neighbourhood." Solinus and Aulus Gellius also speak of their existence.

It is related in the Histoire d'Angleterre, part 1, page 403, that in the year 1187, a Merman was "fished up" in the county of Suffolk, and kept by the governor for six months; it was exactly like a man *in every respect*, and wanted nothing but speech. He never could be brought to any understanding of his nature or situation, and at length made his escape, and was seen to plunge into the sea, from whence he returned no more.

In 1430, in the great tempests which destroyed the dykes in Holland, some women at Edam, in West-Freezeland, saw a Mermaid who had been driven by the waters into the meadows which were overflowed. They took it, and (as it is said) *dressed it in female attire, and taught it to spin.* It fed on cooked meat, but all efforts to teach it to speak proved ineffectual, though Parival says, "it had some notion of a deity, and *made its reverences very devoutly* when it passed a crucifix." It was taken to Haerlem, where it lived some years, but it ever retained an inclination for the water. At its death it was allowed christian burial.

In 1560, on the coast of Ceylon, some fishermen caught, at one draught of their nets, seven Mermen and Mermaids.—They were dissected, and found made exactly like human beings. For a full account of this last circumstance, see the Histoire de la Compaigne de Jesus, part 2d. t. 4. No. 276.

In 1531, a Merman, caught in the Baltic, was sent to Sigismond, king of Poland, with whom, says the account, he lived three days, and was seen by the whole court; but whether he died or escaped at the end of that period, we cannot say. But in some tracts published by John Gregory, A. M. and chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1650, this identical Merman is described, "as a huge animal of the human form, but very much resembling a bishop in his pontificals." A German engraving, of this being I have seen, it is extremely curious.

*Georgius Trapanzantius* declares that he himself saw a Mermaid, extremely beautiful, rise many times above water; he adds, that in Epiras, a Merman came on the shore, and watched near a spring of water, endeavouring to catch young women that came there; he was caught, but could not be made to eat.

*Maillet* in his *Telliamede*, speaks of a Merman which was seen by the whole of a French ship's crew, off Newfoundland, in 1730, for some hours. The account was signed by all the crew that could write, and was sent to the Compte de Maurepas on the 8th September, 1725.

Such are the accounts given by different writers at various periods relative to the Mermaid. In our next we shall give similar evidence of more recent times, reserving for ourselves what we wish all our readers to do, the right to exercise their own private judgment as to its fallacy or truth.

## LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The ninth of November, Lord Mayor's day, is quite a saturnalia in London; at least in the city, where all loyal citizens are expected to forsake their usual avocations, and give themselves up to mirth and jollity. On this day the Lord Mayor elect, who is this year Mr. Alderman Heygate, proceeds in great state to Westminster, in the city barge, accompanied by the barges of several of the Companies; and having been sworn into office at the Exchequer, returns in still greater state by land to Guildhall, where a splendid banquet awaits him. Independent of this feast such liverymen of the several companies as do not attend it, dine at their respective halls.

The dignity of Lord Mayor is the highest office of civic ambition; and although the allowance of the city for executing the office is very liberal, yet it often falls infinitely short of the expense of a splendid Mayoralty, Mr. Alderman Wood, and some others, when filling the office, kept open house, and spent three times the city allowance. Others, however, are more economical, and think they ought not to sacrifice their private fortune for civic pageantry.

The following account of the office of Lord Mayor is abridged from a longer article which has appeared in the *Literary Chronicle*:

"The city of London always possessed some peculiar privileges, but in the early period of its history, arbitrary monarchs took them and gave them back at their pleasure. In other words, whenever the monarch was in want of a round sum of money, he pounced, for some offence, either real or easily feigned, on the city's rights, which were not to be regained, except at a high price. It is interesting to mark the progress of the office of Mayor, from its comparative insignificance, to its present importance.

"It appears from the best authorities, that the name of Mayor was not attached to the chief officers of the city until the year 1192. Before that period, he was denominated Bailiff: under that title, Henry Fitz Alwyne officiated at the coronation of Richard I. and this same citizen, in the year 1192, assumed, in the first civic record extant, the title of Mayor.

"During the mayoralty of Fitz Alwyne, an office then dependent on the crown, and which he held for twenty-four years, the city first obtained its jurisdiction and conservancy of the river Thames, and a water bailiff was appointed as a deputy to the Mayor. King John was the first who conferred on the citizens the privilege of choosing their chief magistrate, who had hitherto been appointed by the King. Henry III. seems to have considered the city merely as a body for the exercise of experiments of rapacity; for almost every year, on some frivolous pretext, he took away some privileges, which the citizens re-purchased at the price stipulated by the monarch; and on one occasion it cost them eleven hundred marks. They bought the privilege, in the year 1254, of presenting

their new Mayor annually to the Barons of the Exchequer, in the absence of the King; whereas, before that period, they were obliged to repair to the King's residence, in any part of England, to present their chief magistrate. It may be entertaining to give in this place an instance of one of the exactions of this charter-giving sovereign. A convict confined in Newgate for the murder of a prior, a relation to the Queen, contrived to effect his escape, and the King immediately demanded 3,000 marks of the city, as an atonement; he even degraded both the Sheriffs, and clapped into prison several of the principal citizens, till this unjust demand was complied with. It may here be mentioned, that it was usual with this King and with his successor, Edward, to appoint a *custos* of the peace of the city whenever there was any violent disagreement among the citizens. Edward II. a contemptible monarch, made several bargains with the city, and, at a good price, gave them some valuable regulations. It was in his reign ordained, that the Mayor should hold his office only for one year, and that the Aldermen also should be re-elected annually. Neither of these ordinances, however, seem to have met with the slightest reward. Edward the Third first made the office of Mayor obligatory to the person chosen, who, on the refusal of serving, was fined one hundred marks. This monarch first granted the privilege of having gold or silver maces carried before the chief magistrate; and either on this or some other occasion, equally important, the chief magistrate began to assume the title of *Lord Mayor*, as corresponding, no doubt, with this added dignity to his public appearances. In the year 1474, (in the reign of Edward IV.) an act of Common Council settled the mode of electing Mayors as it at present exists. Various additional privileges were granted from time to time, and generally for a good price, till the time of Charles I. in whose reign, for the first time, a Lord Mayor was invested with the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Tower; this, however, was but a temporary grant.—Charles II. by an arbitrary act, sanctioned by a corrupt judge, suspended all the charters of the city, and took all power into his own hands. This power, however, was restored by William, and finally settled beyond dispute, by an act passed in the 11th year of Geo. I. But it was to George II. that the city were indebted for the charter which constituted all the Aldermen justices of the peace. These privileges the city still enjoy, and they watch, with becoming jealousy, every attempt to infringe upon them."

As to Lord Mayor's day, as it is at present celebrated, it would be an act of supererogation to describe it, since there is scarcely an individual who is not fully acquainted with all the "pomp and circumstance" of this (to the people of London) auspicious day.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### LONDON BRIDGE.

London Bridge seems to have been first built of wood, between A. D. 993 and 1016, not by the Convent of St. Mary Overy, but at the public charge, and perhaps in a different place from the present, since the Conqueror's Charter to Westminster Abbey mentions Buttolph's gate and wharf, then at the head of London Bridge. It was burnt 1136, temp. Stephen, but afterwards repaired, and in 1163 rebuilt of timber by Peter Colechurch, according to Stowe, who presently subjoins, that Peter began it of stone 1176, West of the other.—Whether he died or became incapable of finishing it, King John appointed Isenbert of Xainctes, 1202, to finish it, which he did 1209. In 1282, five arches were carried away by snow; and in 1320, it being dangerous to pass over, a collection was made among the Clergy and Laity to repair it. In 1395, was a tournament on it, whence Stowe infers it had no houses on it. The tower at the North end of the drawbridge was begun 1426.

About 1436, two arches of the South end fell down, with the bridge-gate: the ruins of the latter still remaining, one of the locks or passages for the water is almost rendered useless; whence it has received the name of the rock lock, which has occasioned it to be taken for a natural rock; these ruins, though they have lain under water three centuries, are still as impenetrable as a solid rock. At every uncommon low neap tide, such as happened in 1716, many hands are employed to remove them, but to no purpose.

At what period houses were built on it seems not exactly known, probably not for two centuries after its first completion in 1209; but the houses being found a great inconvenience and nuisance, they were removed in 1758, the avenues enlarged, and the whole made

more commodious; the two centre arches were united into what has since been called the great arch, by removing the middle pier; and the whole was repaired at the cost of above 80,000*l*.

The lovers of antiquity must regret the demolition of that singular, and perhaps unparalleled monument, the Chapel of St. Mary Colechurch, in the alterations of London Bridge. Two views of it were given in Gent. Mag. Sept. and Oct. 1758. It was 65 feet by 20, and 14 feet high, divided into two stories; the upper, in modern times, serving for a dwelling-house, the lower for a warehouse. It was in the ninth pier of the bridge. Under the staircase was found the tomb of Peter the chaplain and architect, who began London Bridge 1176.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

The New Marriage Act has been regularly debated and passed in Parliament, to the no small gratification of some high personages, and is regularly disregarded, and in progress to be forgotten, by most of the married part of the community, like many other *wise* laws, with which they think they have at present nothing to do.

But, there is a great portion of the community who are still unmarried, although the first of September is gone past; a great many who are thinking of marriage; a great many who have long been plotting and planning for it; and not a few, particularly of the female sex, who are only hoping for it: among all of whom the Marriage Act has produced what is commonly called a *sensation*.

But, delays being dangerous, no small number have been frightened by the portentous 1st of September to plunge into the holy state of wedlock, to whom the said Marriage Act has also, without doubt, been the means of producing a considerable amount of sensation.—There is a great sensation felt at the Stock Exchange when a great man cuts his throat, or an Eastern Pacha happens to lose his head; there is a sensation in the city when a "good man" becomes bankrupt, or a fat citizen turns Highlander; there is a sensation among the Scotch clergy when they have an "effulgent" address to write to the "bulwark of their church;" and there is a sensation among the bishops when one of their members is found out to be—not so good as he ought to be.

But there are a great many who have other things to think of besides "the kirk of Scotland," and the city baronet without breeches; who are neither careful about Ali Pacha nor the Vice Society; who nevertheless have their feelings, and to whom the Marriage Act is of no little importance. I have had some opportunity of observing how this terrible Act has affected many, particularly among the lower orders, about whom the Act-makers never concerned themselves. Many a thoughtless young woman has been forced to think by it, and many a foolish young man it has almost made prudent.

There are so many certified and signed matters, and oaths, and extracts required, that many women who thought themselves secure of husbands are entirely disconcerted, most awkwardly situated, and sorely disappointed. It has made many think, who otherwise would have married, as is customary, without thinking at all; and has given opportunity for the advice-givers and teachers of wisdom—which nobody about to get married has leisure to be troubled with—to shake their heads, and deliver their lectures.

But those most to be pitied are such ladies whose charms have remained too long untasted, and whose beauty—little as there may be of it—is beginning to be on the wane; who now, for lack of some unlucky consent or certificate, on the part of those whom they may, with much art and pains taking, have brought fairly to commit themselves; may now find all their labour lost, and all their tender hopes disappointed.—What anticipations may now be frustrated! What pleasing dreams may, since the 1st of September, never be destined to be answered by any substantial reality. I am myself acquainted with a lady, in the doubtful time of life, between a young woman and an old maid, who had waited, and watched, and wished, and longed, and survived two or three disappointments, until Patience was just ready to be sent about his business; when, lo! a lover appeared—and a desirable lover, too; whom proper attentions on her part soon brought to name the time—the month of October; it could not be sooner, but it should not be later.

Drive away thou drone, Time,
And bring about our bridal day.

But, in the mean time, out comes the Marriage Act, with its certificates, its affidavits, and its church-door labels; and the cruel man begins to edge off, and the constant fair must only sigh and wring "her lily hand." Her very

look is completely changed. She seems, instead of thinking of the caresses of a husband, and the dear name of Mrs. B. to be pondering on the rueful prospect of withered charms; and, in the place of husband and children, the companionship and intimacy of a monkey, a parrot, and a cat.—*Monthly Magazine.*

## ANGLING IN SURINAM.

The negroes of Surinam take their fish by implements which may be denominated the *spring hook* and the *spring basket*; the first of which consists of a strong elastic rod or pole stuck in the ground under water, and to the other end of which are attached two lines of unequal lengths, the shorter having fastened to it a small stick ten inches long, and the other the same, but fixed lower; while at the extremity of this line is hooked a small fish by the fins, in such a manner, however, as to be able to swim to and fro, and serve as a bait for the larger species. Two long sticks being next placed in the ground, so as to appear above water, a third stick is laid across, forming them into the appearance of a gallows; above this gallows is bent and fixed the elastic rod or pole, by means of the double line and the sticks fixed thereon, as mentioned above, but in such a manner that, at the least pull at the bait, the apparatus gives way, the elastic rod instantly assumes an upright position, and the fish that occasioned the spring, by taking the bait, is immediately suspended above water. The spring basket is upon a similar construction. The basket is made of warimbo-reeds in the form of a sugar-loaf, in the small end of which the elastic rod is fastened, while at the other end is an open trap-door, the whole being supported in a proper position by a forked stick. No sooner has a large fish entered the basket and taken the bait, than the elastic rod, as in the former instance, erects itself with a spring, the trap-door closes, and the game is thus secured. In this mode of angling there is, of course, no occasion to watch the line as in the common method, when it frequently happens that the philosophic fisher displays no ordinary degree of patience in calmly waiting for hours, or perhaps for days, in expectation of a very fine nibble at least, if not a fierce bite. The spring-hook, or spring-basket, if set at night, may be conveniently examined the next morning, and will seldom be found empty, unless fish be very scarce.—*Annals of Sporting.*

## THE WISDOM OF LAUGHTER.

"Let those now laugh who never laugh'd before,
And those who always laugh'd now laugh the more."

They have really brought puppet-shows to an incredible perfection. I have just been gazing upon one which infinitely transcends all the fantoccini, pantomimes, or dramas I ever beheld; the figures appearing to be actuated by human passions, and exhibiting in their looks, gestures, activity, and earnestness, such manifold tokens of mutual comprehension and intelligence, that were it not for the ridiculous actions they were made to perform, one might almost swear they were rational beings. Punch and Judy, even with the assistance of the Devil and the Monk, must be totally superseded by this more numerous and complete exhibition; and yet the puppets of which I am speaking are nothing more than a little modified earth, of so brittle and fragile a nature, that they were constantly frittering away into dust in the very midst of their dancing and struggling, when others instantly started up into their places, capering and fighting with as much eagerness as their predecessors—so that the whole pageant was constantly renewing its actors without the smallest change or intermission in the incessant bustle of the performance. Here and there upon elevated stools I saw a few figures with glittering baubles upon their heads, who seemed not only miserable but giddy and intoxicated by the height from which they looked, and took their revenge by instigating the whole rabble beneath them to worry and beat one another to pieces, which the senseless figures seemed to enact with a most preposterous alacrity. On the lower benches I beheld grave and reverend-looking seigniors in robes, whose heads were enveloped in the hair of some animal, most ludicrously curled and greased, and who were solemnly pronouncing sentence of destruction upon others, while they themselves were perpetually exploding into similar nothingness. Here strutted a gay figure in scarlet, who had not only sold himself as a slave for the honour of wearing a little gold ornament upon his shoulder, but suffered his head to be shot at as a target, and his body to be used as a sheath for bayonets, for the amiable privilege of inflicting the same treatment upon others. There I beheld a portly personage in sable robes, who took money from his companions for pointing out to them the

way to the skies, while he himself kept constantly walking in a contrary direction:—and in various quarters I contemplated certain old puppets, whom I took to be miners, as they laboured so hard at piling up heaps of shining ore that it seemed to shorten their existence; when younger ones ran joyfully up, and began kicking about the masses which had been so painfully accumulated. I cannot attempt a description of all the fantastical freaks which were exhibited; but I repeat that, with the exception of their actions, these ingenious puppets conducted themselves so exactly like rational creatures, that the absurdity of the whole scene, together with the contrast of their stupendous efforts and bubble-like existence, occasioned me to burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

It was probably some such meditation upon the weakness, vanity, and inconsistency, the gigantic projects and pigmy powers of man, that kept Democritus in continual laughter, and enabled him to convert both kings and peasants into materials of risibility. Being once at the court of Darius, when that Monarch lost his favourite wife, he promised to restore her to life, provided they would give him the names of three men who had never known adversity, that he might inscribe them upon her tomb-stone; and upon the prince acknowledging the impossibility of complying with his request, he asked him, with his usual laugh, why he should expect to escape affliction, when not one, among so many millions, was exempt from calamity? Here was philosophy as well as laughter; and indeed I doubt whether there be any wisdom more profound than that which developes itself by our risible faculties. This convulsion, as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may, therefore, fairly assume that they illustrate and sympathize with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate (the only one to which I ever succeeded), both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be admitted to be altogether brutal and irrational. The former is positively unscriptible, and we should never utter any thing that cannot be committed to writing; and as to a lachrymose visage, I appeal to the reader whether it be not contemptible and fish-like, beyond all the fascinations of Niobe herself to redeem. All associations connected with this degrading process are hateful. Perhaps I may be deemed fastidiously sensitive upon this point, but I confess that I feel an antipathy towards a whale, because it has a tendency to blubber; I abominate the common crier, simply on account of his name; I would rather get wet through than seek shelter under a weeping willow, and I instinctively avoid a birch on account of certain juvenile recollections.

"But hail, thou goddess fair and free
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,"

and before I go any farther, let me observe how abundantly the Pagan heaven was provided, with heart-easing mirth; for, besides the damsel we have mentioned, Venus is expressly termed by Homer the laughter-loving queen; the whole court of the immortals was often thrown into fits by the awkwardness of Vulcan; Jove himself was so fond of the recreation that he even laughed at lover's prejudices; and Momus, the jester, whose province it was to excite their risible faculties, was instructively represented as the son of sleep and night, whereby we are taught to go to bed by times if we wish to have cheerful and hilarious days. But in this our *sombre* and anti-risible age, it has rather become the fashion to attack laughter, notwithstanding the cowardice of assaulting a personage who is obliged to be constantly holding both his sides, and is therefore incapable of other self-defence than that of sniggering at his assailants. I am too old for laughing, they tell me; but it is by laughing that I have lived to grow old, and they may as well take my life itself as that whereby I live.

"Laugh and grow fat" may be a questionable maxim, but "laugh and grow old" is an indisputable one; for so long as we can laugh at all, we shall never die unless it be of laughing. As to performing this operation in one's sleeve, it is a base compromise; no more comparable to the original than is a teeth-displaying simper to that hilarious roar which shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from advancing towards us. Fortune, love, and justice, are all painted blind: they can neither see our smiles nor frowns. Fate is deaf to the most pathetic sorrows: we cannot mend our destined road of life with a paviour's sigh, nor drown care in tears. Let us then leave growling to wild beasts, and croaking to the ravens, indulging freely in the rationality of

laughter; which, in the first place, is reducible to writing—Ha! Ha! Ha! and should always be printed with three capital letters, and a prop of admiration between each, to prevent its bursting its sides. (The very hieroglyphic makes one snigger, so festive, social, and joyous is its character.) And secondly, its delicious alchymy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sunshine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradiates and embellishes the most beautiful. Including thine, reader, in the latter class, I counsel thee to give the experiment a frequent trial.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## THE ADVANTAGES OF CUTTING A STICK.

Smelfungus and Mundungus, according to that charming writer Sterne, travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. I am satisfied they were in the wrong, and every person may obtain a similar conviction, who shall once seriously set about it: indeed, I am thoroughly convinced that we all possess, within ourselves, means of enjoyment which baffle computation, and are able to bankrupt arithmetic outright! There is one among many others which I myself possess, and which others, if they please, may possess along with me, whose cultivation is most eminently conducive to health and tranquillity; I mean the *advantage of cutting a stick.*

It is somewhere observed, that few persons know how to take a walk; either they are deficient in animal spirits, are without reflection, or their minds are wanting in that species of tact which is indispensible to the enjoyment of nature; but you, who *can* take a walk, when, on such beautiful autumnal mornings as we are now blessed with, you have sallied out into the fields, or down some interesting bye-lane, swinging your hands about, *ad libitum*, or possibly extending one arm, and then the other, alternately to their full length; then clenching the fist and drawing back the arm, which you dart forwards with all that muscular vigour which is imparted by the fine bracing of the wind; have you not soon discovered that you lacked something? that something is a stick—then comes work for the eye. What a pleasing agitation of suspense, while you pass along the hedge and peer out for a blackthorn or a hazel, a willow, or an oak, or whatever most seemly may present itself. Then again, when found, planting the foot securely on one side and then on the other; "bestriding like a Colossus," not "the huge world," but the narrow ditch; all this, what ecstatic exercise! The lopping, the trimming, the polishing, come in for their share of gratification. You at this time become as much attached to that useful little instrument, a knife, as any unsophisticated tar in the navy. Well, your companion is finished: you view him, are pleased with him, whirl him about: the blood warms up and mantles with the exertion. But, ha! what's that? A most ill-looking fellow indeed; how fortunate that I should chance to have at command this substantial sapling; it is the representative of my knuckles, saves them from being scarified, and will mediate most effectually between me and this *gentleman of prey!* Oh, the advantages of cutting a stick! health of person and protection of property!

But, the choicest spirits must at length flatten and evaporate: your walk has been beautiful; but, like the polar star, it would now point towards the bachelor comforts of a rump-steak and oyster-sauce, were it not that, disciple of Hymen as I somehow take you to be, the rump-steak falls to my share, and your keen eye meditates many an incision into the family joint. London greets you again; and, faith, something else greets you along with it—another "*ill-looking fellow!*" Oh, Horace! Satire the 9th (exquisitely turned by Francis for the amusement of the ladies in general, but which Miss —— may read in the original), what was the wretchedness there described as endured by you, compared (you say) with that I am about to undergo! Sure to make his meal upon other people's understanding, for never was there a single joint in his own intellectual larder, who but Mr. Vacuum bears down quick upon me! Is there no hope? no remedy? Yes, one there is, and that a sure one; you resolve not to know him. With optics so arranged that not a single ray shall fall upon this animated piece of emptyness, you clear him quick, not allowing yourself to be sensible to a single impinging look: your gratitude bursts forth at your escape; and whilst striding on rapidly to join your domestic circle, you exultingly rub your hands, and

again joyfully exclaim, "Oh, the advantages of cutting a stick!"—*Lady's Magazine.*

## Miscellanies.

### MARRIAGES OF THE PERSIANS.

The mode of matrimonial courtships in Persia does not allow the eyes of the parties to direct their choice till they are mutually pledged to each other.—An elderly female is employed by the relations of the youth to visit the object selected by his parents or friends, or guessed at by himself; and her office is to ascertain the damsel's personal endowments, and all other subjects suitable to their views in the connexion. If the report be favourable, the friends of the proposed bridegroom dispatch certain sponsors to explain his merits and pretensions to the relations of the lady, and to make the offer of marriage in due form. If accepted, the heads of the two families meet, when the necessary contracts are drawn up; the presents, ornaments, and other advantages proposed by the bridegroom's parents discussed and arranged; and when all is finally settled, the papers are sealed and witnessed before the cadi.

On the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, the lover sends a train of mules, laden with the promised gifts for his bride, to the house of her parents; the whole being attended by numerous servants, and preceded by music and drums. Besides the presents for the lady, the procession carries all sorts of costly viands on large silver trays, ready prepared to be immediately spread before the inmates of the house. The whole of the day is spent in feasting and jollity; towards the evening, the damsel makes her appearance enveloped in a long veil of scarlet or crimson silk, and being placed on a horse or mule splendidly caparisoned, is conducted to the habitation of her affianced husband by all her relations, marching in regular order to the sound of the same clamourous band which had escorted the presents. When alighted at the bridegroom's door, the lady is led to her future apartments within the house, accompanied by her female relations and waiting maids. Her friends of the other sex meanwhile repair to those of the bridegroom, where all the male relations on both sides being assembled, the feasting and rejoicings recommence with the drums and other musical instruments still playing the most conspicuous part. When the supper feast is over, the blushing bride is conducted to the nuptial chamber, and there the impatient lover first beholds his love, and the marriage is consummated without farther ceremony. The bridegroom, not long after, returns to his party, and an ancient matron in waiting, leads the lady back to her female friends. A prescribed time is allowed for both sets of relations to congratulate the young people on their union, after which they repair to the bridal chamber for the night, leaving their several companies to keep up the revelry, which generally lasts for three days.

The marriage-contract stipulates the settlement on the bride of such jointure as may be agreed upon. It consists of a sum of money proportionate to the fortune of the bridegroom, and other presents. If he is in middling circumstances he presents her with two complete dresses, a ring and a mirror.—This jointure, called *mihir* or *kavin*, is destined for the support of the wife in case of divorce. The husband also supplies the requisite furniture, carpets, mats, culinary utensils, and other necessaries.

It would be deemed the greatest possible disgrace to take back the bride after she had left her own home to go to the house of the bridegroom. When, therefore, the latter has promised a jointure beyond his means, a curious scene sometimes ensues. He shuts his door against the cavalcade, and declares that he will not have the girl unless the jointure be reduced to a certain sum. A negociation takes place between the parties, and the matter is finally adjusted according to the wishes of the bridegroom.—*Persia in Miniature.*

### GUY FAWKES.

"Pray remember *poor* Guy!" which is uttered in petitionary tones of all sorts on the 5th of November, will bring to the readers' recollection the fearful Plot, so daringly designed to sweep off all the potential authorities of the land by one grand explosion. It is curious and somewhat consoling to observe, that if a blind and savage superstition was the chief exciting cause of the plot, it was the counteracting workings of a natural humanity that occasioned its failure; for it is quite clear, that but for the kind and warning letter sent to Lord Monteagle by one of the conspirators, in which he was entreated not to attend the opening of Parliament, the plot would have succeeded, at least as far as

the blowing up of the House of Lords, with its Royal, Noble, and official assemblage.—The conspirators had taken their measures judiciously. They had mined a way under the House, where they had stowed 36 barrels of gunpowder, placing over them wood, stones, and iron crows, in order to aggravate the explosion, and extend the mischief. "Lord"—(we quote the very words of Sir Edward Coke, which he used on the trial of Guy Fawkes)—"Lord, what a wind, what a fire, what a motion and commotion of earth and air, would there have been! I tremble even to think of it. Miserable desolation! No King, no Queen, no Prince, no issue male, no Councillors of State, no Nobility, no Bishops, no Judges! O barbarous and more than Scythian or Thracian cruelty!"——Fawkes was taken at midnight (the House was to have met in the morning) watching outside the place. After he was seized, and the combustibles were discovered, he avowed his object; at the same time declaring, that had he been within the House when taken, as he was immediately before, he would not have failed to have blown them all up together. When carried before the Privy Council, he kept up the same daring tone; for notwithstanding the horror of the fact, the guilt of his conscience, his sudden surprising, the terror which should have been struck in him by coming into the presence of so grave a Council, and the restless and confused questions that every man all that day did vex him with, yet was his countenance so far from being dejected, that he often smiled in a scornful manner, not only avowing the fact, but repenting only his failing in the execution thereof; whereof he said, the Devil and not God was the discoverer; answering quickly to every man's objection, scoffing at any idle questions, and jesting with such as he thought had no authority to examine him."

Fawkes and his associates were of course condemned and executed as traitors. They were drawn to the place of execution, "as being not worthy any more to tread upon the face of the earth, whereof they were made!"—also, "as being retrogade to nature, therefore were they drawn backwards at a horse's tail;"—"and whereas God hath made the head of man the highest and most supreme part, as being his chief grace and ornament, they were drawn with their heads declining downwards, and lying near the ground, as being thought unfit to take the benefit of the common air; for which cause also they were strangled, being hanged by the neck between heaven and earth, as deemed unworthy of both or either; as likewise that the eyes of men might behold, and their hearts contemn them. Then were they cut down alive, their * * * * * * * * * cut off, and burnt before their faces, as being unworthily begotten, and unfit to leave any generation after them: their bowels and inlayed parts taken out and burnt, having inwardly conceived and harboured in their hearts such horrible treason; their heads cut off for having imagined such mischief; and lastly, their bodies quartered, and the quarters set up in a high and eminent place, for the view and detestation of men, and to become a prey for the fowls of the air."

This was *all* that was inflicted on "poor Guy" and his fellow-plotters; and Sir Edward Coke (then Attorney-General) did not fail to compliment King James for "his admirable clemency and moderation," in not having "exceeded the punishment of law, nor invented any new torture nor torment for them." Fawkes and three others were executed in Old Palace Yard.

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## SWALLOWING CLASP KNIVES.

"Every man to his taste."
*Old Proverb.*

The following singular case is abridged from the account drawn up by Dr. MARCET, and inserted in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, for October:

In June, 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, aged about 23, being with his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his shipmates, about two miles from Havre-de-Grace, he and his party directed their course towards a tent which they saw in a field, with a crowd of people round it. They found within the tent a man, who was entertaining the audience by *pretending* to swallow clasp-knives. They returned on board and spoke of what they had seen: when Cummings, who had been drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was challenged to do it. Thus pressed and though, as he afterwards acknowledged, not particularly anxious to take the job in hand, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly, he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to

swallow it, it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife, it was conveyed into his stomach.

The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator—whether he could swallow more? His answer was—all the knives on board the ship; upon which *three* knives were immediately produced, which *were swallowed* in the same way as the former; and by this bold attempt of a drunken man (to use his own expressions) the company was well entertained for that night. The next day he passed one of the knives, which was not the one he swallowed first; and the day afterwards he passed two knives at once, one of them being that which he first swallowed. The other, according to his knowledge, remained in the stomach, but he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this extraordinary performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the next six years.

In March 1805, being then at Boston, in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was thereupon produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of the evening he swallowed *five* more.—The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow *eight* knives more, making in all *fourteen!* He, however, paid dearly for his frolic. He was seized with constant vomiting and pain in his stomach: but, as he related, between that time and the 28th of the following month, he got rid of the whole of his cargo.

At Spithead, December 4, in the same year, he was challenged to repeat his feats, and "disdaining to be worse than his word," in the course of the evening he swallowed five knives. The ship's company next morning expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, and he complied with his usual readiness; and "by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of good grog, he swallowed that day, as he distinctly recollects, *nine* clasp-knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured by the spectators that he had swallowed four more; which, however, he declared he knew nothing about, being, no doubt, at this period of the business, too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing.—This, however, is the last performance recorded; it made at least a total of *thirty-five* knives swallowed at different times; and the last attempt, ultimately, put an end to his existence. On the following 6th of December he became much indisposed, and after various applications, about three months afterwards, he felt, as he expressed himself, the knives "dropping down his bowels." He continued dreadfully ill. In 1807 he was in Guy's Hospital, under Dr. Babington; and he there continued, intervals excepted, under Dr. Babington, and afterwards under Dr. Curry, until March, 1809. After having gradually and miserably sunk under his suffering, he then died in a state of extreme emaciation.

The account is followed by a letter from Surgeon Lana, who was on board the vessel where Cummings performed his last feat, and by Cummings' own narrative, drawn up in Guy's Hospital. Many knives and fragments of knives left this extraordinary character in the course of 1807. Dr. Marcet's account does not state whether the body was opened.

## MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

The following monody on the death of the much-lamented Princess Charlotte, is not very generally known. It was written by the elegant author of the "Pleasures of Hope," at the request of some friends, to be spoken by Mrs. Bartley on the re-opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, after the Royal funeral. Though evidently written hastily and for a mere temporary purpose, it will be found to contain, like every production of Campbell's pen, some of those sweet and tender touches which bespeak the poet who, alone in the present day, and unseduced by the popular rage for *sensation*, continues to sing "the bosom scenes of life," with a classic dignity and forbearance no less admirable, than his power of high emotion and subduing pathos is inimitable and enchanting.

Britons! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
Which like a shade hath darken'd every place,
And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face.

The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
That toll'd a requiem through the solemn aisles
For her, the Royal Flow'r low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dream't alas!
That e'en these walls, e'er many months should pass,
(Which but return sad accents for her now),
Perhaps had witness'd her benignant brow,
Cheer'd by the voice ye would have raised on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But Britain now thy Chief, thy People mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn;
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The scutcheon glooms—and Royalty hath felt
A grief that every bosom feels its own—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown—
The most belov'd and most devoted Bride,
Torn from an agonized Husband's side,
Who, long as Memory holds her seat, shall view
That speechless, more than spoken, last adieu!
When the fix'd eye long look'd connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of death,
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,
While torch succeeding torch, illum'd each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry—
The rich-plum'd canopy—the gorgeous pall—
The sacred march—and sable-vested wall—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of real woe.
Daughter of England! for a nation's sighs,
A Nation's heart went with thine obsequies;
And oft shall Time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit! send thy blessing from above
To realms where thou art canoniz'd by love.—
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind:—
To us, who in thy lov'd remembrance feel
A sorrowing, yet a soul ennobling zeal,
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast:—
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom—
They shall describe thy life, thy form pourtray;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away.
'Tis not in language or expressive arts,
To paint—ye *feel it, Britons, in your hearts.*

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THE UNIVERSE.—The circumference of this globe is computed to be 25,000 miles, and it revolves once on its axis in 24 hours; consequently any one spot on it is carried round 25,000 miles in that space of time—which is upwards of 1040 miles in an hour, or 17 miles in one minute! Vast as this may seem, and in comparison of which the utmost degree of velocity which man has been able to produce by the most ingenious contrivances sinks almost into nothing; yet when put in competition with the amazing velocity of the earth in its orbit, this of its diurnal revolution on its axis (though indeed astonishingly great), is comparatively trifling and insignificant.

The distance of the sun from the earth is 195,000,000 miles, which being the radius of the earth's orbit, we shall have its diameter 390,000,000 miles, and consequently the circumference 1225,000,000. Now as the earth revolves round the sun once in 365 days, it would travel (dividing 1225,000,000 by 365) about 3,360,000 miles in one day, or, 140,000 in an hour. By this calculation we shall find that the earth is whirled through the immense regions of space, at the amazing, the inconceivable velocity of 2330 miles in a single minute of time!

Astonishing as this fact is, yet when compared with those things which have come more immediately under our observation, it is by no means irrecon-

cilable. Those who know with what great rapidity the blood is driven from the heart to the extremities of the human system, and reflect that this rapidity is no greater than is actually necessary for the health and support of the body, may conceive with what velocity such vast bodies as this and other surrounding worlds must be impelled in their course, in order that they, as the several and various members which constitute the great system of Nature, may be kept in their respective spheres, in a state of health, regularity, and order.—For as an ingenious poet expresses himself—

'Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility.—She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.'

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A few Words in Praise of Garrets.—In the first place, no room can dispute with garrets for healthfulness: here the air is clearer and fresher, more subject to winds, and of course less liable to any offensive vapours from below. As health is the best friend to study, let all hard students hither ascend: here, free from noise and hurry, they may enjoy their souls; either making their court to the muses, who love that their admirers should approach them alone and in silence; or perusing the labours of the learned, to which thought and retirement are absolutely necessary. When men began to grow numerous in cities, when trade thereby increased, and noise of course, wise men always chose to get out of the way into garrets. There have the greatest authors lived, there resigned their breath. There lived the ingenious Galileo, when he first tried his philosophical glasses. By being in garrets much conversant, Boyle and Newton happily formed, and successfully perfected the modern philosophy. There, and there only, could they use their telescopes to advantage.

The world can never make a sufficient acknowledgment to garrets for the many valuable historians they have produced. Such was the instructing Robinson Crusoe, equally esteemed for his truth and morals. Such were the learned authors of Tom Thumb, of Thomas Hickathrift, of Jack the Giant Killer, &c. There dwelt the famous politicians, infallible projectors, and sagacious under-strappers of the state. Naturally do men look up hither to find the authors of those vastly witty pieces, some of which daily, some weekly, amuse and divert the curious and the idle: and indeed where else should they look for them but in garrets? which are the liveliest emblems of Parnassus, being high and difficult of access, and abounding with learned men. For since that comical devil Fortune, resolved to make all poets and wits poor, to their great happiness they have been banished by the consent of all men into garrets: for there they pay the least rent, and there they are delivered from their mortal enemy the Dun, whose aspect, threatening justice, there they cease to fear.

The Roman satirist tells us, that garrets were in great repute among his countrymen all the time of the commonwealth: but when pride and luxury, and the contempt of the Gods came in with the emperors, then the grandees left their garrets, and let them out to the poor people; intimating thereby to us that it was natural for them to leave their garrets, when they became proud, luxurious, and irreligious.

As to our society, I believe it is owing to our good affection to garrets, that so many of us have shone in the world, some in the learned, some in the religious. Without a man raises his body above his fellow-creatures, it seldom happens that he can raise his mind. Lofty garrets give us sublime thoughts; for this reason the Grubean sages have exalted their society, in point of fame, above all societies, which will endure while we have the wisdom to live in garrets, which will be as long as we are a society.

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Mrs. Garrick.—The decease of this "time honoured" Lady, who died a few days ago, at the age of 98, may render a few faint sketches of her character not uninteresting. Her "ruling passion" was to consider all dramatic effort as trifling when compared with Garrick.—He was indeed the "God of her Idolatry"—and thinking that—

"When Garrick died,
'Twas Shakspeare that sighed,
For the loss of his all in
His sweet Davy O;"

the play of Hamlet was, it is reported, by the express order of his widow, thrown into his grave.

The anglers, who have so often personified "Patience in a Punt," will recollect two stately willows on the lawn, rendered sacred by the temple appropriated to Shakspeare; they were planted by Garrick, and in the midst of

a violent storm, which proved fatal to one of them, Mrs. Garrick was seen running about the grounds in the wildest disorder, "like Niobe all in tears," exclaiming, "Oh my Garrick! my Garrick!"

Her letter of remonstrance against Kean's *Abel Drugger* was brief:—"Dear Sir, you don't know how to play *Abel Drugger*." His reply deserves also to be recorded, and placed to the credit of his gallantry:—"Dear Madam, I know it."

George Garrick and David were inseparable friends as well as brothers; the former used constantly, on returning to the Theatre, to inquire at the stage door if David had wanted him. On surviving his beloved brother but a very short period, Charles Bannister gravely remarked, "it is no wonder, since David wanted him."

Of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick it may be said that a fonder pair never existed. "In sweetest harmony they lived" to the latest period of their lives. They might have safely claimed the Dunmow Flitch. We may therefore fairly presume, that when the widow died—"David wanted her."

This venerable lady, it is said, visited Westminster Abbey about a month ago, and, addressing the clergyman who attended her, she said, "I suppose there is not room enough for me to be laid by the side of my dear David." The Clergyman assured her that there would be room enough. She then said, "I wish to know, not that I think I am likely soon to require it, for I am yet a *mere girl*, but only for the satisfaction of my feelings against the time when I must submit to the will of Heaven."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

Heroism and Affection.—A woman in Northampton county, in the United States, having observed a rattlesnake coiled on a log near the house, she took her husband's rifle out to shoot it, but setting the gun at the end of the log, concluded to kill it with a stick, which she effected; when reaching for the rifle, and drawing it towards her, the lock struck a knot, the gun went off, and the ball entered her left side and came out near the shoulder. She did not fall, but took the rifle into the house and set it up; took her infant from the cradle, and bidding one of the elder children to press her hand on the wound, to check the effusion of blood, *gave suck to the baby*—thus exemplifying the "ruling passion strong in death"—the last thought of the mother was associated with the comfort of her little one. A few hours after the woman was found a corpse.

Fruits of Industry.—Franklin, the greatest philosopher and statesman of America, was once a printer's boy; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, and author of many learned works, was at first a poor weaver; Herschel, one of the most eminent astronomers, rose from the low station of a fifer boy in the army. These examples show us the happy effects of assiduity and perseverance.

A fellow stole Lord Chatham's *large gouty shoes:* his servant not finding them, began to curse the thief.—"Never mind," said his Lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may *fit him!*"

Monte di Pieta.—This is an establishment at Rome, which has existed ever since the year 1585. It is certainly the greatest pawnbroker's shop in the world, and in its kind one of the noblest charities. Any person that brings a pawn may borrow from sixpence to thirty crowns without paying any interest, but all that is lent above that sum pays after the rate of two per cent. per annum. At the end of the year the borrower may renew, which is done without any expense; but at the end of two years, if the pledge be not redeemed, nor interest of the money paid, the pledge is sold, and the overplus of the deb tis laid by for the owner, who has it in his power to demand it at any time within 100 years.

The following lines were, it is said, written by the celebrated Mr. Moore, beneath a frontispiece to a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, presented to him by the Secretary to the Admiralty, in which Satan appears in the act of offering an apple to Eve:

"With equal good-nature, good grace, and good looks,
The Devil gives apples and C—K—R gives books!!"

The following verdict was returned a few days ago under a Coroner's inquest, in Buckinghamshire, "Died by the visitation of God *in a natural way.*"

Colley Cibber visited the Duke of Wharton at Winchendon, and taking an airing with his Grace, the carriage could hardly be dragged through the heavy clay. "It has been said," observed Cibber, "that your Grace ran through your estate, but I defy you to *run* through this!"

A young Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first Ladies by a Neapolitan Gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There (said he) that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care (said the other), that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality (said the Englishman), I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray (said his friend, be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered—"There (said he) I have brought you your snuff-box."—"Well, how did you obtain it?"—"Why, (said the Neapolitan Nobleman) I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

A late Sicilian traveller gives an anecdote to prove that the bigotted Catholics in that country begin to entertain *favourable* opinions of the English. A priest hearing a Sicilian woman say, that one of the officers, who happened to pass by, finely dressed, would "go to hell for all his lace," rebuked her, and added, "as for the Turks, they certainly go to hell, but *nobody knows where the English go!*"

EPIGRAM.

"How very easy 'tis (cries Tom) to write;
"I find no hardship verses to indite."
"That to believe (quoth Dick) we oaths don't need 'em—
"The hardship is, for *those who have to read 'em!*"

According to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title of land is practised in Hindostan:—Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the *Client*, and not the *Lawyer*, who puts his *foot into it.*

Anecdote of Dr. Smollett.—A lad was apprenticed to a chirurgeon in Glasgow, and with whom he had been engaged in frolic on a winter's evening, was receiving a severe reprimand from his master for quitting the shop; and having alleged in his excuse that he had been hit by a snow-ball, and had gone out in pursuit of the person who had thrown it, was listening to the taunts of his master on the improbability of such a story. "How long," said the son of Æsculapius, with the confident air of one fearless of contradiction, "might I stand here, and such a thing not happen to me?" when Smollett, who stood behind the pillar of the shop-door, and heard what passed, snatched up a snow-ball, and quickly delivered his playmate from the dilemma in which this question had placed him, by an answer equally prompt and conclusive.

A Wiltshire Cicerone.—One of the countless victims of the Fonthill Epidemic, at the moment of exhibiting that infallible incipient symptom which betrays itself in a visit to the princely mansion of the Pembrokes, found his attention arrested at the very entrance by the noble equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius.* After bestowing on this superb effort of the sculptor's art its due degree of silent admiration, he turned to a decent looking native who stood nigh, and inquired for whom that figure was intended? 'Thot ther, Zur?' was the reply, 'iss shuer I know't—'tuz *Marquis O'Rilcys.*"

The thieves about town, who make a jest of their gravest misfortunes, have got up the cant phrase of "Punishment by the Cubit," in allusion to the name of the inventor of the Tread Mill; as they also, referring to the name of the Ordinary of Newgate, and his holy office of praying by criminals on the scaffold till the fatal signal for execution is given, designate hanging to be "leaving the world with *their ears stuffed with Cotton.*"

The Holy Land.—The hills in Judea, from the commencement of the mountain scenery, are all of a round

handsome shape, meeting in the base, and separated at the tops, not in peaks or pointed acuminations, but like the gradual retiring of two round balls, placed in juxta-position. Their sides are partially covered with earth, which nourishes a feeble sprinkling of withered grass, with here and there a dwarf tree or solitary shrub. They are not susceptible of cultivation, except on the very summit, where we saw the plough going in several places. They might be terraced, but there are no traces of their ever having been so. The rock peeps out in many places, but never in precipitous cliffs: the strata are horizontal, and in many places have exactly the appearance of the stone courses in a building. The features of the whole scenery brought strongly to my recollection the ride from Sanquhar to Lead hills, in Scotland; and to those who have visited this interesting part of my native country, I can assure them, the comparison gives a favourable representation of the hills of Judea. But there are two remarkable points of difference: in the northern scenery, the traveller passes over an excellent road, and travels among an honest and industrious population, where the conversation of the commonest people will often delight and surprise the man of letters. But among the hills of Palestine, the road is almost impassable, and the traveller finds himself among a set of infamous and ignorant thieves, who would cut his throat for a farthing, and rob him of his property for the mere pleasure of doing it.

## Useful Domestic Hints.

*Yeast.*—The following method of making yeast for bread, is both easy and expeditious. Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour; when milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this will make eighteen pounds of bread.

*Cement.*—Take sixteen parts of whitening, finely powdered, and heated to redness, to drive off all the water. When cold, it is to be mixed with sixteen parts of black rosin, and one part of bees' wax: the latter having been previously melted together, and the whole stirred till of an uniform consistence. This cement is excellent for the use of turners and artizans in general.

*Rice Glue.*—An elegant cement may be made from rice flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, card, &c. in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments, which afford much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster-clay, models, busts, basso-relievos, &c. may be formed, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish, and are very durable.

*Apoplexy.*—A recent medical writer maintains that the alarming increase of apoplectic fits is attributable, in a great measure, to the custom of wearing cravats; an addition to our dress which was not made until the 16th century, previous to which period, he says, the disorder was met with but as one to three compared with the present. And he seeks to strengthen his hypothesis by observing, that women are less liable to apoplexy than men, "although the nature of their economy might be supposed to lead oftener to the complaint."

*Kidney Beans.*—In the spring of the year we noticed the unusual appearance of these very useful vegetables sprouting from the last year's roots, and upon inquiry we find that it has been very general. Some years past, at a village in this county, they were known to vegetate for several years, but it was supposed to arise from the earth they stood in being near a steam-engine, and in consequence of the heat, the frost did not penetrate to the roots. It is probable that if a covering of straw and coal ashes be made use of, the curious horticulturist may next spring have the gratification of seeing them shoot a third season. It must be applied soon. —*Bath Chronicle.*

*** In our next we shall give an account of Mr. FARQUHAR, the purchaser of Fonthill Abbey; and in No. IV. an engraved View of that splendid Mansion, in Mr. Sears' best style.

We feel much obliged to C. H. S. for his friendly hints, but to adopt them would subject the MIRROR to a stamp duty of double its present price.

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# The Mirror

OF

## LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. III.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1822. [Price 2*d*.


### MR. FARQUHAR AND FONTHILL ABBEY.

The tide of public curiosity which at one time this summer flowed so uninterruptedly to Wanstead House, to see the wealth which a young libertine had once possessed and dissipated, had no sooner run its course, than it found a new attraction—that of Fonthill Abbey. This splendid mansion, of which we shall speak more in detail in our next, had long been celebrated for its architectural magnificence, and for the splendid collection of works of art with which it is enriched. These of themselves presented a sufficient source of attraction, but it acquired a new zest from the circumstance, that ever since the Abbey was built, its treasures have been kept sacred from all "human ken," save only the inmates: and it was quite as difficult to gain admission to Fonthill Abbey, as to get access to a Turkish Mozque or the parem of the Grand Sultan. Hence no sooner was it announced that Fonthill Abbey was for sale and on view, than people flocked from all parts of the kingdom to see it, though then the admission could only be purchased by giving a guinea for a catalogue. Such, however, was the avidity of the public, that 8,500 catalogues were sold in this manner—a pretty profit for the auctioneer, Mr. Christie, we think we hear some of our readers say. Not so, indeed; the profit was Mr. Beckford's, the proprietor, who, after displaying the most exquisite taste, and the most profuse liberality, in building and furnishing his Abbey, and enriching it with all the treasures of nature and art that the four quarters of the globe could furnish, kept it locked up with the most selfish contempt of the world, and has now, for what reason no one knows, offered it for sale.

After Fonthill had been long on view, and the day of sale often fixed and postponed, it was at length announced that it was sold by private contract for £340,000 to Mr. Farquhar. It is of this gentleman that we at present intend more particularly to speak.

Mr. Farquhar is one of the many distinguished instances of the advantages which Scotland enjoys from its admirable system of education, which, from its cheapness is accessible to all. It has enabled him to advance himself in life, from a humble rank, to his present consequence; to fill with distinction and with honour every situation in which fortune placed him; to throw a lustre on the sphere in which he now moves, by literary and scientific attainments of the first order; and to add another to the many instances of the accumulation of wealth from successful industry and attendant savings. Mr. Farquhar is a native of Aberdeen, and went out early in life to India as a Cadet on the Bombay establishment, where he was a chum of the late General Kerr. While at Bombay, he received a dangerous wound in the hip, which caused lameness, and affected his health so much, that he was recommended to remove to Bengal. Mr. Farquhar's mind was ever occupied in study, and chemical research was his favourite pursuit: from its practical application the foundation of his present immense fortune was laid. There was some defect in the mode of manufacturing gunpowder in the interior, and Mr. Farquhar was selected to give his assistance. By degrees he got the management of the concern, and finally became the sole contractor to the Government. In this way wealth and distinction rapidly poured in upon him, and he attained the particular favour and confidence of the late Mr. Warren Hastings. In Bengal he was remarkable for the closeness of his application, unabating perseverance, and extraordinary mental vigour, and also for the same habits of penuriousness which he still adheres to. After years of labour he came home from India, with a fortune estimated at half a million of money, the principal part of which was invested, through Mr. Hoare, in the funds, at the rate of 55*l*. for three per cent. Consols. On landing at Gravesend, Mr. Farquhar got on the outside of the coach to London, and his first visit very naturally was to his banker. Full of dust and dirt, with clothes not worth a guinea, he presented himself at the counter, and asked to see Mr. Hoare. The clerks disregarded his application, and he was suffered to

wait in the cash-office as a poor petitioner, until Mr. Hoare, passing through it, after some explanation recognized his Indian customer—the man whom he expected to see with a nabob's pomp. Mr. Farquhar requested 25*l*., and took his leave. After leaving the banking-house, he went to a relation's, a Baronet, with whom he for some time resided. About Christmas a grand rout was to be given by the relation of Mr. Farquhar, in consequence of his return. One evening, a week previous, Mr. Farquhar received a hint from his relation that his clothes were not of the newest fashion, and recommended a Bond-street tailor to him. Mr. Farquhar asked him if that really was his opinion; the answer was given in a way with which Mr. Farquhar did not feel pleased; he went to his bedroom, packed up his trunk, requested the servant to call a coach, into which he set out, and has never associated with his titled relative since. He then settled in Upper Baker-street, where his house was to be distinguished by its dingy appearance, uncleaned windows, and general neglect. An old woman was his sole attendant, and his apartment, to which a brush or broom was never applied, was kept sacred from her care. Books and papers were strewed on the floor; the spot where the book was concluded, there it was thrown, and never removed. His neighbours were not at all acquainted with his character; and there have been instances of some of them offering him money as an object of charity, or as a reduced gentleman. He became a partner in the great agency house in the city, of Basset, Farquhar, and Co., and also purchased the late Mr. Whitbread's share in the brewery. Part of his wealth was devoted to the purchase of estates, but the great bulk was invested in stock, and suffered to increase on the principle of compound interest. Every half year he regularly draws his dividends, his mercantile profits, and his rents, and purchases in the funds. In this manner his wealth has accumulated. Mr. Farquhar is deeply read in ancient and modern literature: his mind is one of extraordinary vigour and originality—his conversation of a superior order, impressive and animated on every subject. His sentiments are liberal, and strangely contrasted with his habits. His avarice may be considered as a disease which he cannot controul. His religious opinions are peculiar, and seem to be influenced by an admiration of the purity of the lives and moral principles of the Brahmins. It is said that he offered to appropriate 100,000*l*. to found a college in Aberdeen on the most enlarged plan of education, with a reservation on points of religion; to which, however, the sanction of the Legislature could not be procured, and the plan was dropped. Mr. Farquhar is still single, and is most probably destined to spend the remainder of his life "unbroken in upon by tender caresses," unless some late alterations in his mode of life can be accounted for by the influence of the amiable weakness. He has gone to reside in one of his own houses in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, which he has furnished in a style of modern elegance. He has also set up a handsome chariot, and, so far as appearances are concerned, indulges in several luxuries; but his domestic habits are still the same, and his table seldom labours with the pressure of heavy dishes. He has one nephew, to whom he allows, or did allow, 300*l*. a-year. He has but few other claims of family, and it is probable that his immense wealth will be bequeathed to some charitable institution, as the great object of his ambition is to leave his name to posterity as the founder of some public institution. Those who are not well acquainted with Mr. Farquhar consider him as a sordid miser, who has scraped money together by mere labour and saving; but the few with whom he associates recognize a powerful and enterprizing mind, a cultivated and discerning taste, and an intellectual refinement totally opposite to that penury which he seems to have at first imposed on himself as a duty, but which habit has made second nature. He is about 65 years of age, diminutive in person, and by no means prepossessing in appearance; his dress has all the qualities of the antique to recommend it; and his domestic expenditure, until the last year, has not exceeded 200*l*. a-year, although his possessions, money in the funds, and capital in trade, are said to amount to a million and a half.

That Mr. Farquhar is an amiable but an eccentric person, there can be no doubt; though seemingly penurious in his habits of life, he is princely in his liberality; and many mornings when he has left his home with a crust of bread in his pocket, to save the expense of a penny at an oyster-shop, he has given away hundreds of pounds in works of charity. Such is Mr. Farqu-

har, the purchaser and present possessor of Fonthill Abbey, who, we understand, is at present residing on this splendid property, and is so much engaged in examining the great collection of rare and valuable books which it contains, that he has never yet bestowed any portion of his attention on the curious and costly articles of *virtu* which have also come into his possession. It is a singular fact, that this gentleman, at the time he purchased the Fonthill estate, had never seen any portion of the land, or of the magnificent pile which adorns it. He trusted entirely to the representations and judgment of Mr. ———, who acted as his agent on the occasion, coupled with the corroborative reports which had been circulated through the public press, and even allowed ten days to elapse after he became proprietor, before proceeding to the Abbey.

It seems yet doubtful whether Mr. Farquhar has purchased Fonthill Abbey as a residence, or merely on speculation. Many well-informed persons believe the latter, and we have reason to believe that, at all events, the splendid effects, if not the estate, will again be offered for sale.

## The Mermaid.

*(Concluded from No. II.)*

In our last *Mirror* we gave a very correct engraving and description of the compound animal now exhibiting at the west-end of the town as a Mermaid. We also gave a general history of Mermaids, or of the evidence on which their existence is founded, from an early period down to the commencement of the last century. That history we shall now bring down to the present day.

Valentyn describes a Mermaid he saw in 1714, on his voyage from Batavia to Europe, sitting on the surface of the water, with its back towards them, the body was half above water, and was of a grizzly colour, like the skin of a codfish; it had breasts, and was shaped like a woman above the waist, and from thence downwards went tapering off to a point.

In the year 1758, a Mermaid is said to have been exhibited at the fair of St. Germains, in France. It was about two feet long, very active, sporting about in the vessel of water, in which it was kept, with great agility and seeming delight. It was fed with bread and fish. Its position, when at rest, was always erect. It was a female, with ugly negro features. The skin was harsh, the ears very large, and the back parts and tail were covered with scales. M. Gautier, a celebrated French artist, made an exact drawing of it.

Another Mermaid, which was exhibited in London in 1775 (for the one now shown is neither the first nor the second with which John Bull has been duped), was said to have been taken in the Gulf of Stanchio, in the Archipelago, by a merchantman trading to Natolia, in August, 1774.

Its face, say the accounts of the day, is like that of a young female; its eyes a fine light blue; its nose small and handsome; its mouth small; its lips thin, and the edges of them round like that of the codfish; its teeth are small, regular, and white; its chin well shaped, and its neck full. Its ears are like those of the eel, but placed like those of the human species, and behind them are the gills for respiration, which appear like curls. Some are said to have hair upon their head; but this has only rolls instead of hair, which, at a distance, might be taken for short curls. But its chief ornament is a beautiful membrane or fin rising from the temples, and gradually diminishing till it ends pyramidically, forming a foretop like a lady's head-dress. It has no fin on the back, but a bone like that of the human species. Its breasts are fair and full; the arms and hands are well proportioned, but without nails on the fingers; the belly is round and swelling, but there is no naval. From the waist downwards the body is in all respects like the codfish; it has three sets of fins one above another below the waist, which enable it to swim erect on the sea.

In the year 1794, a Mermaid, as it was called, was shown at No. 7, Broad-court, Bow-street, Covent-garden; it was said to have been taken in the North Seas by Captain Fortier. This nymph of the sea, a woman from the head down to the lower part of the waist, and a fish from thence downwards, was three feet long, having ears, gills, breasts, fins, shoulders, arms, hands, fingers, and a contiguous scale covering the fish part.

The existence of this animal is firmly believed in the northern parts of Scotland, and in the year 1797, a school-master of Thurso affirmed, that he had seen one, apparently in the act of combing its hair with its fingers. The portion of the animal which he saw was so near a resemblance to

the form of a woman, that but for the impossibility of a female so long supporting herself in the waves, he should have presumed it to have been one. Twelve years afterwards, several persons observed near the same place a like appearance.

The next publication in which we find any account relative to the Mermaid worthy of notice, is Dr. Chisholm's Essay on the Malignant Fever in the West Indies, published in 1801. The Doctor speaks of it as follows:—"I probably hazard the implication of credulity by the following note:—In the year 1797, happening to be at Governor Van Battenburgh's plantation, in Berbice, the conversation turned on a singular animal which had been repeatedly seen in Berbice river, and some smaller rivers. This animal is the famous Mermaid, hitherto considered as a mere creature of the imagination. It is called by the Indians *méné mamma*, or mother of the waters. The description given of it by the Governer is as follows:—The upper portion resembles the human figure, the head smaller in proportion, sometimes bare, but oftener covered with a copious quantity of long black hair. The shoulders are broad, and the breasts large and well formed. The lower portion resembles the tail portion of a fish, is of immense dimension, the tail forked, and not unlike that of the dolphin, as it is usually represented. The colour of the skin is either black or tawny. The animal is held in veneration and dread by the Indians, who imagine that the killing it would be attended with the most calamitous consequences. It is from this circumstance that none of these animals have been shot, and, consequently, not examined but at a distance. They have been generally observed in a sitting posture in the water, none of the lower extremity being discovered until they are disturbed; when, by plunging, the tail appears, and agitates the water to a considerable distance round. They have been always seen employed in smoothing their hair, or stroking their faces and breasts with their hands, or something resembling hands. In this posture, and thus employed, they have been frequently taken for Indian women bathing." Mr. Van Battenburgh's account was much corroborated by that of some gentlemen settled in Mahaycony and Abary.

At Sandside, in the parish of Reay, in the county of Caithness, there was seen, on the 12th of January, 1809, an animal supposed to be the Mermaid. The head and the chest, being all that was visible, is said to have exactly resembled those of a full-grown young woman. The breasts were perfectly formed; the arms longer than in the human body, and the eyes somewhat smaller. When the waves dashed the hair, which was of a sea-green shade, over the face, the hands were immediately employed to replace it. The skin was of a pink colour. Though observed by several persons within the distance of twenty yards, for about an hour and a half, it discovered no symptoms of alarm.

In 1811, a young man, named John M'Isaac, of Corphine, in Kintyre, in Scotland, made oath, on examination, at Cambletown, before the sheriff-substitute of Kintyre, that he saw, on the afternoon of the 13th of October, in that year, on a black rock on the sea-coast, an animal, of the particulars of which he gives a long and curious detail. He states, that the upper half of it was white, and of the shape of a human body; the other half, towards the tail, of a brindled or reddish-grey colour, apparently covered with scales; but the extremity of the tail itself was of a greenish-red shining colour; that the head was covered with long hair; at times it would put back the hair on both sides of its head; it would also spread its tail like a fan; and, while so extended, the tail continued in tremulous motion, and, when drawn together again, it remained motionless, and appeared to the deponent to be about twelve or fourteen inches broad; that the hair was very long and light brown; that the animal was between four and five feet long; that it had a head, hair, arms, and body, down to the middle, like a human being; that the arms were short in proportion to the body, which appeared to be about the thickness of that of a young lad, and tapering gradually to the point of the tail; that when stroking its head, as above mentioned, the fingers were kept close together, so that he cannot say whether they were webbed or not; that he saw it for near two hours, the rock on which it lay being dry; that, after the sea had so far retired as to leave the rock dry to the height of five feet above the water, it tumbled clumsily into the sea; a minute after he observed the animal above water, and then he saw every feature of its face, having all the appearance of a human being, with very hollow eyes. The cheeks were of the same colour with the rest

of the face; the neck seemed short; and it was constantly, with both hands stroking and washing its breast, which was half immersed in the water; he, therefore, cannot say whether its bosom was formed like a woman's or not. He saw no other fins or feet upon it, but as described. It continued above water for a few minutes, and then disappeared. The Minister of Campbelltown, and the Chamberlain of Mull, attest his examination, and declare that they know no reason why his veracity should be questioned.

In 1812, Mr. Toupin, of Exmouth, published the following account of his having seen a Mermaid: "The day (August 11)," says he, "being very fine, I joined a party of ladies and gentlemen in a sailing excursion. When we had got about a mile to the south-east of Exmouth-bar, our attention was suddenly arrested by a very singular noise, by no means unpleasant to the ear, but of which it is impossible to give a correct idea by mere description. It was not, however, unaptly compared by one of our ladies to the wild melodies of the Æolian harp,* combined with a noise similar to that made by a stream of water falling gently on the leaves of a tree. In the mean time we observed something about one hundred yards from us, to windward. We all imagined it to be some human being, though at the same time we were at a loss to account for this, at such a distance from the shore, and no other boat near. We hailed, but received no reply, and we made toward this creature as soon as possible; when, to the great astonishment of us all, it eluded our pursuit by plunging under water. In a few minutes it rose again, nearly in the same place; and by that time we had got sufficiently near for one of the boatmen to throw into the water a piece of boiled fish, which he had in his locker. This seemed to alarm the animal, though it soon recovered from its fears, for we presently observed it to lay hold of the fish, which it ate with apparent relish. Several other pieces were thrown out, by which the creature was induced to keep at a short distance from our boat, and afforded us the opportunity of observing it with attention, and found, to our astonishment, that it was no other than a Mermaid. As the sea was calm, and in a great degree transparent, every part of the animal's body became in turn visible. The head, from the crown to the chin, forms rather a long oval, and the face seems to resemble that of the seal, though, at the same time, it is far more agreeable, possessing a peculiar softness, which renders the whole set of features very interesting. The upper and back part of the head appeared to be furnished with something like hair, and the fore-part of the body with something like down, between a very light fawn and a very pale pink colour, which, at a distance, had the appearance of flesh, and may have given rise to the idea that the body of the Mermaid is, externally, like that of the human being. This creature has two arms, each of which terminates into a hand with four fingers, connected to each other by means of a very thin elastic membrane. The animal used its arms with great agility, and its motions in general were very graceful. From the waist it gradually tapered so as to form a tail, which had the appearance of being covered with strong broad polished scales, which occasionally reflected the rays of the sun in a very beautiful manner; and, from the back and upper part of the neck, down to the loins, the body also appeared covered with short round broad *feathers*, of the colour of the down on the fore-part of the body. The whole length of the animal, from the crown of the head to the extremity

* Here we have the fiction of the Syrens realized, which none of our Argus-eyed Mermaid hunters had hitherto done. The Syrens, in fabulous history, were certain celebrated song-stresses, who were ranked among the demi-gods of antiquity. Hyginus places their birth among the consequences of the rape of Proserpine. Others make them the daughters of the river Achelous and one of the Muses. The number of the Syrens was three, and their names were *Parthenope*, *Lygea*, and *Leucosia*. Some make them half women and half fish; others, half women and half birds. There are antique representations of them still subsisting under both these forms. Pausanius tells us that the Syrens, by the persuasion of Juno, challenged the Muses to a trial of skill in singing; and these, having vanquished them, plucked the golden feathers from the wings of the Syrens, and formed them into crowns, with which they adorned their own heads. The Argonauts are said to have been diverted from the enchantment of their songs by the superior strains of Orpheus. Ulysses, however, had great difficulty in securing himself from seduction.

of the tail, was supposed to be about five feet, or five feet and a half. In about ten minutes, from the time we approached, the animal gave two or three plunges, in quick succession, as if it were at play. After this, it gave a sudden spring, and swam away from us very rapidly, and in a few seconds we lost sight of it."

It must be in the recollection of most persons, that in the autumn of 1819, a creature appeared on the coast of Ireland, about the size of a child of ten years of age, with a bosom as prominent as a girl of sixteen, having long dark hair, and full dark eyes. We shall not transcribe the account, as it will doubtless be well remembered; but it may be right to add, for the satisfaction of those who have not seen it, that a spectator endeavoured to shoot it, but on the report of the musket, it plunged into the sea with a loud scream.

Since this time, we heard nothing of Mermaids until an American Captain, and a Bostonian too, Captain Eades, established this wonder of the deep, which is now the wonder of the good people of London, at the Cape of Good Hope. It is said to have been caught on the north coast of China, by a fisherman, who sold it for a trifle, when Captain Eades bought it for 5,000 Spanish dollars. At least so the first account from the Cape stated; but the present possessor of this *interesting* creature, who certainly believed it to be a real Mermaid, only estimates the whole cost at the Cape and bringing home at 1,000*l.*; so that it is probable Jonathan did not give half the money stated.

Without offering any remarks as to the existence or non-existence of the Mermaid, we may observe, that the question is as far from solution as ever, since it seems to be universally acknowledged, by all persons capable of judging, that the Mermaid now exhibiting is nothing but the head and bust of a baboon joined to the tail of a fish. This circumstance, however, does not appear to affect the exhibition, which continues as crowded as ever.

## SPECIMEN OF A NEW DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

New customs introduce new modes of thinking, and words gradually lose their primitive meaning by their application to different objects. Refinement of manners produces a corresponding refinement in language, as may be proved by referring to the familiar treatises on medicine and surgery in the reign of Elizabeth, when nothing that required to be mentioned, was veiled in the obscurity of technical terms, or the learned languages. At a later period the language of conversation, even among ladies, was much less chaste (as *we* should think) than at present; though it should not be forgotten that all chastity is in the mind, and not in the word. A virgin may be very meretricious in delicate language, or very delicate in sensual terms. In Spain, for example, where female purity is carried to as great a height as ever it was in any country, under the auspices of chivalry itself, Bourgoing says, that he was repeatedly lost in confusion at the sort of conversation which prevailed, unrepressed, in the company of females. The grossest double entendres, and the most intelligible voluptuousness, are tolerated without any shame, because they are not, in fact, ministrant to vice or immorality.

It need not be urged, however, by any copiousness of illustration, that languages change. It may be assumed as granted, what no one will deny, and being granted, it will also follow, that our existing lexicons must be considerably obsolete. It becomes, therefore, necessary, that new Dictionaries should be compiled to accompany the progressive mutations of language; and as the writer has paid some attention to the subject, he proposes, forthwith, to publish a Dictionary which shall carefully and perspicuously note all these changes. He has made considerable progress with his labour, but as he is anxious to derive all the benefit he can from gratuitous assistance, he wishes to submit a specimen through the medium of the MIRROR, in the hope that it may engage the attention of some of its readers, and procure him their aid and patronage. He has selected his examples at random, but they will serve to show the spirit and plan of the undertaking.

### SPECIMENS.

PILLORY.—A state machine. It is now used only as an engine to punish rogues; but was formerly appropriated to Members of Parliament, Patriots, and Statesmen.

" Thou art no shame to truth and honesty,
" Nor is the character of such defac'd by thee."

DEFOE'S HYMN TO THE PILLORY.

POET.—A manufacturer of lines; consisting generally of eight syllables,

sometimes of ten. They are paid for by the gross, and should be used immediately, as they will not keep.

PATRON.—A man who feeds needy dependents with moonshine: a huge promiser; a specious tyrant, who kills his victims by the slow poison of "hope deferred."

AUTHOR.—A sort of intellectual spider, who eviscerates from his brain the means to live: a drudge of opulence, and jest of fools; a day-dreamer; one who pampers rich knaves with flattery, and yet dies poor; a man who thinks aloud that others may do without thinking.

PATRIOT.—A stalking horse, bought by the people to frighten a ministry, and may be bought by the minister to amuse the people.

GENTLEMAN.—Any body.

BLUSH.—The ambiguous livery worn alike by modesty and shame. It is sometimes only an index to the heart of a voluptuous woman.

GRATITUDE.—The art of forgetting favours.

INGRATITUDE.—A quality which we see in all men except ourselves.

OWL.—A species of bird; it is frequently called a Common Councilman.

DUEL.—An interview between two fools.

ADONIS.—The reflection of a Dandy, in a looking-glass.

ABSTINENCE.—Getting rid of one surfeit to make room for another.

ABSURD.—Any thing done or said different from what we ourselves should do or say.

ABUNDANCE.—An imaginary quantity of which every man thinks his neighbour possessed, and himself deprived.

ABUSE.—Unwelcome truths.

ACCOMMODATION.—Obliging a friend in order to serve ourselves.

REASON.—The faculty by which a man always justifies his own conduct. Some vain theorists have supposed, that it was given to regulate and direct our actions: but the uniform practice of mankind has proved that it is of no use but to vindicate what we do.

ANGEL.—Our mistress.

D——L.—Our wife.

HONESTY.—A commodity which every man has to dispose of, and is willing to sell till he is a bankrupt.

BULLY.—A coward who strives to frighten away fear.

SWINDLER.—A gentleman who lives by his wits; but often finds himself at his wits ends how to live.

## THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

The various travellers who have visited these wonderful remains of antiquity assert, that in magnitude they far surpass any thing the imagination can conceive; nor is the surprise of the beholder, on viewing the stupendous whole, any way diminished by the appearance of the component parts, which are on a corresponding scale, and occasion wonder that human efforts could have elevated the ponderous masses of solid stone of which they are composed to so great a height, and disposed them in a regular order, unassisted, as may naturally be supposed, at that early period, by powerful machinery. The French traveller Denon and others have observed, that the sublime effect produced by the appearance of such immense objects is in some degree rendered less from not being placed near to others where their bulk might be estimated by comparison. This may doubtless be the case, for the eye judges by comparison, as is evident in almost every instance; and if it were possible to place St. Paul's or the Monument by the side of the Pyramids, an opportunity would then be obtained of forming a correct idea of the astonishing size of those justly celebrated wonders of the world.

Those who have not been exposed to the dangers and inconveniences of a long journey through sandy deserts infested with hordes of ferocious plundering Arabs, may, however, be able to form a comparative idea (here at home) of the magnitude of these ancient structures from the following circumstance.

In the reign of James I. Lord Chancellor Bacon and others obtained a commission for laying out and new building Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the celebrated architect Inigo Jones was employed on that occasion. He is said to have taken the measurement of the base of the great Egyptian Pyramid as the size of the area of the projected square; so that, if the building covers a piece of ground of the same extent as Lincoln's Inn Fields, the mind may comprehend in some degree the immensity of this one monument of human labour, the height being stated as between 6 and 700 feet.

To the above account, which has been sent us by a correspondent, we add the following dimensions of the Great Pyramid, according to different authors.

| | The height according to | Width of one of its sides. French feet. |
|---|---|---|
| Herodotus is | 800 | 800 |
| Strabo | 625 | 690 |
| Diodorus Siculus | 600 & a fraction | 700 |
| Pliny | | 708 |
| Le Bruyn | 616 | 704 |
| Prosper Alpinius | 625 | 750 |
| Thevenot | 520 | 662 |
| Nebuhr | 440 | 710 |
| Greaves | 440 | 648 |

The number of layers of stone which form it, is estimated by

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Greaves | at | 207 |
| Maillet | | 208 |
| Albert Licessenstein | | 260 |
| Pococke | | 212 |
| Belon | | 250 |
| Thevenot | | 208 |

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### METEMPSYCOSIS; OR, THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

It is well known that the Metempsycosis, or the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul into the body of some animal, is believed in several Pagan nations. Pythagoras, who taught this doctrine, derived it from Egypt, or the Indies. Those who profess it, think that their future state will be happy or miserable, according to their conduct whilst they continue in their human shape.

The Bramins pretend to understand a science, called *Kurrembeypack*, by which they divine the character of a man in his first state of existence, and they prescribe a particular expiation for every crime. This art is divided into four kinds, and several examples of each may be found in the *Ayeen Akberry*, from which are taken the following extracts:—

"Diseases which are the punishments for crimes committed in a past state:

"Losing the use of the limbs is the punishment for having killed a Bramin. Treatment—Make the sick person take a *tolah* of gold, in the shape of a horse, and distribute it in charities, and let him maintain 180 Bramins,

"Fever is the punishment for having killed an innocent *Kheterie*. Treatment.—Repeat a hundred times the incantation of Mahadeo, maintain thirteen Bramins, and sprinkle the image of Mahades one hundred times with water.

"A wife, whose husband dies before her, having been, before her marriage, of a high family, and leaving it to live with a stranger, for whom she burns herself, when he dies. Treatment.—She must pass her life in religious severities, or bury herself in snow.

"A wife, whose children are all girls, is punished for having been too proud in her former existence, and for not being respectful enough to her husband. Treatment.—After having covered a white ox with cloth of gold, she must maintain 100 Bramins.

"The wicked, who have committed many sins, are exposed to all sorts of diseases. He who has robbed a Bramin, has whitlows on his nails; he who drinks strong liquors, has black teeth; the murderer of a Bramin, the marasma; a liar, stinking breath; a stealer of corn, pains in his limbs; a stealer of clothes, the leprosy; a stealer of horses is lame, &c."

According to this doctrine, it is necessary to expiate one's crimes during life; for if not, we shall be born again with disgraceful marks of it.—*European Magazine.*

### THE ROUT.

"Send for a chair—it blows so hard—I
can't bear windy weather;
Now you and I in one sedan can go
quite well together,"
Said Mrs. Frump, while folding tight
her shawl around each shoulder,
She took the lean and whither'd arm of
sweet Miss Fanny Holder.

This Mistress Frump and Nancy dear
were old maids stiff and stupid,
Who long had been shot proof against
the darts of cunning cupid!
So now, good souls, they both were off
to Lady Betty Randle,
To have a little shilling whist, and talk
a deal of scandal.

The chair it came, and in they went, together sideways sitting,
As closely pack'd as all the threads they
just before were knitting.
In minutes three they safe arriv'd, the
double knock foretelling
The fast approach of these two dames
to Lady Randle's dwelling.

Forthwith the bawling footman showed
up stairs Miss Nancy Holder,
And Mrs. Frump; while stared Miss
Young, and Mrs. Young the older.
"'Dear Lady Randle, how d'ye do? I'm
very glad to see you,"
Quoth Mrs. Frump. Miss Sugarfist
cried, "Dear Miss Nan how be you?"

" Miss Charlotte, I am quite rejoiced
to have the boundless pleasure
Of shaking hands, my love, you're
looking charming beyond measure;
That roseate bloom upon your cheek
outvies the soft carnation."
" O lawk! Miss Ann, you fluster me
with such great admiration."

Now Mr. Sugarfist had been in tea and
figs a dealer,
Which was the cause Miss Sugarfist,
his child, was not genteeler;
He, having made a fortune large, and
trade no more admiring,
Sold all his stock, and cut the shop and
business by retiring.

Yet still he dealt—that is, the cards,
for he to whist was partial;
His partner now, a soldier bold, was
gallant Major Martial,
Who oft had seen much service hard,
round Brentford, Kew, and Ryegate,
And e'en that very day had marched
from Paddington to Highgate.

By Mr. Sugarfist there sat, of turtle
feasts a giver,
A Nabob, who came home with gold,
but not one inch of liver!
His partner was no less a man than
portly Parson Sable,
Which, if you reckon right, you'll find
just makes up one whist table.

But next to these, a noisy set of talking
Dames were playing
At guinea Loo, and now and then a
temper vile betraying.
Miss Winter, Mrs. Crookedlegs, Miss
Glum, and Mrs. Hearty,
With hump-back'd Lady Spindleshanks,
exactly made the party.

Upon the sopha, Mrs. Frump, dear
soul! had squatted down to
Some shilling whist, with Mrs. Prim,
and lo! a foreign Count, too!
Who, as Dame Fortune will'd it, soon
became her partner chosen;
While Mr. Prim, congenial man! sat
opposite Miss Frozen.

Around the room, in various parts,
some motley groups were seated:
In one place, Captain Splinter bold,
with grape (not shot) juice heated.
Made desp'rate work with Sophy Blaze
who swore he meant to kill her;
For, in the warmth of love, he grasp'd
her hand just like a tiller.

Then, in the room adjacent, young Miss
Randle and Miss Parking,
To *treat* the company, began through
two duets sky-larking.

When Mr. Simple ask'd Miss Quiz,
" In what key are they playing?"
" 'Tis what you are, a flat," she said,
a sneering smile betraying.

Now up and down the ivory keys the
Misses twain kept flying,
As if to make as great a din as could
be they were trying.
This o'er, the kind Miss Symphony,
with lungs indeed appalling,
Sat down before the harpsichord, and
had about at squalling.

While all these things were going on,
Miss Holder, in a corner,
Had fix'd upon a school girl, Miss
Honoria Julia Horner,
Who'd *just began to be come out*; so
Nancy by explaining
The histories of the folks around, Miss
H. was entertaining.

" Look there! d'ye see? that's Gene-
ral Bomb, just come from Gibraltar;
'Tis rumour'd he will lead next week,
Miss Simper to the altar:
He's sixty-five, and she sixteen, a
pretty match this, truly!
No doubt, in time his brow will be with
antlers cover'd duly.

" There goes Miss Flirt, who fancies
she is able to discover
In every man she dances with a true
and ardent lover.
And here comes Mrs. Paroquet, a
widow young and wealthy,
Who's waiting just to catch some peer,
old, gouty, and unhealthy.

" That kind of man with whiskers large
and hair that's rather sandy,
A stiff cravat, gold chain and glass, is
what they call a Dandy.
Those ladies standing by the door, and
making such wry faces,
Because they've lost twelve points at
cards, are call'd the faded Graces.

" The youngest's *only* fifty-eight, the
second sixty-seven;
The oldest, who is seventy-six, ought
now to be in—heaven.
Folks say they once were pretty girls,
but would be always flirting,
A thing, my dear, the hopes of being
nicely married hurting.

" Now goodness me! as I'm alive!
there's little Fanny Sawyer
Engaged in earnest chat with Mr. Ho-
nesty, the lawyer.
If that turns out to be a match, I'm sure
'twill be a wonder;
But only look at Mrs. Bounce with one-
arm'd Colonel Thunder.

" Well, how some people can! — but see, the card parties are breaking.
And yonder there's dear Mrs. Frump of tipsey cake partaking."
So here Miss Holder's eloquence at once was put an end to,
At sight of delicacies which she ever was a friend to.

Now Champagne bottles, knives and forks, plates, glasses, scandal, chatter,
With laughter interspersed, began to make a glorious clatter.
" Dear Colonel, pray be good enough to help me to a custard."—
"A little lobster, if you please"—" I'll thank you for the mustard."

" Miss Holder, won't you take a seat?" —" What shall I have the pleasure, Miss Sugarfist, of giving you ?"
" Why when you be at leisure,
I'll take some raisins, if you please,"—
" That savours of the grocer,"
Miss Clackitt whispered Mr. Prim, " her dad was one, you know, sir,"

Now Mr. Prim, alas! poor man! was very absent, making
Sometimes great blunders, which would after set his heart an aching;
Thus sage Miss Clackitt's shrewd remark to him was quite a poser,
Yet just for answering's sake he roar'd out, yes, her dad's a grocer.

On which Miss Charlotte's cheeks, poor thing, became as red as scarlet,
And pouting like a sulky child, she sobb'd out " O the varlet!"
But he, the cause of her dismay, stood looking blank and foolish;
While Dandy Bubble said, " Why, Prim, upon my soul! 'twas coolish."

Now other noises swell'd the roar; good gracious! what's the matter!
" O never mind 'tis Sophy Blaze, again the Captain's at her:—
I wonder if these rattling romps will end in ought like marriage!
" Lord Random's Stanhope stops the way." " Count Marasquino's carriage."

Then rose among the female tribe a strife of silks and satins,
Miss Holder's chair announced, and Mrs. Bubble's maid and pattens.
In groups the company paired off, some chairing it, some walking,
But all fatigued with doing nought, save playing cards and talking.

As home our brace of old maids went, each passing watchman's warning,
Proclaim'd " Past two :" said Mrs. Frump, " Dear me 'tis Sunday morning.
Well, who'd have thought? what a shame! now is it not, Miss Nancy?
I wish we'd come away before." (She told a lie, I fancy.)

But here to this my beauteous strain, at length I must say Amen,
And bid adieu to Lords and Counts, to Ladies gay, and gay Men;
And much I hope, although these things sometimes should not be slighted,
When next her Ladyship's " at home," I may not be invited.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## ON THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

The title of *esquire* is now so indiscriminately bestowed, arising in some measure from its indefinite signification, that, perhaps, a hasty sketch of what constitutes this distinction may not be unacceptable to some portion of our readers.

An esquire was originally he who, attending his knight to the wars, did carry his shield; whence he was called *escuier* in French, and *scutifer* or *armiger* in Latin. Blackstone (vol. i. p. 406) observes, [that it is a matter somewhat unsettled who is a real esquire, for it is not an estate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner. Camden, who was a herald, enumerates four sorts; Bailey (in his Dictionary) eight:—1st. The eldest sons of viscounts and lords.—2d. The younger sons of all noblemen, and their male heirs for ever.—3d. The four esquires of the king's body.—4th. The eldest sons of knights; as of all baronets, knights of the bath, knights bachelors, and their heirs male in the right line.—5th. Those that serve the king in any worshipful calling, as the sergeant-chirurgeon, sergeant of the ewry, master cook, &c.—6th. Those to whom the king himself gives arms, and makes esquires by giving them arms, (which anciently was done by putting a collar of SS about their neck, and a pair of white spurs on their heels, as the heralds and sergeants at arms).—7th. Those who have *any* public office in the kingdom, as high-sheriff, justices of the peace.—8th. The chief of some ancient families are likewise esquires by prescription, *id est*, a long continuance of possession. To these may be added all foreign, nay, Irish peers; and not only these, but the eldest sons of peers of Great Britain, who, though frequently lords, are only esquires in law, and must be so named in all legal proceedings. Officers of

the king's courts and of the king's household, counsellors at law, justices of peace, are only esquires in reputation; and a justice of the peace has this title only during the time he is in commission, and no longer, unless he be otherwise qualified to bear it; but a sheriff of a county, being a superior officer, bears the title of esquire during his life, in consequence of the great trust he has in the commonwealth.

Here we may notice the general opinion that every gentleman of landed property, who has 300*l.* a-year, is an esquire, which is a vulgar error. By custom, however, and as a matter of courtesy, this title is indiscriminately given to every gentleman who lives on his private fortune, and to rich merchants, and opulent tradesmen. In fact, this title seems, now-a-days, to be assumed by all such as think their property entitles them to usurp it, without reference to character, merit, or family connexion. *Riches and respect are synonymous*; possess the one and you may command the other! but it is lamentable to consider how, in the ardent pursuit of wealth and its attendants, all the generous ideas of lineage and ancestry are irrecoverably forgotten or despised.

"As for *gentlemen*," says Sir Thomas Smith, (temp. Edward. VI.) "they be made *good cheap* in this kingdom; for whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live idly, and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and shall be taken for a gentleman."

## FIELD SPORTS FOR NOVEMBER.

Woodcock-shooting attains its greatest perfection during the month of November; or, in other words, woodcocks are found in greater numbers this month than at any other period. For the last eight years, woodcocks have been scarce, last year excepted, when they were extremely abundant. In the present season many have already been seen.

Pheasant-shooting is also at its zenith during this month, as the birds are not only well grown, but the moulting-season is also at an end. Indeed, on some manors, pheasants are not allowed to be shot earlier than the month of November.

Partridges will be approached with difficulty. The same remark will apply to grouse.

Snipes were met with in tolerable plenty, during the last month; and will, no doubt, be found in abundance during the month of November.

Hunting both the hare and the fox may now be enjoyed in perfection; though the principal assemblage of fox-hunters at Melton-Mowbray does not take place till after November.

Coursing continues in the same state as last month, except that the hedges become thinner, and the hares will, most likely, run better.—*Annals of Sporting.*

## The Novelist.

### No. I.

[Under this head it is our intention to present our readers with a regular series of the best serious and comic Tales in the English language, with occasional translations from the French, Spanish, German, &c. We have selected for our commencement, a beautiful tale by Mrs. Cowley, who is better known as a dramatic writer than as a novelist. ED.]

### GREEN-COAT AND BROWN-COAT.

"Lead them to Piccadilly-gate," said a young man in green to his servant, as he came out of a house in Grosvenor-street. The servant was holding two horses, and the master was equipped for Hyde-Park. "Go to Piccadilly-gate—I shall be there in less than an hour." The servant mounted his horse, and, taking the bridle of the other in his hand, led him off through Bond-street.

His master walked down Bond-street too; stopped at Gray's, admired some plate; said he would consider about the watch for Harriet, and gave twelve guineas for a pair of buckles. In St. James's-street he entered a fruit-shop; eat half a dozen peaches, yawned, complained that the town was empty, and the street full of dust; sat silent, pinched a kitten, said it squalled like Signora ****; ate another peach; said "How do you do?" seventeen times, to as many persons in whose health he took no interest; thought Lady G. looked better in white than in pink; set his watch by St. James's; and then, after some reflection, determined to see who was at Brookes's.

In the club-room he found only one member. The gentleman in green was unlucky; played an hour and lost fifty guineas, threw dice for double or quits, lost another fifty, gave a draft on Hammersley for a hundred, and walked out with an air of composure.

At the door he seized the arm of a

gentleman in brown. "Will you ride this morning?"—"No; I have an engagement," said Brown. "An assignation!" retorted Green. "Yes," replied the other, "and with a sweet creature: will you go?"—"Go! what to *your* sweet creature?"—"Yes, to *my* sweet creature. Don't deliberate, but come along."

He in brown leant carelessly on the arm of him in green, and they walked off. At Charing-Cross Brown-coat stepped into a coach, ordered where to drive, and Green-coat seated himself by his side.—"An odd street you ordered the fellow to! but I suppose you are able to prevail on your favourites to live cheap."—"Yes, faith, I cannot complain; the girl we are going to now has cost me but three guineas a week."—"You are a lucky fellow," said Green; I wonder where you find such moderate damsels."—"Oh! they are to be found in every parish, if you will but open your eyes!"

The friends soon arrived at a low house, in a dirty street. They ascended two pair of stairs; Brown-coat tapped gently at a chamber-door, and a little girl, apparently five years old, opened it. Her long ringlets were flaxen, and her eyes blue. A sensation of delight, when she beheld the visitor, severed her sweet lips, and revealed a smile that was worthy of them. —"Ah!" said she, "how happy my mamma will be that you are come!" The gentleman took her hand in silence, and, followed by the other, entered the apartment.

A beautiful spectre sat in a chair opposite the door, and endeavoured to rise as they approached. The gentleman immediately prevented her, by seating himself, with a respectful air, at her side; whilst his friend, looking all astonishment, was obliged to find his seat at a distance.

"And how are you, madam?"—"Oh! sir, much better! something has happened since yesterday that will lengthen my life a week."—"Many weeks, I hope," replied the gentleman, "and months, and years; but pray tell it."

"My husband's relations," replied the invalid, "at length relent; they think my sufferings have been sufficient. They invite me to the country to die with them, and have promised to provide for my child. Oh! my little Fanny!" clasping her to her bosom, "thou hast preserved me from ruin! When I have seen thee in the arms of thy natural protectors, I shall breathe my last sigh with joy; but remember, ever, that it was this gentleman who preserved thee from the grave when thy poor famished mother—"

The gentleman stopped her, and made his congratulations on the change in her prospects; he inquired when she intended to begin her journey, and how she wished to be accommodated. "Ah, sir," she said, "your generous cares are concluded. See," presenting a bank note, "what they have sent me! and, besides this, the rector of the parish is in town, and will protect us on our journey: he will call on me to-morrow with a post-chaise.—But, Oh! Sir, whilst I have mind to form a prayer, and strength to articulate it, you will be its object! My gratitude—"

"My dear madam, I must stop you —your feelings overvalue those acts of duty which I have been fortunate enough to find an opportunity of performing. Believe me, I feel the obligation to be all on my side, for, amongst my happiest hours, I shall always account that which made me known to you. You have now some preparations to make for the morning, I will therefore shorten my visit; but I shall wait on you before the hour of your departure, and see you and your sweet daughter under the protection of the clergyman who is to escort you."

He bowed to the mother, and kissing Fanny, left the apartment, followed by the wonder-struck Green-coat, whose eyes were the only organs of expression he had used since he entered it: they, indeed, had very freely spoken curiosity, wonder, and a sort of half-uneasiness, as though he felt himself taken in.—The frolic was not of *his* sort!

After they had walked about ten yards, he exclaimed, "Why, what the d—l is all this, Harry?"—"Why, as the d—l would have it," replied the other, "the amiable creature you have seen made what is called a love-match; —that is, tempted by the romance of the adventure, she left her guardian's house one dark night, and went into a post-chaise with a cockaded young fellow, who had sworn she was the prettiest girl he had seen since his early youth, when he had been desperately in love with a young lady, her very counterpart.

"They returned, all hope, from Gretna-Green, and in about seven months received her fortune, on the day the law pronounced her to be discreet and wise! The fortune was no more than

five thousand, and our married couple were people to taste?

"The youth's relations having provided for him an old woman with twenty thousand, thought the election he had made a very silly one; and, as they refused to have any communication with him, the youth began to take up the same opinion, and treated his wife with neglect and brutality. He had at length the kindness to relieve her from his persecutions by quitting England; leaving her clear of the world, with a fortune—of seven pounds and a few shillings.

"The poor girl, then a mother, applied to her relations: they were at first kind, then civil, then cold, then rude, and finally—hoped to be troubled with her no more, and advised her to take in needle-work. She obeyed them; and, by unremitting industry, and the most exact frugality, supported herself and infant for four years. But the constant wearing of grief at length subdued her constitution, and a rapid decline ensued.

"Her landlady having observed that the sewing business was at an end, and having received no money for several weeks, thought such idle husseys a disgrace to her house, and ought to be made an example of. She accordingly sent for a constable, who, as he found his prisoner in bed, was so humane as to retreat whilst she put on her clothes; then, taking her arm, helped her down stairs, pale and speechless, followed by the shrieking Fanny. At this instant I happened to pass the door—it is not necessary to add what ensued. As I found her too ill to be removed, I was obliged to suffer her to return to the beldam's apartment.

"Having in repeated visits satisfied myself of the truth of her story, and learned the name of her husband's friends, I wrote to my sister, whose house is happily in their neighbourhood. She represented the distresses and the merit of the amiable sufferer, and being of rank (for they have connected meanness with riches), she prevailed upon them to receive her as the wife of their unworthy kinsman. An uncle said, *if she was a sober body*, she should not want encouragement; and a maiden aunt, that girls ought not to be countenanced who had run away with young fellows, but that, if she was really dying, she might come down, and, if she behaved well, should be buried in the family-vault.

"She is not apprised that it is in consequence of my application that these good people have sent for her. I am persuaded that, when my sister's attention shall have secured theirs, and her mind is at peace, she will have a chance of sending aunt Gzissel to the family-vault before her.—You now know all that I can tell you, in answer to your 'What the d—l.'"

"It cost you a cool sum?"—"A trifle, perhaps forty." Green-coat remained silent; began to consider whether Hammersley was in cash for his draft for a hundred; to feel that there were other methods, besides dice, of getting through a morning by getting rid of superfluous money; and that rides in the Park might now and then be omitted, for the pleasure of a walk to the distressed. But he began soon to gape, and to think that all such melancholy subjects ought to be avoided, as hurtful to the spirits. How could a man enjoy life, who was perpetually groping into scenes of distress!—and then, really, one's health! At that thought he turned suddenly round, and with a "Good morning, Harry!" was darting across the way—

"Hold;" said his friend, "here is a person a few doors off, whom I cannot omit calling upon; and as you have begun the morning with me—" "My horses are waiting for me!" said Green-coat. "So are mine," answered Brown, "and I dine to-day twenty miles from town; my visit, therefore, will not be a long one." At this instant, he knocked at the door of a house, of an appearance much like that they had quitted.

"This is rather peremptory," thought Green-coat, with an air of half-pet. He thought it, however, not expedient to take to his heels, and there seemed no other possible method of getting rid of his conductor.

When an Italian countess, in the court of Mary de Medicis, was tried for having *bewitched* her royal mistress, she told her judges that "she never had employed any *supernatural* means to govern the mind of the queen; nor had ever possessed any ascendant over it, except that which a strong mind must naturally have over a weak one."—This sort of witchcraft Brown-coat practised to such a degree, that there were few of his intimate companions who were ever hardy enough to maintain an opinion opposite to his own; but not only they did not maintain a contradictory opinion—they insensibly changed their own, their sentiments and their *wishes*; emulous to be as nearly as possible what he was—whose understanding was

of the first order, whose heart was pure, and who was so far from being puritanical, that his taste lent grace to fashion, and subjected him to a passion for expense, which could only be corrected by his still stronger passion for independence.

Such was he who now entered the confined, unwholesome chamber of an old man approaching fast to dissolution. The curtains of the bed were open, and disclosed the venerable object, supported by his nurse. His sand was running low; the pallid hue of Death had already taken possession of his cheek, and the living lustre of the eye began to be dimmed by the deep shade of its approaching night. His faculties seemed yet vivid, and the voice of his benefactor called up a faint flush, which struggled a moment on his pale cheek, and then—subsided for ever.

"Ah! sir," he said, "you whose soul is so full of benevolence—you to whom the tear that steals from the eye in pity, is dearer than that which gushes thence in rapture—to you this moment will not be unwelcome! I speak not for myself, for the final hour is arrived in which I shall cease to mourn; in which this wearied heart will render forth its last sigh, in prayer to him whose will placed there a nerve to agonise.

"Another child of sorrow will present herself to you. During this long sad night, in which my soul has been departing to meet its God, the inhabitant of the next chamber has delayed its flight; her voice has reached me midst the darkness of the night, and, by some indescribable power, has stayed my spirit, and kept my languid pulse still beating!"

The person to whom this was addressed, turned towards the nurse for information. All he could learn was, that by her patient's order she had been several times in the adjacent room, to offer consolation and assistance to a person who seemed resolved to accept of neither. "But you, perhaps, sir," added she, "may be able to speak comfort to the poor thing."

A voice now issued from the apartment; for the partition was so thin, and its apertures so frequent, that every word was distinctly heard. "Whoever you are," said the voice, "come and receive my sad tale, whilst I have yet breath to utter it—in a few moments my lips will close for ever!" This was articulated in a tone so faint, that there could be no doubt that the person who uttered it was indeed expiring, and the two friends in awful silence entered her apartment.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## Miscellanies.

### BROKEN METAPHORS.

Broken metaphors are not less laughable than ludicrous games of cross-purposes; and the risible public are much indebted to the editor of a loyal journal, who lately informed them that the radicals, by throwing off the mask, had at last shown the cloven foot; congratulated his readers that the hydra-head of faction had received a good rap upon the knuckles; and maintained that a certain reformer was only a hypocritical pretender to charity, who, whenever he saw a beggar, put his hand in his breeches pocket, like a crocodile, but was only actuated by ostentation. While we are upon this subject, let us not forget our obligations to the country curate, who desired his flock to admire the miraculous force which enabled Sampson to put a thousand Philistines to the sword with the jaw-bone of an ass: nor let us pass over the worthy squire, who being asked by his cook in what way the sturgeon should be dressed, which he had received as a present, desired her to make it into à-la-mode beef; and upon another occasion, when interrogated whether he would have the mutton boiled or roasted, or how? replied, "slow—and let it be well done."

Talking of incongruities, puts me in mind of the steam-boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding-dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences: "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed—with a calf's head and a pig's face." "Well, if I should have another baby, I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut into thin slices." "I do love to see little Tommy well dressed—in the fish-kettle over a charcoal fire." To behold the little dears dancing before one—in the frying-pan." "And to hear their innocent tongues—bubble and squeak." "My eldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce." "I always see the young folks put to bed myself——and smothered in onions." "And if they have been very good children, I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried."

### MAXIMS ON EARLY RISING.

1. Early rising, by the general consent of physicians, and according to every observation and all experience, is conducive to health.

2. It is conducive to long life in two ways: by increasing the number of our years, and by increasing the number of hours in those years. He who sleeps only eight hours has a longer year than he who sleeps twelve, by the difference of four hours, which is one whole day in six.

3. It is easy to see that four hours additional every day must be a very important acquisition. Men of pleasure may be busy in those hours; and men of business may find time to relax.

4. Those who wish to dedicate some portion of every day to pleasure, or to some employment distinct from their professional engagements, will, by early rising, be enabled to secure the self-possession of what part of the day suits them best.

5. The fair sex will find early rising conducive to health, and much more so to beauty, than the vast variety of cosmetics, which in general destroy what they are intended to preserve. There are no other means of preserving the complexion but one, namely, early rising—but there are fifty ways of destroying it—and not one of restoring it, when finally gone. Nature herself looks best when she rises early, that is, in summer.

6. Those who indulge much sleep will not become early risers at once; they may be called up three or four hours before their time, but will be drowsy and stupid all day. Such is the force of habit.

7. Early rising, therefore, is to be acquired by degrees, by a little taken from every morning's slumber. The summer is the proper time to begin this reformation, for then there are no excuses about fire and candle.

8. Ladies who have families will be particularly sensible of the benefit of early rising. When mistresses are asleep, servants consider them as *dead in law*, and act accordingly.

9. When beginning the practice of rising early, if you awake, never consider whether you shall rise or not—rise at once; if you deliberate, you will be sure to decide in favour of "a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep."

10. Reading in bed will not answer the purpose. The posture inclines to sleep, and what you read will not be remembered. There are very few authors that can keep awake a reader who is already on his or her pillow.

11. Never ask "what o'clock it is?" If you are fully awake and the morning come, you have no occasion for more sleep.

12. Go to bed early and good humoured, and rise with the lark.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

ANECDOTE OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT.—This important Act, which is considered as another *Magna Charta*, and of which Ministers often make a jest, was obtained by jest, according to Bishop Burnett. Whatever credit may be due to the story itself, at all events, it proves that a very formidable opposition was made to it at that time. "It was carried (says he) by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lord Grey and Lord Norris were named to be the tellers; Lord Norris being a man subjected to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing, so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him ten for a jest at first, but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning of ten, so it was reported to the House, and declared that they who were for the Bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side; and by this means the Bill passed."

CONSANGUINITY EXTRAORDINARY.—At a ball in Gloucestershire some years ago, there were a father and mother; a mother, daughter, and three sons; a son and three daughters; a granddaughter and three grandsons; an uncle, three nephews, and one niece; two aunts, a niece, and three nephews; three brothers and one sister; a brother, three sisters, and a grandfather.

A somewhat similar case to the above has been thus versified by an American rhymster:—

A wedding there was, and a dance there must be,
And who should be first? Thus all did agree—
Old grandsire, and grandame, should lead the dance down,
Two fathers, two mothers should step the same ground;
Two daughters stood up, and danc'd with their sires;
(The room was so warm, they wanted no fires,)

And also two sons, who danc'd with their mothers,
Three sisters there were and danc'd with three brothers;
Two uncles vouchsaf'd with nieces to dance;
With nephews, to jig it, it pleased two aunts;
Three husbands would dance with none but their wives,
(As bent so to do the rest of their lives);
The grandaughter chose the jolly grandson,
And bride, she would dance with bridegroom or none.
A company choice, their numbers to fix,
I told them all o'er, and found them but six;
All honest and true, from incest quite free,
Their marriages good;—Pray, how could that be?

A BULL.—An Irish Gentleman going to the Post-Office, inquired if there were any letters for him?—"Your name, Sir," said the clerk. "There is a good one, now," said the Hibernian; "why! won't you see it on the back of the letter?"

WILD PIGEONS.—The accounts of the enormous flocks in which the passenger, or wild pigeons, fly about in North America, seem to an European like the tales of Baron Munchausen; but the travellers are "all in a story." In Upper Canada, says Mr. Howison, in his entertaining "*Sketches*," you may kill 20 or 30 at one shot, out of the masses which darken the air. And in the United States, according to Wilson the ornithologist, they sometimes desolate and lay waste a tract of country 40 or 50 miles long, and 5 or 6 broad, by making it their breeding-place. While in the state of Ohio, Mr. Wilson saw a flock of these birds which extended, he judged, more than a mile in breadth, and continued to pass over his head at the rate of one mile in a minute, during four hours—thus making its whole length about 240 miles.—According to his moderate estimate, this flock contained two thousand two hundred and thirty millions, two hundred and seventy-two pigeons.

ENGLISH FOGS.—The fogs of England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, when some one who was going to Spain waited on him to know if he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England."—Carraccioli, the Neapolitan Minister here, a man of a good deal of conversation and wit, used to say, that the only *ripe fruit* he had seen in England were *roasted apples;* and in a conversation with George II. he took the liberty of preferring the *Moon* of Naples to the *Sun* of England.

CHINESE WOMEN.—The idolators of beauty, the Chinese, are for ever at the feet of the beings whom they persecute. When any of their wives are indisposed, *they fasten a silken thread round her wrist, the cord of which is given to the physician*, and it is only by the motion which the pulsation communicates to it that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient. This precaution of jealousy is almost unique in its kind.

PUNNING PREACHER.—A field-preacher, who had been a printer, observed in the usual harangue "that youth might be compared to a *comma*, manhood to a *semicolon*, old age to a *colon;* to which death puts a *period*."

At Hamburgh there is an annual festival, in which troops of children parade the streets, carrying green garlands, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a remarkable event which occurred in 1432. When the Hussites menaced the city with immediate destruction, one of the citizens proposed, that all the children, from 7 to 14 years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. PROCOPIUS NASUS, the Hussite Chief, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruit, and promised to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying *Victory*.

☞ A correct and spirited Engraving of Fonthill Abbey, with a full account of that splendid Mansion, in our next.

*** We have to apologise to our readers for the paper of this Number being somewhat inferior instead of better, as was our intention; our Stationer having sent it by mistake, which was discovered too late to remedy.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## Fonthill Abbey.

This splendid Mansion, of which the above engraving is a very correct and spirited representation, justly ranks as one of the grandest structures in the United Kingdom; combining all the elegance of modern architecture with the sublime grandeur of the conventual style. Fonthill Gifford, so called in contradistinction to the adjoining manor of Fonthill Bishop, is situated in the South Western part of Wiltshire, and in the hundred of Dunworth. At the period of the Domesday survey, it was held by the ancient family of Gifford, from whom it passed into the possession of the noble family of Delaware, and successively through other owners, including Bradshaw, who presided on the trial of Charles the First, who held it during the time of the Commonwealth. It next fell into the possession of the family of the Cottingtons, of whom it was purchased by William Beckford, that public spirited Lord Mayor of London, whose statue now stands in Guildhall, with a copy of the memorable speech and remonstrance which he addressed to his late Majesty, in 1770.

Mr. Beckford possessed immense treasures in Jamaica. At the time of his death, his son, William Beckford, the late proprietor of Fonthill, was a minor. Succeeding to almost boundless wealth, nearly £100,000 a-year, endowed with an extraordinary mind, literary talents of the highest order, and an exquisite taste for the arts, the young owner of Fonthill commenced his career. Alderman Beckford, in the plenitude of his fortune, had, when the former mansion was destroyed by fire, built a noble house; but it fell far short of the ambition of his successor, who reared the splendid structure which we now have to describe.

Fonthill Abbey is situated near to the Great Western road from London, and stands nearly due West from Salisbury spire. The inner grounds of the Park in which it stands are about seven miles in circumference; and these are so ingeniously laid out, that a ride of seven and twenty miles may be enjoyed without retracing a single path or walk into which they are arranged; each with characteristic differences of tree, shrub, and flower, from the hardest

plant to the rarest exotic. Even the swans, ducks, and other aquatic birds, as well as the peacocks, turkeys, &c. are all of a choice and superior order, which admirably combines with the taste that is displayed in the grounds.

The Abbey itself is in that style of architecture, form, and appearance, which its name well authorises, and stands upon a most commanding eminence; it has been erected from a design of the late Mr. Wyatt, aided by the refined taste of the proprietor, Mr. Beckford, and has already cost upwards of 400,000*l*. Its internal parts are not entirely finished; and before they are, should the same mighty hand direct and command them, there can be no doubt that a sum nearly equal to the before-mentioned, will be required in their completion.

The principal or Western entrance* into this noble mansion, is really a triumph of architecture—a glorious specimen of the late Mr. Wyatt's abilities, and of the style termed Modern Gothic. There is no point of view in which its exquisite proportions do not please, and whether contemplated from under its fine pointed arch, or from any rising part of the avenue which extends from it, it is equally an object of delight and admiration.

This entrance leads into a hall (68ft. by 28ft. height 78ft.) worthy of its style and beauty. The roof is of oak, appropriately divided into pannels, and adorned with shields in the old baronial manner. The light is received into the Hall from three pointed-arched windows of painted glass, upon the right, of a cathedral character, and shedding a mellow lustre on the upper part of a superb flight of steps, which ascends to the Octagon. The lower steps are in broader day from the door light; and the coup d'œil here is indescribably fine. The magnificent opening, by its Gothic associations, rather than by its natural effect, seems to throw one shade upon the air tint of the lawn, and the eye rests upon the gradually, but slightly deepening tone of the ascent, till it rests upon the clustered shafts in the Octagon, which support the high Tower. These are tinged with rose colour, from the hue of the windows, whose light rests upon them; and the whole resembles a magic palace, more than any abode of luxury contrived by human art.

* The four hinges of the great West-door are said to have cost 1,500*l*., and to weigh more than a ton.

This interior view is certainly one of the most striking at the Abbey, and visitors will do well to remember the old advice, and pause upon the threshhold. On the left of the Hall, are three recesses hung with crimson curtains, corresponding with the windows on the other side; in the centre recess, stands a marble statue of the late Alderman Beckford, holding in his right hand a copy of the great charter, and decked with the robes of office, as Lord Mayor of London. In the inside of the Hall, immediately above the Western Entrance, is a Music Gallery, with an appropriate screen-work of stone, extending quite across the Hall. The stairs leading to the Gallery are within the piers on each side the entrance. Over the Music Gallery is a small Gothic Window, with a Madonna and Child of stained glass.

From the Hall, by the before-mentioned steps, and under an arch corresponding with the West entrance, is entered the centre of attraction, even at this fairy palace, the Great Octagon. Words are inadequate to describe the sublime beauty of scene presented to view in this glorious apartment; the very colour which is thrown from the painted windows, and the crimson curtains of the recesses, and to the magic of its appearance. Between piers, which are composed of clustered columns, bearing eight lofty arches, are four pointed windows of beautifully painted glass, copied from those of the celebrated monastery of Batalha, in Portugal: the other four arches that support the Tower, are the openings of the galleries, the entrance to the Great Hall, and another arch built up; this latter is reserved for the entrance to the chapel intended to be erected on the eastern side of the Abbey. The arches, that have no place of egress, five in number, are hung with curtains at least fifty feet high, which concealing the termination of the building, give an idea of continued space: the light admitted through the stained glass of the windows of the Octagon, presents a most enchanting play of colours; and the effect produced by the sombre hue of twilight, contrasted with the vivid appearance at different hours of the day, is indescribably pleasing and grand. Above the eight arches, is an open Gallery that communicates with the higher suit of apartments; from this springs a beautiful groining of fan-work, supporting a lanthorn lighted by eight windows, richly painted: the whole is finished by a vaulted roof,

the height of which is 132 feet from the ground. Certainly nothing more splendid than this Octagon can be conceived; and whether viewed from its base, or from the corridors above, it presents a noble impression. Standing in the centre, and looking east, a delicious view of the Green Walk is seen; behind is the Receding Arch, surmounted by the Organ Gallery, which corresponds with the Music Gallery in the Hall. The Receding Arch leads into the Cabinet or Dining Room, having crimson damask hangings and furniture. It has two windows with diagonal gilt lattice frames, looking into the court-yard.

The same entrance also leads to a suit of other rooms; on the left is St. Michael's, and on the right, King Edward the Third's gallery, two of the most stately and interesting apartments that can be conceived or imagined; the former filled with the choicest books and many articles of *virtu*; the latter also employed as a library, but enriched with a much greater number of choice and curious productions, and terminating in an Oratory, unique for its elegant proportions, and characteristic consistency; it is at once rich and luxurious as the temple, of which it forms an appendage; sombre and soothing as the religious feelings, with which its designation associates it, require.

"Meditation here may think down hours
to moments:
Here the heart may give a useful lesson
to the head,
And learning wiser grow without its
books."

It is but the drawing of a curtain, and not only all the glitter of the adjoining splendour, but all the pomps and vanities of the world seem to the meditative mind, to be shut out for ever. Perhaps its pensive cast is more deeply experienced from the immediate contrast: dazzled with objects of show, fatigued with the examination of rare and costly commodities, and bewildered with the multitude of precious devices which every where surround him, the soul of the visitant retires with tenfold delight to the narrow walls of the Oratory.

The Oratory is approached by a short vaulted Gallery, called the sanctuary (a continuation of King Edward's Gallery), which is wainscoted with oak, and ribbed with deep mouldings, partly gilt and partly painted; the floor is covered with a Persian carpet of extraordinary size and beauty, as to pattern and texture. The Oratory itself is formed of five sides of an octagon; the roof is entirely gilt, of a grained pattern, which renders it wonderfully rich, without being unappropriately gaudy. A golden lamp is suspended from the centre, and external light is sparingly admitted by two lancet-headed windows of stained glass.

It would much exceed our limits to describe the Gallery, the Library, or the various other rooms of this mansion. We must not, however, omit to notice the Tower, which is still unfinished, high above the highest terrestrial object in view, standing upon the almost highest spot of ground in its vicinity, and being in itself 276 feet above the surface. The view from this elevated point is of amazing extent, including several counties in its circumference, and many objects of great local interest: among the most conspicuous of which, is the terrace adjoining Wardour Castle, the property and now the residence of Lord Arundel. The fine range of woodland here carries the eye of the beholder to Salisbury Plain, containing that most wonderful of all remains of antiquity in this county—Druidical Stonehenge. Salisbury Cathedral Spire is also seen, and more westward appear the grounds of Stourhead, the residence of Sir Richard Colt Heare, Bart. A distant prospect into Dorsetshire, and also into Somersetshire as far as the Towers of Glastonbury.

On one occasion, whilst the Tower was rearing its lofty crest towards Heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; it was a spectacle, it is said, which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would have cost a fortune to repair. This occasioned but small delay in its re-erection, as the building was carried on by Mr. Beckford with an energy and enthusiasm, of which duller minds can form but a poor conception. At one period, it is said, that every cart and waggon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labours of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the Tower rising under their

hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance, and it is said, was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating.—He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of the masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced on the woods and architecture below, from one of these eminences in the walks, of which there are several; and wasting the coldest hours of December's darkness, in feasting his sense with this display of almost super-human power. These traits of character will not surprise those who have made mankind their study: the minds most nearly allied to genius, are the most apt to plunge into extremes, and no man at present in existence, can make higher pretensions to a mind of this cast, than the founder of Fonthill Abbey.

From the description of Fonthill it will be seen that it presented attractions sufficient to draw the public attention when it was announced for sale, but a still greater excitement was the treasures which it contained, combining all the riches of art that taste could collect and unbounded wealth purchase. Of these, one thousand and four were lotted for sale. To describe these would fill a dozen numbers of our work full as our pages are; we can, therefore, only state, that they consisted of cabinet and other articles of vertu of the greatest rarity, furniture the most costly, pictures of the old masters of inestimable value, and such a collection of curious china, as never before was collected. Here are cups of Sardonyx, Agate, Rock Crystal, Lapis Lazuli, Oriental Calcedony, cabinets of rare gold, Japan cabinets of ebony and tortoise-shell; in short, every species of ornamental work that ingenuity could devise, when aided by money at command.

Mr. Farquhar having completed the purchase of this magnificent seat, for 330,000*l.* which cost upwards of a million, he is now down there, making out a catalogue of the varieties, preparatory to a sale by auction. We hear that it is the intention of Mr. Farquhar to sell the estate, and that there are three bidders in the market; indeed we may add a fourth, namely, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grosvenor, Mrs. Coutts, and the Marquis of Hertford. The latter Nobleman, when he saw it, said, "The King ought to occupy this place, for no subject could live in it." Into whose hands it may fall we know not, but we trust, that so splendid an ornament in the architectural beauties of England will ever be open to the traveller in future.

☞ We have received a long letter from a correspondent on the subject of our account of Mr. Farquhar last week, in which he thinks we have treated that gentleman rather too severely. He says, that the imputations of penuriousness do not accord with the extensive beneficence we have ascribed to him. Perhaps our Correspondent is right, though inconsistency in the human character is by no means of rare occurrence. We should be sorry if any thing we have said should be construed unfavourable to Mr. Farquhar, of whose amiable qualities we are well assured, and whose "failings lean to virtue's side." We would readily have inserted the letter of our correspondent, but we have little room for discussions.

## MELANCHOLY OF TAILORS.

BY CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus. VIRGIL.

That there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express myself, incident to the occupation of a tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute. I may safely appeal to my readers whether they ever knew one of that faculty that was not of a temperament, to say the least, far removed from mercurial or jovial.

Observe the suspicious gravity of their gait. The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation.—"Walk, that I may know thee."

Do you ever see him go whistling along the foot-path like a carman, or brush through the crowd like a baker, or go smiling to himself like a lover? Is he forward to thrust into mobs, or to make one at the ballad-singers' audiences? Does he not rather slink by assemblies and meetings of the people, as one that wisely declines popular observation?

How extremely rare is a noisy tailor! a mirthful and obstreperous tailor?

"At my nativity," says Sir Thomas Browne, "my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpious; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think

I have a piece of that leaden planet in me." One would think that he were anatomizing a tailor! save to the latter's occupation, methinks, a woollen planet would seem more consonant, and that he should be born when the sun was in Aries. He goes on.—"I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company."—How true a type of the whole trade! Eminently economical of his words, you shall seldom hear a jest come from one of them. He sometimes furnishes subject for a repartee, but rarely (I think) contributes one *ore proprio*.

Drink itself does not seem to elevate him, or at least to call out of him any of the external indications of vanity. I cannot say that it never causes his pride to swell, but it never breaks out. I am even fearful that it may swell and rankle to an alarming degree inwardly. For pride is near of kin to melancholy; a hurtful obstruction from the ordinary outlets of vanity being shut. It is this stoppage which engenders proud humours. Therefore, a tailor may be proud. I think he is never vain. The display of his gaudy patterns in that book of his which emulates the rainbow, never raises any inflations of that emotion in him, corresponding to what the wig-maker (for instance) evinces, when he expatiates on a curl or a bit of hair. He spreads them forth with a sullen incapacity for pleasure, a real or affected indifference to grandeur.—Cloth of gold neither seems to elate, nor cloth of frize to depress him—according to the beautiful motto which formed the modest impresa of the shield worn by Charles Brandon, at his marriage with the King's sister. Nay, I doubt whether he would discover any vain-glorious complacence in his colours, though "Iris" herself "dipt the woof."

In further corroboration of this argument—who ever saw the wedding of a tailor announced in the newspapers, or the birth of his eldest son?

When was a tailor known to give a dance, or to be himself a good dancer, or to perform exquisitely on the tight rope, or to shine in any such light and airy pastimes? to sing or play on the violin?

Do they much care for public rejoicings, lightings up, ringing of bells, firing of canons, &c.?

Valiant I know they can be; but I appeal to those who were witnesses to the exploits of Elliot's famous troop, whether, in their fiercest charges, they betrayed any thing of that thoughtless oblivion of death with which a Frenchman jigs into battle, or whether they did not shew more of the melancholy valour of the Spaniard, upon whom they charged; that deliberate courage which contemplation and sedentary habits breathe?

Are they often great newsmongers? I have known some few among them arrive at the dignity of speculative politicians: but that light and cheerful every day interest in the affairs and goings on of the world, which makes the barber * such delightful company, I think is rarely observable in them.

This characteristic pensiveness in them being so notorious, I wonder none of those writers, who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it. Burton, whose book is an excellent abstract of all the authors in that kind who preceded him, and who treats of every species of this malady, from the *hypochondriacal*, or *windy*, to the *heroical* or *love melancholy*, has strangely omitted it. Shakspeare himself has overlooked it. "I have neither the scholar's melancholy (saith Jaques) which is emulation; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is politic; nor the lover's, which is all these:" and then when you might expect him to have brought in, "nor the tailor's, which is so and so"—he comes to an end of his enumeration, and falls to a defining of his own melancholy.

Milton likewise has omitted it where he had so fair an opportunity of bringing it in, in his *Penseroso*.

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* Having incidently mentioned the barber in a comparison of professional temperaments, I hope no other trade will take offence or look upon it as an incivility done to them, if I say, that in courtesy, humanity, and all the conversational and social graces which "gladden life," I esteem no profession comparable to his. Indeed so great is the good-will which I bear to this useful and agreeable body of men, that, residing in one of the inns of court, (where the best specimens of them are to be found, except perhaps at the Universities,) there are seven of them to whom I am personally known, and who never pass me without the compliment of the hat on either side. My truly polite and urbane friend, Mr. A——m, of Flower-de-Luce-Court, in Fleet-street, will forgive my mention of him in particular. I can truly say, that I never spent a quarter of an hour under his hands without deriving some profit from the agreeable discussions which are always going on there.—

But the partial omissions of historians proving nothing against the existence of any well-attested fact, I shall proceed and endeavour to ascertain the causes why this pensive turn should be so predominant in people of this profession above all others.

And first, may it not be, that the custom of wearing apparel being derived to us from the fall, and one of the most mortifying products of that unhappy event, a certain *seriousness* (to say no more of it) may in the order of things have been intended to be impressed upon the minds of that race of men to whom, in all ages, the care of contriving the human apparel has been entrusted, to keep up the memory of the first institution of clothes, and serve as a standing remonstrance against those vanities, which the absurd conversion of a memorial of our shame into an ornament of our persons was destined to produce? Correspondent in some sort to this, it may be remarked, that the tailor, sitting over a cave or hollow place, in the cabalistic language of his order, is said to have *certain melancholy regions* always open under his feet. But waving further inquiry into final causes, where the best of us can only wander in the dark, let us try to discover the efficient causes of this melancholy.

I think, then, that they may be reduced to two, omitting some subordinate ones, viz.—

The sedentary habits of the tailor—

Something peculiar in his diet.—

First, his *sedentary habits*.—In Dr. Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr. John Dennis, the patient being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies, that it came "by criticism;" to which the learned doctor seemed to demur, as to a distemper which he had never heard of.—Dennis, (who appears not to have been mad upon all subjects) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a day at it; and that the other was a pretty doctor not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

When we consider that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably practised only while he was writing his "remarks," is no more than what the tailor in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily (Sunday excepted) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner over-clouded, from that indissoluble sympathy between the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dennis hints at?—The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, insomuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to so many envious Junos *sitting cross-legged to hinder the birth of their own felicity*. The legs transversed thus ⋈ cross-wise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks, who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

Secondly, his *diet*.—To which purpose I find a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled, "Bad diet a cause of melancholy." "Amongst herbs to be eaten," he says, "I found gourds, cucumbers, melons, disallowed, but especially cabbage. It causeth troublesome dreams and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc effect.* lib. 3. cap. 6, of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Isaack, lib. 2. cap. 1. *aminæ gravitatem facit* it brings heaviness to the soul." I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the conformation of mine. It is well known that this last named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### WALKING STEWART.

There are several kinds of pedestrians, all celebrated and interesting in their way.—There is the man, who does his match against time, and generally sacrifices that which he walks against;—there are ghosts, who are proverbial for *walking*, when they have something on their own minds, or are bent on having something upon the minds of those they choose to visit;—there is the mighty *Eidouranion* lecturer, as great a *Walker* as any we have recorded—and there are the postmen, two-penny and upwards (as they say of the pencil cases in the window)—insolvents—placard-bearers in the city—hackney-coach horses—Scotch tourists—and many others, all intense walkers! The Walkers, indeed, like the lichens, are a vast *genus*, with an endless variety of *species*; but, alas! the best and most singular of the tribe is gone! We are almost sure that the name of our loss is already anticipated in the minds of our readers—for who, that ever weathered his way over

Westminster bridge, has not seen *Walking Stewart* (his invariable cognomen) sitting in the recess on the brow of the bridge, spencered up to his throat and down to his hips with a sort of garment, planned, it should seem, to stand *powder*, as became the habit of a military man; his dingy dusty inexpressibles (really inexpressibles)—his boots, travel-stained, black up to his knees—and yet not black neither—but arcant walkers both of them, or their complexions belied them; his aged, but strongly marked, manly, air-ripened face, steady as truth; and his large irregular dusty hat, that seemed to be of one mind with the boots? We say, who does not thus remember *Walking Stewart*, sitting and leaning on his stick, as though he had never walked in his life, but had taken his seat on the bridge at his birth, and had grown old in his sedentary habit? To be sure, this view of him is rather negatived, by as strong a remembrance of him, in the same spencer and accompaniments of hair-powder and dust, resting on a bench in the Park, with as perfectly an eternal air: nor will the memory let him keep a quiet, constant seat here for ever; recalling him, as she is wont, in his shuffling, slow perambulation of the Strand, or Charing-cross, or Cockspur-street. Where really was he?—You saw him on Westminster bridge, acting his own monument.—You went into the Park: he was there! fixed, as the gentleman at Charing-cross. You met him, however, at Charing-cross, creeping on like the hour-hand upon a dial, getting rid of his rounds and his time at once! Indeed his ubiquity appeared enormous—and yet not so enormous as the profundity of his sitting habits. He was a profound sitter! Could the Pythagorean system be entertained, what a hen would now be tenanted by Walking Stewart! Truly, he seemed always going, like a lot at an auction—and yet always at a stand, like a hackney-coach! Oh! what a walk was his to christen a man by! a slow, lazy, scraping, creeping, gazing pace—a shuffle—a walk in its dotage—a walk at a stand-still—yet was he a pleasant man to meet. We remember his face distinctly, and allowing a little for its northern hardness, it was certainly as wise, as kindly, and as handsome a face, as ever crowned the shoulders of a soldier, a scholar and a gentleman.

Well! Walking Stewart is dead! He will no more be seen enriched in Westminster bridge—or keeping his terms as one of the Benchers of St. James's Park—or haunting the pavement with moving but unlifted feet. In vain we looked for him "at the hour when he was wont to walk." The niche in the bridge is empty of its amiable statue—and as he is gone from this spot, he is gone from all—for he was ever all in all! Three persons seem departed in him.—In him there seems to have been a triple death! He was Mrs. Malaprop's "Cerberus—three gentlemen at once!" As it was the custom in other times to have several leaders dressed alike in battle—"Six Richmonds in the field,"—so does it appear to have been the case, that there were three Walking Stewarts in the strife of London. We wish one could have been spared!—But the trio ceased its music of humanity at once. There was a glee of three parts—and it was stopped!—Walking Stewart is dead!

We have been tempted "to consecrate a passage" to him, as John Buncle expresses it, from our regard for the man, and from the opportunity which a whimsical little book—a tiny pamphlet—allows us of giving a few particulars of his life and travels. We cannot spare much room, but we will take care that he rests as comfortably in a nook of our Magazine, as ever he sat in the stone arbour of Westminster bridge.

The pamphlet we have alluded to professes to be The Life and Adventures of the celebrated Walking Stewart, including his Travels in the East Indies, Turkey, Germany, and America: and the author, who states himself to be "a Relative," has contrived to outdo his subject in getting over the ground, for he manages to close his work at the end of the sixteenth page! —This is a famous lesson of condensation—and we will attend to it rigidly.

John Stewart, or Walking Stewart, was born of two Scotch parents, in 1749, in London, and was in due time sent to Harrow, and thence to the Charter-House, where he established himself as a dunce—no bad promise in a boy, we think!—He left school, and was sent to India, as a few others of his father's countrymen were about the same time. Here his character and energies unfolded themselves, as his biographer tells us, for his mind was unshackled by education.

He resolved to amass 3,000*l.* and then to return to England. No bad

resolve! To attain this sum he quitted the company's service and entered Hyder Ally's. He now turned soldier, and became a general. Hyder's generals were easily made and unmade. Stewart behaved well and bravely and paid his regiment without draw-backs, which made him popular. Becoming wounded somehow, and having no great faith in Hyder's surgeons, (a sensible misgiving), he begged leave to join the English for medical advice. Hyder gave a Polonius kind of permission, quietly determining to cut the traveller and his journey as short as possible, for his own sake and that of the invalid. Stewart sniffed the intention of Ally (he knew, as we know, that all *Allies* are suspicious)—and taking an early opportunity of cutting his company before they could cut him, he popped into a river, literally swam for his life, reached the bank, ran before his hunters like an antelope, and arrived safely at the European forts. He got in breathless, and lived—an English surgeon cured him.

Hitherto he had saved little money. He now entered the Nabob of Arcot's service, and became Prime Minister. The sixteen pages of "the Relative's" letter-press do not say how. They treat only of effects—causes are out of their sphere.

At length he took leave of India and travelled over Persia and Turkey *on foot* (in search of a name it should seem, or, as he was wont to say, "*in search of the Polarity of Moral Truth;*") and after many adventures (why are not one or two of them related?) arrived in England. He brought home some money, and some "doctrines," as his biographer calls them—but what these doctrines were we are left to surmise. He commenced his London life in an Armenian dress, "to attract attention;" but finding the people not very hungry after his philosophy, he resolved on enlightening the Americans, who refused his mental gas as perversely.

The Relative here drops the narrative, and tries his hand at the philosophical—but we do not get a very clear notion of his meaning.

Stewart, on his return from America, "made the tour of Scotland, Germany, Italy, and France, on foot, and ultimately settled in Paris," where he made friends. He intended to live there; but, after investing his money in French property, he smelt the sulphur cloud of the Revolution, and retreated as fast as possible, losing considerable property in his flight. He returned to London, and suddenly and unexpectedly received 10,000*l.* from the India Company, on the liquidation of the debts of the Nabob of Arcot. He bought annuities, and fattened his yearly income. The Relative, in speaking of these annuities, says, oddly enough,

"One of his annuities was purchased from the County Fire Office, at a rate, which, in the end, was proved to have been paid three, and nearly four times over. The calculation of the life gentry was here completely at fault: every quarter brought Mr. Stewart regularly at the cashier's, whom he accosted with, 'well, man alive! I am come for my money.' This matter formed one of Mr. Stewart's pleasantries, for he well knew how his longevity disagreed with these 'speculators of death.'"

Mr. Stewart now gave entertainments—had musical parties—conversaziones—dinners. The writer is a little more distinct here.

This sudden and large increase of wealth enabled Mr. Stewart to commence a series of entertainments, calculated to afford the highest treat to those friends and acquaintances by whom he was surrounded. Every evening a conversazione was held at his house, enlivened by music; and on Sundays, he gave dinners to a select few, who were likewise gratified, in addition, by a discourse from the philosopher; and in the evening, a concert of vocal music was added for the guests' pleasure. This generally consisted of sacred music selected from Handel's compositions, to which the philosopher was highly partial. He often turned to the person seated nearest him, and would descant on the wonderful merit of this great master; whose music combined melody with harmony, making the latter subservient—a rule in the present day totally neglected by professors, who sacrifice all for science, betraying little or no melody in their subjects. These concerts always concluded with the dead march in Saul, another favourite of the philosopher, who gave it the most serious attention.

Stewart was attached to the King—and lived peaceably, until the late Queen's arrival—when the deputations of Operative Sawyers, and other mechanical movements, alarmed Stewart, and awakened his walking propensities

again. His friends had great difficulty to prevent him from going to America. He smoked another revolution. He wrote a letter in the Sun, and became easier.

"The Relative" says that "the declination of Mr. Stewart's health was apparent to his friends in 1821," that is, he began to get ill. He went to Margate— returned—became worse—and, on the Ash Wednesday of that year, gave up the ghost. Perhaps he is Walking Stewart still!

Stewart was, in youth, remarkably strong and handsome; indeed his name bespeaks the first, and his face vouched, even in its age, for the latter. To all entreaties from friends that he would write his travels, he replied, no;—that his were the travels of the mind. He, however, wrote essays, and gave lectures on the philosophy of the mind. It is very odd that men will *not* tell what they know, and *will* attempt to talk of what they do not know. He never married.—*London Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

### No. II.

### GREEN-COAT & BROWN-COAT.

*(Concluded from No. III.)*

A curtain prevented the gentle mourner's seeing them, which the gentleman in brown gently touched, to inform her that they were present, and it was immediately opened. But the youth in green, who thought he had had quite enough of dying faces for one morning, had turned from the bed, and endeavoured to find more agreeable ones in the street, into which the solitary window looked.

The young woman found herself addressed in the softest accents, and every sentence of consolation administered to her.—"Ah!" said she, "it is all, all too late; the only comfort I can now receive, is the certainty that I cannot live to profit by your goodness. But charge your memory with my woes: that if, in your progress through life, you should meet with the author of them, he may know—her heart was broken who yielded it to him!

"I am by birth an American; the only child of parents far advanced in life, and consequently the blessing of their existence. My father was a planter, respected for his riches, and beloved for his goodness. Ah, he was all virtue!—and how unworthy have I been of such a parent! My youth was passed beneath his eye, in which period I was instructed in all the accomplishments which are supposed to heighten the force of beauty.

"At the age of eighteen my father gave me in marriage to a young gentleman of amiable manners, who loved me to excess. I felt not a passion equal to his; but I loved no other, and my innocence made me believe that I felt for him all the tenderness a heart was capable of feeling—Oh! why was I ever awakened from the happy error!

"My father and my husband were both of the loyalist party, and consequently the British officers were in their houses treated with particular attention and favour. A few months after our marriage, towards the close of the war, a young soldier, who was said to be of fashion and of great fortune in England, found admittance to our table. His manners were so engaging, that, after a few visits, my husband requested him to reside with us entirely. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and he became one of our family.

"Oh, how did the hours glide in his society! Without, all was anarchy, distress, and war; but, within our walls, all was elegance, and taste, and pleasure. My husband was never wearied of praising his guest; and my heart fluttered, unconscious of its error, with delight at hearing those praises.—Alas! sir, how shall I add the rest! By degrees that heart became sensible of its situation and knew it loved—knew that it madly loved!

"My husband was often absent—at those periods our guests never. It cannot be that I should relate scenes of seduction and guilt—for seduction and guilt did indeed follow! and I became abandoned to my lover"—

Here tears and moans stopped the dying penitent; who at length, with many an interruption, continued—"Think not that I became at once dead to honour and every consideration of duty!—Though sure, slow was my progress in the road of iniquity. Many were my self-upbraidings, numberless my resolutions; but at last the voice of duty died in my heart, and love reigned there a ruinating spoiler!

"I had retired one afternoon to a summer-house in the farthest part of the garden. My lover unexpectedly appeared there—I say unexpectedly. The suddenness of his approach, and the joy which accompanied my surprise made me forgetful of every thing but

him; and whilst my arm familiarly reclined on his shoulder, my injured husband entered the apartment.

"His cry of distraction was the first intimation we received of his presence. He viewed us without speaking, whilst we remained fixed like statues where he first beheld us. His first action was towards his sword; but pausing and viewing us awhile with mingled rage and grief, he uttered a prayer for fortitude to heaven, and fled through the garden with the most desperate velocity. This was the last moment in which I ever saw him!

"We remained long in the fatal summer-house, not knowing what conduct to pursue. The sense of my guilt overpowered me—I felt that happiness had fled from me for ever! At length I ventured to return to the house. With my eyes I sought what was become of the master, but I dared not suffer my lips to articulate his name! The servants did not seem to be conscious that any extraordinary event had happened, and all things appeared in their usual state of composure. Thus the night passed, and three succeeding days and nights; in all which time I heard neither of my husband, nor of him who had caused my guilt. This frightful calm was at length broken!

"On the fourth morning, my father, my dear father! entered my apartment, with a countenance that expressed the most dejected sorrow. He took my hand, however, with the utmost tenderness, and by the softness of his tones removed the terror that had seized me. He told me he had a deep affliction to prepare me for; and endeavoured to fortify my mind with every argument of religion and submission before he revealed it. In this dreadful suspence I uttered not a word—my mind in fearful torturous expectation!

"At length the impending ruin crushed me! He informed me that, three days before, my husband had joined the loyalist army, that an engagement had taken place, and that he was amongst the first victims of the battle! The effect this intelligence had on me was scarcely less than frenzy. Instead of weeping, I grew furious; called myself my husband's murderer, demanded justice on myself, and talked of circumstances which, though true, passed on those about me as the effect of delirium. These violent perturbations ended in a fever, from which—it was my punishment to recover.

"With deepest shame I acknowledge that, as I recovered, my passion revived. I now considered myself at liberty, and had no doubt that my tender lover panted for the hour in which he could throw himself at my feet, and recompence all my sufferings by uniting himself to me for ever!

"The days and weeks wore on, and he appeared not. At first I considered him as sacrificing to decorum; but, at the end of two months, I could no longer resist inquiring of a lady when she had seen the object of my thoughts. She answered, with great unconcern, that he had hardly been seen at all for the last month; for that he was so devoted to ****** that he seldom spent an hour out of her presence; that he spoke every where of his passion, and had told his friends that he doated on her to such distraction, that for her sake he had almost resolved to give up his profession and his country, and settle in America.

"How long my friend continued this fatal detail, I know not; my falling, at length, senseless at her feet shocked her into silence. She in some degree suspected the cause of so strong an emotion. Urged, therefore, either by prudence or curiosity, she called no assistance, but endeavoured to bring me to a recollection of my miseries by the common methods. On reviving from the fainting, I found my head reposed upon her bosom, and her tears bedewing my face. This tenderness unlocked my whole soul—my woes were too poignant to admit of concealment, and they were all unbosomed to her.

"My falling spirits," said the agitated narrator, "will not permit me to continue in full detail. I must pass over many events, to tell you that this friend prevailed on me to accompany her to England. Her husband was a loyalist, and had secured himself; mine had been so, and the rebels made this a pretext to rob me of all my possessions—too light a punishment for crimes so deep!

"I left America without daring to mention such a design to my father. I could not bear to rive his heart with such intelligence from my lips; and I could not exist on a spot where every object kept my sense of dishonour and wretchedness alive. I wrote to him from the port at which I landed, and confessed all my criminality, with a view to make his mind yield to the propriety of my absence, and to lessen his regrets in losing a child whom he

could no longer think worthy of his love?—Alas! I have since learned that, for having been observant of his oath of allegiance to his king, he too has been doomed to be deprived of his all.

"On our arrival in England, my friends carried me to a northern county, where I resided with them almost two years in tolerable tranquillity. My tears frequently flowed before Heaven for my past offences—tears that always left me more peaceful and serene. This quiet state was at length interrupted, by the passion of the man in whose family I resided. My friend had, unwisely, informed her husband of my former guilt—intelligence which he received with malicious pleasure.

"He considered that I had no right to defend myself against his addresses on principles of honour, having once outraged them—and daringly told me so. On my continuing to express horror at his taking upon himself the dreadful office of tempting me back again to sin, he had the brutality to add, that my affected niceness was an ungrateful return to his benevolence, in having so long supported me, and that, if I remained in so ungrateful a mood, it must be under some other roof.

"*His* roof I instantly quitted, though a stranger in the kingdom, and known to no human being in it, out of the little village in which we resided. But to remain there would have caused a hope that I did not wish to avoid him; and I owed it to his wife to leave a situation in which I should be every hour exposed to his injurious visits.

"A stage that passed at the instant of these reflections suggested my relief. It was in winter, and there was no fellow-traveller; which gloomy circumstance was to me a desirable one, for it gave me leisure to ponder over my sorrows, and to consider of my future fate. The produce of the few valuables I had been able to collect from the wreck of my husband's property, were now nearly expended. The torture of my reflections so overpowered me, that, when the coach arrived in London, I was so ill as to seem to the people of the inn in a dying state—I am thankful they were right!

"The coachman recommended me to this house, kept by his relations, as he informed me. I delivered my purse to the mistress of it, who for a few weeks gave me some attendance; but since that period she has left me, no unwilling prey to the disorder which will presently"—

"Unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the youth, who had till now seemed attentive to little but what passed in the street; though the restlessness of his motions, and now and then a heavy sigh, gave his friend room to suspect him of more tenderness and compassion than was thought to belong to his character.

The sudden force of this exclamation had a visible effect on the dying lady; but neither she nor the gentleman who had been listening to her melancholy tale, had time to notice it, for the door instantaneously opened, and the venerable patient whom they had first visited was seen approaching. The nurse tottered beneath his weight as with ghastly eyes he surveyed the lovely creature, already on the threshhold of death. He stretched his arms towards her, uttered a deep cry, and, reaching the bed, fell on it and expired!

"My father—my father!" exclaimed the lady, with a wild look, and bending over the corse; "but I'll join thee—my woes end!"

"Yes, *thy* woes are over!" said the youth, who now turned from the window, "thy woes are over!—But, oh! Caroline, when will end the anguish which now seizes my soul? Behold the author of all thy afflictions!—thy husband's murderer, thy murderer, and the murderer of thy father!"

The lady started from her father's corse, and, fixing her eyes on him for a moment with the most dreadful expression, essayed to speak; but death had already rendered rigid the organs of utterance—his chill hand was on her heart, she struggled a moment—and then, without having uttered a sound, sunk dead on her pillow.

Pause here, and behold the two friends—both young, both equally blessed with health and with fortune. They had arisen in the morning for the occupations of the day; it was before them—their actions were to be chosen. One of them passed its opening hours in his usual routine of indolence, of folly, of vapidity, and of expense—the hour of noon beholds him a destroyer of lives, an accumulator of crimes, a wretch crushed by a sense of his iniquities!

The other began the day like a favourite son of Heaven! his heart was filled with benevolence; wherever he trod, his progress, like that of the sun with which he rose, gave life and joy. Having cheered his mind with acts of beneficence, he retired from the woes

he had contributed to lesson, to refine the pleasures that lay before him, and to taste them with a zest—of which the pallid libertine can form no idea! He is. indeed an epicure—a voluptuary of the first order! Ye sons of pleasure, be he henceforth your model!

## Miscellanies.

### CANADIAN CANNIBALS.

Mr. Long, who published a volume of Travels through North America about thirty years ago, after traversing a great extent of country, was compelled to winter among the Nipegon Indians. Here he found one Fulton, a trader, who had several Canadians as his servants. Being obliged to divide his men into two parties which is called the cawway, or casting lots, which party shall hunt and fish, and which shall stay with the master, he did so accordingly. The fishing party consisted of Charles Janvier, Francois St. Ange, and Louis Dufresne, all natives of Canada, who, being provided with axes, ice-cutters, and fishing materials, set off, and at the expiration of eight days arrived at a convenient place, where they built a hut, in which they lived for some time tolerably well; but fish failing them, and having no success in hunting, they were almost starved. In this situation, said the chief, the bad spirit had entered into the heart of Janvier, and he being the strongest man, supported hunger better than his companions, by which he was enabled soon after to effect a diabolical purpose he had formed of killing the first Indian who should come in his way, and which he had declared he would do. In the height of their distress, Janvier perceived a savage at some distance, with a load at his back, and instantly returning to the hut, told his poor dispirited partners of their approaching relief. They instantly got up, though very weak, and came out of the hut as fast as their feeble limbs would allow them. The Indian arrived, took off his load, which was only two otters, and two hares, and gave them to Janvier, who received them with great satisfaction; and when he had skinned them, boiled them in the kettle without cleansing them, so extreme was their hunger. This seasonable relief was soon devoured, and from the eagerness with which Janvier eat, and the satisfaction which appeared in his countenance when he looked at the savage, the men were in hopes he had forgot the rash determination he had formed, and flattered themselves his mind was not so depraved as to entertain a thought of doing an injury to the man whose timely assistance had saved their lives. The next morning the Indian told them he was sorry he could not assist them further, having no ammunition, but that he was going to Mr. Fulton for a supply.

Janvier's heart being inexorable even to the kindness he had received, he desired the savage to assist him in placing a large log of wood on the fire, as his companions were unable to do it. The Indian cheerfully complied, and stooping to take it up, Janvier knocked him down with an axe and dragged him to the door of the hut, cut him up, and with the most unfeeling barbarity put as much of the flesh of his deliverer into the kettle as he thought sufficient for a meal. When it was dressed, he compelled Francois St Ange and Louis Dufresne to partake of it, and obliged them to kiss the cross which hung at his breast, and swear by all the saints never to reveal the transaction; threatening, at the same time, that if they did, they should share the same fate. Intimidated by his threats, and the certainty that he would fulfil them, they solemnly promised perfect compliance with his injunctions. Having overcome their first aversion, which extreme hunger had occasioned, they ate immoderately of the horrid meal, and soon after fell sick, with violent retchings. During their indisposition they complained to each other softly, that it was eating the Indian's flesh which had occasioned their sickness: Janvier overhearing them, called them fools and rascals, and asked them if they were afraid the savage would come to life again; and with an insolent sneer desired them to tell him which they thought the best part of a man? The poor fellows only replied they were very sick and could not tell the cause. In a few days (having no other provision) the Indian was eaten up, and Janvier determined to have human flesh, if no other could be obtained. To this end he sought an opportunity to quarrel with St. Ange —Dufresne not daring to interfere in the dispute, Janvier, willing, however to appear as plausible in the eyes of Dufresne as possible, widened the breach very artfully, till pretending he was no longer able to contain his anger, asked Dufresne if he did not think St. Ange deserved the Indian's death,

for daring to say he would reveal the circumstance he had so solemnly sworn to conceal. Dufresne, dreading the consequences of differing with him in sentiment, said he thought St. Ange was to blame; upon which reply, Janvier immediately struck him with an axe, and killed him: he then cut him up, and boiled a part, of which he obliged Dufresne to partake, he not daring to show any reluctance. Fortunately for Dufresne the weather became more moderate, and having caught plenty of fish, they proposed to return to their master. Janvier, intoxicated with the ideas of his superiority, obliged Dufresne to drag him in an Indian slay to Mr. Fulton's house—a cruel imposition upon him, and a dreadful service to a weak, emaciated man! but knowing he was unable to resist, he made a virtue of necessity, and obeyed the tyrant with seeming cheerfulness. On the journey he was frequently reminded of his oath, and the fatal consequences that would attend him if he should ever divulge the secret, which Janvier assured him would produce instant death.

Our readers probably will be happy to hear, that this genuine Son of Hell was brought by his master to confession, and from thence to condign punishment.

## THE ORKNEY ISLES.

When a stranger visits and traverses the Orkney Islands, he is struck with the contrast which they present to the more cultivated districts in the southern parts of Britain. The islands are in general flat and partially cultivated; and a dark brown hue over the whole surface, without a tree or green hedgerow, or a smiling cottage, with its garden shrubs, to enliven the aspect—indicate the sovereign predominance of bogs, of heath, and of rocks which have been robbed of soil and verdure. On a closer approach and more minute inspection, the rude and antique huts, overgrown with turf or foxglove—the corn patch of crooked and unequal ridges, intermixed with stripes of fine sward—the huge and imperfect sod fence of immeasurable length, which separates the *hill* or common from the town lands—the strange usages and implements of rural life—the primeval aspect and costume of the peasantry (which are worthy of a touch from Wilkie or Allan)—the summer-stillness of nature, and the seeming drowsiness of every animated being that is visible, impress on the imagination of a visitor all the ideas he may have formed of remote times, and of mankind in the first stages of civilization. They produce, in fact, a sort of chilling consciousness of being in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the bosom of all this apparent barbarism, however, the stately pile of St. Magnus' cathedral is to be found—a Christian temple which has stood during nearly the half of the Christian era. Its character is that of simplicity and grandeur united—qualities so intimately blended that it is difficult, perhaps, to find the latter in its highest state if not accompanied with the former.

## SPANISH PIETY.

God and the King are so coupled in the language of this country, that the same title of *Majesty* is applied to both. You hear from the pulpit the duties which we owe to *both Majesties*; and a foreigner is often surprised at the hopes expressed by the Spaniards that *his Majesty* will be pleased to grant them life and health for some years more. I must add a very ludicrous circumstance arising from this absurd form of speech. When the priest, attended by the clerk, and surrounded by eight or ten people bearing lighted flambeaux, has broken into the chamber of the dying person, and gone through a form of prayer, half Latin, half Spanish, which lasts for about twenty minutes, one of the sacramental wafers is taken out of a little gold casket, and put into the mouth of the patient as he lies in bed. To swallow the wafer without the loss of any particle, which according to the Council of Trent (and I fully agree with the fathers) contains the same divine person as the whole—is an operation of some difficulty. To obviate therefore the impropriety of lodging a sacred atom, as it might easily happen, in a bad tooth, the clerk comes forth with a glass of water, and in a firm and loud voice asks the sick person, "Is his Majesty gone down?" The answer enables the learned clerk to decide whether the passage is to be expedited by means of his cooling draught.

## MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF SPIDERS WEAVING THEIR WEBS.

Of all the beautiful discoveries with which we have become acquainted, through the progress of the physical sciences, there are none more striking than those of the microscope, or which may be studied with greater ease. The application of a powerful lens to any

of those minute objects which we have it daily in our power to examine, exhibits a scene of wonder, of which those who have never witnessed it cannot form an adequate idea.

For example, the construction of cobwebs has in all ages been lightly esteemed: nevertheless, for simplicity of machinery and neatness of execution, they cannot be surpassed by the art of man. The spinners are the apparatus through which by a most wonderful process the spider draws its thread. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerously and exquisitely fine, that a space often not bigger than a pin's point includes above a thousand. Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconcievable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands. But to feel all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Leuwenhoeck in one of his calculations on the subject. This renowned microscopic observer found, by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine, that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard! Now we know that each of these threads is composed of above 4,000 still finer. It follows, therefore, that above 16,000 millions of the finest threads which issue from such spiders, are not, altogether, thicker than a human hair.

In the earlier part of last century, Bon of Languedoc, fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey colour.

## THE TURBOT.

A TALE.

Lord Endless walking to the Hall,
Saw a fine Turbot on a stall.
"How much d'ye ask, friend, for this fish?"
"Two guineas, Sir."—"Two guineas! pish!"
He paused, he thought, "Two guineas! zounds!"
"Few fish to-day, Sir"—"Come, take pounds.
"Send it up quick to Bedford-square,
"Here's a pound note;—now mind, when there,
"Ask for one pound, and say that's all—
"My Lady's economical."
The fish was sent, my Lady thought it Superfluous, but—my Lord had bought it.
She paid one pound and cried, "O drat it!"
Yet could not think the fish dear at it.
A knock announces Lady Tatter,
Come for an hour to sit and chatter;
At length—"My darling Lady E.
"I'm so distress'd—you know Lord T.
"Can't dine without fish, and 'tis funny
"There's none to-day for love or money."
"Bless us," cried Lady E. "two hours
"Ago, a Turbot came, 'tis yours,
"I paid but thirty shillings for it,
"You'd say 'twas dirt cheap, if you saw it."
The bargain struck—cash paid—fish gone—
My Lord, and dinner came anon;
He stared to see my Lady smile,
'Twas what he had not seen some while;
There was hash'd beef, and leeks a boat full,
But Turbot none—my Lord look'd doubtful—
"My dear!—I think—Is no fish come?"
"There is, love—leave the room, John —mum!—
"I sold the fish, you silly man,
"I make a bargain when I can;
"The fish which cost us shillings twenty,
"I sold for thirty, to content ye—
"For one pound ten, to Lady Tatter—
"Lord! how you stare! why, what's the matter?"
My Lord stared wide with both his eyes,
Down knife and fork dropt with surprise:
"For one pound ten to Lady Tatter!
"If she was flat, ma'am, you were flatter;
"*Two* pounds the Turbot cost—'tis true—
"One pound *I* paid, and one pound you."

" Two pounds! Good Heavens! Why then say
" It cost but one pound?"—" Nay, ma'am, nay,
" I said not so—said nought about it;
" So, madam, you were free to doubt it."
" Two pounds! Good Heavens! Why who could doubt
" That the fish cost what I laid out?
" 'Twould have been madness (you may rate)
" In such a case to hesitate."
" 'Tis never madness," he replies,
" To doubt. I doubt my very eyes.
" Had you but doubted the prime cost,
" Ten shillings would not have been lost.
" Tho' you and all the world may rate,
" You see *'tis best to hesitate.*"

## THE BEGGAR.

AFTER THE MANNER OF STERNE.

" Get thee gone," cried I, to a poor beggar, who was apparently about sixty years of age—he was certainly sixty—he might be sixty-five—his countenance was pale, emaciated, and care worn—his dress was forlorn and tattered—his hair was of silvery white, and as he stood with his head uncovered, was blown about by the passing wind. What a figure for a painter, thought I—his pale, worn, but expressive countenance—his miserable garments—the wind playing among his locks—Oh! it would be excellent! The beggar approached nearer—with imploring and wistful looks, he said, " For the love of Heaven, spare me a trifle to save me from starving—as God is my witness, I have not tasted food these two days!"—" No!" said I—" I have been too often deceived." I looked at him—he was resting one hand on his stick, over which he leaned—partly from age and infirmity, and partly for rest—while his other was extended about half way from his body, in which he held his hat—in this position he regarded me with looks which seemed to read my determination—I put my hand in my pocket—a gleam, a corruscation seemed to pass over his countenance—I paus'd—looked at him again—he still regarded me with the same wistful look as at first—the same soul searching look—I drew it out, and with a shilling which I placed in his hand—as I did so, a tear started in his eye—It fell on my extended hand—It was the tear of gratitude, warm and fresh from the heart—I felt it—

## The Gatherer.

" I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

PUNISHMENTS.—It Italy, and in some parts of Germany, it is the custom for *felons* to clean the streets, and to drag after them a vehicle which contains the filth; they are always attended by an overseer and sometimes chained in pairs. It has been reserved, however, for our beloved country, to assign this menial and degrading occupation (so far, at least, as relates to the rope) to those unfortunate persons, whose only crime is that of being poor.

ROASTED MONKEYS.—The manner of roasting these anthropomorphous animals contributes singularly to render their appearance disagreeable in the eyes of civilized man. A little grating or lattice of very hard wood is formed, and raised one foot from the ground.—The monkey is skinned, and bent into a sitting posture; the head generally resting on the arms, which are meagre and long; but sometimes these are crossed behind the back. When it is tied on the grating, a very clear fire is kindled below. The monkey, enveloped in smoke and flame, is broiled and blackened at the same time. On seeing the natives devour the arm or leg of a roasted monkey, it is difficult not to believe, that this habit of eating animals, that so much resemble man in their physical organization, has, in a certain degree, contributed to diminish the horror of anthropophagy among savages. Roasted monkeys, particularly those that have a very round head, display a hideous resemblance to a child; the Europeans, therefore, who are obliged to feed on quadrumanes, prefer separating the head and the hands, and serve up only the rest of the animal at their tables. The flesh of monkeys is so lean and dry, that Mr. Bonpiand has preserved in his collections at Paris an arm and hand, which had been broiled over the fire at Esmeraldi; and no smell arises from them after a great number of years.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

BON MOTS.—Lord Norbury being informed that Capt. F. who had actively canvassed the proprietors of the National Insurance Company in favour of his brother, at the late election for Directors, was an officer of the Royal Marines, who had seen much service, ob-

served, "that the Captain would have been himself most eligible, having considerable knowledge and experience of *marine risks*, being accustomed to receive *premiums for taking lives*, and as affording a practical proof, that although following a profession more than *doubly hazardous*, his *tenement* had escaped all the damages of *fire*; but," added his Lordship, on hearing that the Gallant Captain did not possess four shares, "his want of a *sufficient stock of assurance* is an insurmountable bar to *his promotion!*"

DEGREES OF PRECEDENCE IN GEORGIA.—In Georgia, a tract of country partly subject to the Turks and partly to the Persians, a merchant is less respected than a mechanic, and a mechanic less than a husbandman; but one of the most respectable employments in Georgia, is that of a public executioner: the profession is deemed honourable, and the professors all rich. If any man can trace a hangman amongst his ancestors, he is extremely proud of it, and never fails to mention it with exultation; at the same time observing that nothing is so noble as executing justice, and that the safety of the state depends upon the extermination of criminals.

ADEQUATE PUNISHMENT.—A Gentleman who, a few years ago, resided some time at Grand Cairo, has described the punishment of bakers and butchers in that city. That which was inflicted on bakers whose bread was deficient in weight, was extremely severe. For the first offence, the overseer of the bakers (who is the examiner and only person who tries them) immediately orders the delinquent to be bastinadoed. For the second offence, he is more severely punished in the same manner; and for the third, without any other process than the above-mentioned officer's order, he is put into his own oven when hot, where he is suffered to perish; which punishment, the gentleman adds, he saw executed. The punishment for butchers who are detected in selling meat either too long kept, or deficient in weight, is no less extraordinary, though not so cruel. A butcher in the neighbourhood where the relator of these facts resided, was detected by the examining officer of being guilty of selling bad meat, and (as in the baker's case, without any other form of trial than the order of the officer) he was immediately nailed by one of his ears to the post of his own door; his nose pierced; and one end of a wire about six inches long fastened to it, at the other end of which a piece of his bad meat was fixed. In this situation he was kept for nearly four hours.

A French Officer, during his confinement in the Bastile, used to amuse himself with playing on the lute. He had long thus diverted his melancholy, when playing one day, he observed, to his great astonishment, a number of mice issuing from their holes, and even spiders creeping forth. He repeated the experiment with the same effect several times; and even found some entertainment in observing the attentive audience which he could assemble whenever he pleased. We have no reason to suppose this Officer an Orpheus, yet it is certain that his lute captivated animals which might be supposed insensible to "the concord of sweet sounds."

UMBRELLAS.—"Here will I mention a thing," says Coryat, in his 'Crudities, 1611.'—"that, although perhaps, it will seem but frivolous to divers readers that have already travelled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have been there, nor ever intend to go thither while they live, it will be a mere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned," &c. "Many of them doe carry other *fine things*, of a great price, that will cost at least a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue '*umbrellas*,' that is, things that minister *shadow* unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the forme of a little canopie, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compasse. They are used *especially by horsemen*, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies."

☞ A liberal allowance is made to the TRADE, and the Numbers exchanged, until a month old, *if kept clean.*

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# The Mirror

OF

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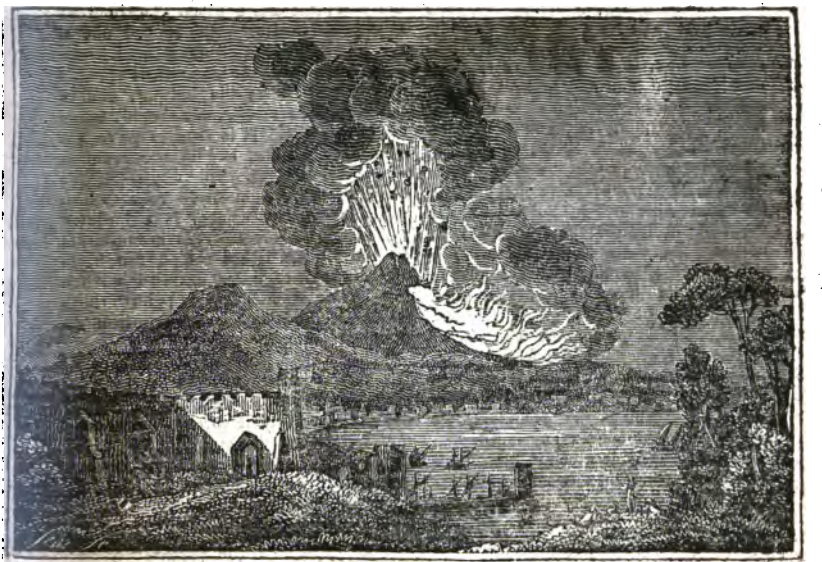
## Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.



One of the grandest, and at the same time the most awful spectacles in nature, is that of an active volcano, throwing out ashes, pumice stones, and cinders, and pouring forth a torrent of ignited lava, which, like a vast deluge of liquid fire, lays waste the country over which it runs, and buries all the works of human art. It is then that

"The fluid lake that works below
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The lab'-
ring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes. At once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing
pours
A mighty river; burning in prone waves,
That glimmer thro' the night, to yon-
der plain;
Divided there, a hundred torrent
streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dread-
ful on,
Resistless. Villages, and woods, and
rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep."

Volcanoes which are thus powerfully described by Mallet, are found in almost all parts of the world, but most commonly in the neighbourhood of the sea, and especially in small islands: for instance, in Italy, Sicily, Iceland, Japan, the Caribbee, Canary, and Cape Verd Islands, and the Azores. There are also numerous volcanoes in Mexico and Peru, especially Pichincha and Cotopaxi. The subterraneous fires which are continually kept up in an open volcano, depend in general on sulphureous combination and decomposition, like the heating of a heap of wet pyrites, or the union of sulphur and iron filings; but in other cases they approach more nearly to the nature of common fires. A mountain of coal has been burning in Siberia for almost a century, and must probably have undermined, in some degree, the neighbouring country.

The two most remarkable volcanoes are those of Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius. As the latter has recently been in a state of eruption, we have given an Engraving, which represents, as correctly as the subject is capable of, this extraordinary convulsion of Nature. This celebrated volcano, which has for so many ages attracted the attention of mankind, and the desolating

eruptions of which have been so often and so fatally experienced, is distant, in an eastern direction, about seven miles from Naples. It rises, insulated upon a vast and well cultivated plain, presenting two summits on the same base; in which particular it resembles Mount Parnassus. One of these, La Somma, is generally agreed to have been the Vesuvius of Strabo and the ancients; the other, having the greatest elevation, is the mouth of the volcano, which almost constantly emits smoke. Its height above the level of the sea is 3,900 feet, and it may be ascended by three different routes, which are very steep and difficult, from the conical form of the mountain, and the loose ashes which slip from under the feet; still from the distance it is not more than three Italian miles. The circumference of the platform on the top is 5,024 feet, or nearly a mile. Thence may be seen Portici, Capræa, Ischia, Pausilippo, and the whole coast of the Gulf of Naples, bordered with orange-trees: the prospect is that of Paradise seen from the infernal regions.

On approaching the mountain, its aspect does not convey any impression of terror, nor is it gloomy, being cultivated for more than two-thirds of its height, and having only its brown top barren. There all verdure ceases; yet when it appears covered with clouds, which sometimes encompass its middle only, this circumstance rather adds to, than detracts from, the magnificence of the spectacle. Upon the lava which the volcano long ago ejected, and which, like great furrows, extend into the plain and to the sea, are built houses, villages, and towns. Gardens, vineyards, and cultivated fields surround them: but a sentiment of sorrow, blended with apprehension about the future, arises, on the recollection, that beneath a soil so fruitful and so smiling, lie edifices, gardens, and whole towns, swallowed up. Portici rests upon Herculaneum; its environs upon Resina; and at a little distance is Pompeii, in the streets of which, after more than seventeen centuries of non-existence, the astonished traveller now walks. After a long interval of repose, in the first year of the reign of Titus (the 79th of the Christian era), the volcano suddenly broke out, ejecting thick clouds of ashes and pumice stones, beneath which Herculaneum, Stabia, and Pompeii, were completely buried. This eruption was fatal to the elder Pliny, the historian, who fell a victim to his humanity and love of science.

There have been thirty-nine eruptions of Mount Vesuvius recorded by historians; the last one makes the fortieth. Previous to the recent eruption, Vesuvius displayed all round the openings which it had made at different periods, and to which they gave the name of mouths. From those openings flowed the lave, the name given the torrents of liquified matter which rushed out of the bursting sides of the Mount.

Running from the summit, it spreads over the fields at the bottom, and to the sea. The matter, when cold, hardens to a stone. It is used to pave the streets of Naples, and in the erection of solid buildings. The depth of the Gulf, or boiling matter, from which arises a constant smoke, is calculated to be about 548 feet. It is common, at all times when it has rained much, to see torrents of water descend with a loud noise from Vesuvius; but those which descend during an eruption do the most damage.

These waters, stopped at the foot of the mountain by immense masses of cinders and sand, which form a sort of dyke, augment their force, and render the fall more impetuous. To these floods of water, shocks of earthquakes are added, which continue at intervals during a month together.

The new eruption commenced on the 20th of October, about twelve a clock. A dreadful internal noise was heard throughout the neighbourhood; the lava began to appear, and soon flowed in a torrent about a mile broad. The next day a second body of lava, half a mile in breadth, issued forth, and covered the old lava on the side of Bosco-Tre-Case: a third and fourth stream soon afterwards burst forth.

The following particulars of the progress of the eruption are from private letters:—

NAPLES, *October*, 23.—You will have heard, my dear brother, before this reaches you, of the awfully grand eruption of Vesuvius. Nothing similar has been witnessed since 1794, when the town of Torre del Greco, situated at about four miles from the crater, was partly destroyed. During the evening of the 21st, a little smoke appeared, and distinct reports of artillery, as it seemed, proceeded from that part of the bay. Had the sky not been perfectly serene, one would have considered it to be thunder. Towards nine o'clock, however, a little fire appeared at the old crater, and left us no longer in doubt about the cause of the intonations. At a few minutes past 11,

it burst forth in all its fury, throwing out stones to a great height. In three hours afterwards, the lava rolled forth in two grand streams, one taking towards Resina, where the King's Villa, called La Favorita, is situated, and the other inclining in a more southerly direction to Torre del Annunziata. The torrent of lava which flows towards Resina has already covered 100 acres of ground. The showers of ashes darken the sky, and fall even in the streets of the capital. The stones which have fallen at Bosco-Tre-Case have accumulated to the height of five palms. The eruptions of stones are frequent, and the sounds which issue from the mountain are frightful. All the people who lived near the volcano have fled. About 800 persons from the neighbouring villages have been received by order of the Police and Prefecture.

*Oct.* 25.—The fire seems to-day to be spent, but as the wind has changed to the south-east, or, as it is called, Sirocco, the smoke and ashes have come over Naples, and the mountain with Portici, and all along the bay, are invisible, while at mid-day, torches are almost necessary, and umbrellas absolutely so. The King's Villa at Resina was yesterday stripped of its furniture, and I may say that the whole line of coast, from Portici to Castel-a-Mar, has been abandoned, unless we except the curious, who flock in crowds to see what is passing. The eruption of cinders and smoke at this moment presents the appearance of a very thick and elevated black cone, which the wind blows towards Somma, Ottajano, and Nola. The number of individuals who fled from these villages augmented considerably yesterday. Last night about 2000 of these unfortunate persons received pecuniary assistance.

*Oct* 26.—We expect that the eruption will soon entirely cease. The columns of cinders and smoke are decreasing, and the detonations are less frequent and loud than heretofore. Most of the people who had fled are returning to their homes. It rained copiously last night, which has had the effect of purifying the atmosphere, which before was filled with clouds of black ashes. The rain, too, has washed the plants, which have assumed their natural colour and appearance, which under our climate is, even at the end of autumn, so striking and agreeable. The summit of Vesuvius is visible, and it appears that the dreadful eruption which has taken place has torn away a part of the crest of the volcano.

*Oct.* 28.—The eruption is completely at an end; but violent explosions of cinders still continue. The inhabitants of the country have returned to their homes. Portici and la Torre del Greco have suffered no other injury than what arises from their being in a great part covered with ashes and stones. A portion of the territory of Resina is covered with lava, but only where lava had formerly lain. The tower of the Annunciata has sustained injuries which it will not be easy either to estimate or repair. At Ottaiano the fire has consumed 50 acres of wood. These are all the details which have hitherto reached us.

The following additional particulars of this interesting event are contained in another private letter from Naples, dated October 29:—

Vesuvius is comparatively quiet, but it still throws out immense columns of smoke, and the *lapillo* and fine ashes continue to rain round the country according to the direction of the wind. Yesterday the wind blew over Naples, and it was a very rainy day. To my surprise, on going out, I found that the water which fell was of the colour of mud; indeed so thickly was it mixed with a shower of the fine volcanic ashes, that it has besmeared the houses and trees, and every thing exposed, in a most curious manner.

The first stream of lava thrown out at the west side of the crater, was about half a mile in breadth; it passed between the hermitage of San Salvatore and the ruins of a little country-house belonging to the King, and descended towards Resina. After having damaged a considerable deal of land, it stopped at a spot called Il Monte.

The second came out at the same time, and from the same mouth as the first; it was about two miles broad, and descended towards the village called Bosco di tre Case; but as it run over former lava, it did no injury.

The third proceeded from a mouth that opened during this eruption low down the sides of the volcano; it ran towards the place called Il Monte, but it also flowing over old lava, did no injury. The second and third stopped nearly in the same place.

The fourth and last descended from an old mouth called Vulcano, on the south side; reaching Pedementina, it joined itself with a smaller stream of lava; thence it ran on over old lava, as far as the hollow called Atrio del Cavallo. It seemed to menace La Torre del Greco.

It has been observed that the volcanic matter, not lava, thrown out by Vesuvius this time, taken in mass, is much more considerable than the lava itself.

The damage done by the eruption is not so considerable as the dreadful and menacing appearances of the mountain would have induced me to imagine. Portici and the Torre del Greco have suffered no other inconvenience than that arising from some sharp showers of *lapillo* and ashes. Resina has had about twenty *moggia* of land covered. A moggia is a Neapolitan measure, equivalent to about four-fifths of an English acre. From the Torre del Greco to the Torre del Annunziata, the road is now covered to the depth of two feet with lapillo and fine ashes. The Torre del Annunziata has suffered most; all its finely cultivated lands are covered with a very thick stratum of lapillo and ashes. Near Ottajano, about forty or fifty *moggia* of wood were consumed. Yesterday, this part suffered greatly from a deluge of *warm* water, mixed with ashes.

A great number of labourers, aided by Austrian and Neapolitan soldiers, are employed in clearing the roads. The heavy rains which are expected at this season will do much, but I fear that the country round the Torre del Annunziata will not be speedily restored to the industry of man.

The distance at which the fine ashes have fallen is astonishing; the master of an English vessel, which came in last Saturday, gathered them on the deck the Wednesday evening preceding, when he was off the Tuscan coast, at least two hundred miles from Naples.

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## TOM RUBY'S JOURNEY;

### OR,

### LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

Tom Ruby was a merry wag
As any in the town,
And he full fifteen years had worn,
And grac'd the civic gown.

To carve a pig, or hare, or haunch,
Whatever was the work,
At table all gave up to Tom,
For handling knife or fork.

The summer's sultry heat now drives
Each Cit to his retreat;
To Margate some retire to bathe,
To Highbury some to eat.

The Club were at the Pigeons met,
And Ruby in the Chair,
Propos'd a dining country jaunt
Next Sunday, if 'twere fair.

But where the place? for Highgate some,
And some for Hornsey vote;
But the majority agree
To fix it more remote.

Says Tom, I recollect a place,
And think we're all in luck;
What think you of the Forest, Lads,
And Church*, at the Roe-buck.

And there we'll have a nice snug haunch,
Some ducks—a bit of fish;
With any other little thing,
By way of a side dish.

Leave me to cater, I'll provide
The thing that's neat and staunch;
For Selby shall supply the fish,
Mott, ducks—and Birch, the haunch.

Agreed nem. con.; and now bright Sol
Bursts forth with ardent ray;
'Twas Sunday, and it soon became
A sweltering summer's day.

The Pigeons was the rendevouz
Where they agreed to meet,
And there each member's steed so sleek
Stood waiting in the street.

But first each traveller, ere he mounts,
Demands th' accustom'd lunch,
And washes down the sav'ry bit
With wine, or ale, or punch.

To horse! to horse! now mounted, each
Firm on his charger sat:
All but Tom Ruby, who was gone
In quest of his lost hat.

Now ill betide the man who made
Hat-lining like a purse,
And raised the crown, for 'twas to Tom
A temporary curse!

He sought his hat both high and low,
And many a curse did matter,
At length 'twas found, and in the crown
Sly hid—a lump of butter!

Tom puts it on, then mounts his steed,
To join his comrades flies,
And dashes over Mile-end road,
While clouds of dust arise.

By this time butter 'gan to melt,
And Tom began to sweat,
Bless me! says he, how I perspire!
I am quite wringing wet!

See here, my friends, see how it pours
A down my face and nose!
I never did thus sweat before—
It drenches all my clothes!

Why, Tom (says one,) you are unwell,
Your looks are pale and wan!
And my advice is, get to bed
As soon as e'er you can.

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* The landlord.

And you, my friends, take care of him,
While I push nimbly on,
To get a comfortable bed
To lay our friend upon.

Now Tom, surrounded by his friends,
Moves on with gentler pace,
While each man his opinion gives,
Of this alarming case.

Says one—I do remember well
(I think it is in Stowe)
A case like this; a dreadful scourge,
Three hundred years ago:

The *sweating sickness* it was call'd,
And if I read aright,
Whoever was attacked at morn,
Was sure to die that night?

Indeed! quoth Tom, then pray move on,
And let me get repose;
I feel it now from head to foot—
I'm sweating at my toes!

Now all arrived at the Roe buck,
Poor Tom is put to bed,
With strictest orders that no noise
May trouble his poor head.

Thus leaving him to his repose,
They all adjourn to dine,
But slily from among his clothes
His waistcoat they purloin:

Which given to the chamber-maid,
She strictly is enjoined
(And promis'd something for her pains)
To take it in behind.

So said, so done, Sally begins,
Now turns the waistcoat o'er,
And, gath'ring up the back, sews up
Some five inches or more.

Then stealing softly to his room,
She hears him gently doze,
And slily puts the waistcoat down
Among his other clothes.

Meantime the jolly lads below,
In ven'son knuckle deep,
Push round the haunch, and wag their chins,
Then drink "Our friend asleep!"

The dinner done, and cloth remov'd,
For drinking each prepares,
And now a member is dispatch'd
To see how Ruby fares.

How fares it, Tom?—I'm better now,
My sweat has left me quite,
Do move this pillow, lend your hand,
I'll strive to sit upright.

Strive to sit up! you shall go down,
And join our friends below;
Come, I'll help dress you, here's your clothes,
'Twill do you good, I know.

Now Tom, assisted by his friend,
Put on his clothes in haste;
But when his waistcoat he tried on,
With fear he stood aghast.

Mercy upon us! how I'm swell'd:
I ne'er was so before!
My waistcoat will not meet in front,
By five inches or more!

O Lord! I'm struck with death I'm sure!
I presently shall burst!
I'm in a fever!—give me drink
To quench this raging thirst:

His friends with well-feigned grief attend
His chamber round about,
And one sly rogue with penknife keen
Soon *lets the waistcoat out.*

Another wag says—I suspect
'Tis *wind* within him pent,
That swells him thus; I therefore move
He take some nutriment.

Now try to dress yourself, friend Tom,
'Tis *wind* that thus does teaze you;
Tom tries his waistcoat, and bawls out,
Zounds! now it buttons easy!

See how I'm fall'n in the waist!
Five inches round about!
And yet I marvel, as 'twas *wind*,
Which way it has got out!

Light gruel, and a thin dry toast,
Is brought for Tom's repast.
As grosser food ('twas said) might hurt,
After a ten hours' fast!

Now cautiously they lead him down,
Then mount him on his steed,
While he with rueful face declares
A strong desire to feed.

But food they all declare is bad
For his peculiar case,
And now tow'rds London back again,
They jog with moderate pace.

And Ruby safe arriv'd at home,
Goes supperless to bed,
There dreams all night of city treats,
With tables nobly spread.

An ample breakfast he takes down
Next morn—two pounds at least;
But, cursing the Roe-buck, declares
He'll not go there to feast.

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## THE MERMAID.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

I see by the papers, that the Mermaid, after having escaped the attempts of Collectors, who would have immured her in their Museums; and the barbarity of the Surgeons, who wanted to dissect her, is at last—to use an expression at the sound of which every experienced man's face instinc-

tively lengthens—"*thrown into Chancery.*' Alas! poor Mermaid!

It is to be hoped, that the individual who ran away with this object of universal admiration, was not aware that she was fated to become *a Ward of Chancery*; for, if he did, he may, according to the doctrines lately promulgated, stand in a very perilous situation. Such *protegées* are a sort of animal *noli-me-tangere;* the coming in contact with which draws down on the unhappy adventurer dreadful consequences.

But as this interesting personage is really, in this accomplished Court, there is now an excellent opportunity of setting at rest, in an *indubitable* manner, all the anxieties which have been excited respecting its reality. What think you, Mr. Editor, of a reference to the Master, to inquire, and state to the Court, whether the Mermaid be a Mermaid? What an opportunity would here offer for judicial jokes and forensic witticisms! and what a field would be opened for erudite research in the Master's office! The copyright of the Master's report would be a fortune. Or, if this subject should be thought too difficult to be attempted by the "sages of the law," unassisted by other illumination, let an issue be directed, to ascertain the momentous fact in dispute. In such a proceeding, it is obvious that the Jury ought to be awarded *de mediatate;* which, being translated for the benefit of country gentlemen, into language that is common both to the lawyers' bar, and the publicans' bar, signifies "half and half." The combination I would suggest would be, that one half of the Jury should consist of "matrons," to afford the means of ascertaining the *womanhood* of the subject; and the other half chosen from the Master, Wardens, and Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, in order to try its *ichthyology*.

It is the opinion of Sir Thomas Browne (see his *Vulgar Errors*, 1, 5, ch. 19,) and of many other authors, that the Syrens, mentioned by Homer in his *Odyssey*, were no other than Mermaids. If that be so, how great must be the value of the individual, now, alas! thrown into Chancery? for, as Homer speaks of them in the dual number, it has been most reasonably argued, that they were but two, and *Eustathius* gives their two names. The Court of Chancery, then, possesses a Ward, who may be described as *presque unique*.

Sir Thomas Browne, in the place above cited, says, "No man's eyes have escaped the picture of a Mermaid." I cannot deny that my visual organs have encountered this universal exhibition. But I never saw any picture of a Mermaid, which did not represent this enchanting compound with a *Mirror* (I do not, Mr. Editor, mean a copy of your interesting miscellany, though, from the interest you take in the damsel, your work would, no doubt, be acceptable to English Mermaids,) but a looking glass in one hand, and a comb in the other. I may add, in the only introduction of this bi-formed being which I remember to have witnessed on the stage, in Tom Dibdin's *Harlequin Hoax; or, A Pantomime Rehearsed*, according to my recollection, she appeared with these appropriate ornaments.* But, Sir, the Mermaid in question is, I am shocked to say, despoiled of these essential attributes. Now, I would seriously put it to the Chancellor, whether this be not a very alarming circumstance? and I doubt not, that his Lordship will have *no doubt*, that it ought not to be allowed to grow into a precedent. Think, Mr. Editor, only think, what a dreadful calamity it would be, if all his Lordship's Wards were to be in like manner deprived of their combs and looking-glasses? Think, Sir, how many angelic faces would—but I cannot proceed with this topic: it is too much for my nerves; and, if pursued, would probably operate too powerfully on the lachrymal sensibility for which his Lordship is so justly celebrated.

But, Sir, I am not without apprehension, that some evil-minded persons, not having the fear of the law before their eyes, but being moved and instigated by the (Printer's) devil, and being desirous to bring the practice of a most honourable profession into hatred, ridicule, and contempt, and to scandalise the same, may be tempted to convert this matter into an occasion of sneering against the Law.—Some critics, in their labours to explain what was the foundation of the fiction of the Syrens (who, we have already seen, have been identified with Mermaids), have asserted, that the Syrens were

* Our correspondent is here in error. The Mermaid in *Harlequin Hoax* has not a looking-glass in her hand when she rises from the ocean, but a glass of gin and water, of which she acknowledges having drank so freely that she is half seas over.—EDITOR.

Queens of certain small islands, named *Sirenuse*, lying near *Capræ*, in Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of Minerva, on the top of which that Goddess had a temple. Here, it is said, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the Syrens, famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences; whence the fable of the sweetness of their voices. But at length, we are told, the students abused their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, and the corruption of manners; and therefore they were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their music to have enticed passengers to their ruin, and the consumption of their patrimonies. Such ill-natured persons may perhaps ask, Whether the temple of Law was not originally the school of eloquence, and the academies of liberal sciences? and whether some modern students there have not *abused their knowledge to the colouring of wrong, and the corruption of manners, and enticed clients to their ruin, and the consumption of their patrimonies?*

HOMUNCULUS.

London, Nov. 21, 1822.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ON DOGS.

DOGS!—I love dogs, "for they are honest creatures, and never fawn on those they like not." Of all the domesticated animals, I know none before them in usefulness, or in real attachment and faithfulness to man; in ardent courage in the defence of his person, or honesty in protecting his property. That their attachment is disinterested, we cannot but believe, when we look at the affection which a blind man's dog shows to him in all his poverty, and in that daily imprisonment of the leathern leading-string. What but attaching affection could induce such a poor, wandering, free-prisoner of the streets, when he is at night loosed from his prison-thrall, to allow himself to be quietly strapped to his blind log the next morning? Nothing but genuine love for his poor blind master could thus content a dog, that might be free if he would, to such a life of restraint and beggary. How often have I pitied that matchless beast which patiently sits perched on that end whereby should hang a waggish tail, with two or three specimen bundles of matches in his faithful paws, "from morn to eve, a summer's day," and from twelve till two, a November day in the city, his dark master meantime pouring out his God-bless-you thankfulnesses, and pity-stirring plaints, with that beseeching earnestness of voice and benedictory piety of manner which none but your poor stone-blind beggars ever attain to, but the whole of whose blessings and brimstones only bring into his inverted hat a shilling's-worth of half-hourly dropping half-pennies, to the infinite soreness of his petitioning knees, and to the cold numbing and desponding drooping of poor Tray's cramped tail, that wags no more than does that erect and stiff stone Lion's tail that overmounts the lordly house of the Percy's at Charing-cross.

Seeing, as we must see, or ought to see, the excellent and excelling qualities of that many-despised quadruped, it has often surprized me that any man of a mild mind, with a little milk of humility in it, should feel uneasy at being called *Dog!* I know that those Greek-grinding, opium-chewing ruffians, the Turks, in the serenity of their tempers, fling it as a stone of reproach at the foreheads of the Christians; but to me it seems, and ever has seemed, a handsome and elevating compliment, and nothing but being kicked in the same breath, like a dog, would convince me it was not one; and even in this dilemma I should have a reasonable number of doubts whether it was not still a compliment, and that the kicks of accompaniment were intended only to impress a lasting sense of the value of it, and to refresh the slow and tardy memory, which is ever behind in it's recollections. To be called *Puppy!* even, is put-up-withable. But if an impertinent, instead of calling me generally Dog, went into particularities, and chose to designate me *Spaniel* or *Pug*, and this opprobrium happened in January, I might take time, in the following December, to take offence at it; because Spaniels I dislike for their fawning tempers; and Pug-dogs for their useless littleness, and heel-barking *pugnacity*, a word, no doubt, drived from them. Pugs are as libellous of the better race of dogs, as monkeys and dwarfs are of the nobler race of man. Next to these, the whole variety of French Shocks, and family and single Lap dogs are obnoxious to my high opinions of dogs in general. I can never feel any thing but a bitter biped indignation when I see a wealthy and well-informed woman lavishing that fondness on those ugly quadrupeds, who

are thought handsome, which if bestowed on some little friendless orphan, whom they might comfort at less expense, and adopt and keep at little more than is wasted, on those wiry-haired aliens. When I meet one of these fat and pampered animals waddling and wheezing it's panting way after it's fashionable mistress, I am much perplexed which to despise; but as I venerate all petticoats, I usually satisfy my spleen with despising the dog instead of his mistress. And when I have seen a tall manly fellow of a lady's lacquey hoisting one of these white enormities under his arm, and dogging the heels of his superior, I have felt something like indignation, that even a man in a livery should be degraded to so vile and unmanly an office. But when I have met in the Mall some fair spinster hugging one of these moustrous affection-stealers to her fair bosom, I have, at the moment, wished myself bitten by a mad dog, that I might run about the Parks and polite places in an unsuspicious shape, and bite every dog's tail that was caught dangling down from the dexter bend of a fair spinster's elbows, and thus inoculate those pretty protegés with the dog-day variolus of death; at other times I have wished myself a humane overseer of the poor, with an arbitrary power given me to snatch away these undue favourites from their arms, and to place in their stead, the little orphans and foundlings of human nature, taking the mother-forsaken child from the half-feeding work-house, and sending the well-fed banished dog there as its proper substitute. Would that this could be done by force of pens, rather than by force of arms! Would that one of these fair sinners against the beautiful affections of her sex, could be converted by this hint from such an absurd custom! How much handsomer would a handsome woman look followed by two or three chubby English children attendants, though in the livery of dependence, than by the same number of French dogs: even the old fashion of a following black boy was a more humane folly.

An ingenious Barrister, of rather singular opinions, has a very plausible theory on the subject of dogs, on which I have heard him hold forth rather *dogmatically*: that you may ascertain and infer the prevailing disposition of a man in the particular choice of his dog: as thus—if he choose a Spaniel, not for sporting purposes, but for a companion, he infers that he loves to be flattered, or else that he has himself a taste for fawning on others; if a Pug, that he is apt at impertinence, but impotent and insignificant; if a Cur, that he is savage and sly, sneaking and cowardly; if a Bull Dog, that he is obstinate and unyielding in anger, but harmless, though surly, when in a good temper; if a Newfoundland, the noblest of all dogs, and the most humane and human of all animals, that he is courageous, gentle, and generous, and has a philanthropic turn of mind, that would not let a man drown without trying to save him; if a Terrier, that he is ferretish, sharp scented, and keen, and that he is a lawyer, or should have been one. This is certainly ingenious, and it may be true. One may indeed observe a peculiar congeniality in disposition between some men and some animals. One man shall resemble a dog in his habits and appetites; another a fox in his craftiness; a third a monkey in his mischievousness; a fourth an ass in his intellect; and so on, down the many-linked chain of animals, and up the variously-linked chain of men. A late Right Honourable dramatist and M. P. has said that, "all are not men that wear the human form;" neither are all dogs that wear dog's habits. But I will not be proscribing and invidious, and set the malicious and the cruel, who are always glad of an excuse for their inhumanity, kicking and stoning all dogs that are not deserving of that honourable title.

Dogs have more sagacity, and instinct, and intellect than any other animal.—Innumerable are the recorded instances of their tenacious memories of men, places, and circumstances; of the strength and long endurance of their attachments; and of their reflective powers that seem to weigh the consequences of their own actions and the actions of others. Never shall I forget the humane misconceptions of that noble Newfoundland dog I once met with, who would not suffer a smaller dog of the mongrel species, quietly to swim about a pond, without plunging in after him, and bringing him out in his mouth, as if he conceived him in danger of drowning; and as fast as the mongrel was thrown in again, so often did he jump in after him, and bring him again to land. By the way, I have often thought that a score or two of these brave dogs, regularly trained to the employment, and stationed as assistants to the assiduous humanities of the Humane Society, would do more good

them all the drags and life-boats that ingenious invention ever invented.—*New European Magazine.*

## THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

When Lord Avonmore was a young man, better known on the turf than at the bar, he founded a club near Newmarket, called the *Monks of the Screw*; the rules of which he drew up in very quaint and comic Monkish Latin verse. It was on this model that a still more celebrated club of the same name was afterwards established, under his Lordship's auspices, in Dublin. It met on every Sunday during the law terms, in a large house in Kevin's-street, the property of the late Lord Tracton, and now converted into a seneschal's court. The reader may have some idea of the delightful intercourse this society must have afforded, when he learns, that Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Charlemont, Daly, Bowes, and a host of such men, were amongst its members. Curran was installed grand prior of the order, and deputed to compose the charter song. It began thus:

When St. Patrick our order created,
And called us the Monks of the Screw;
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain,
With liquor the best in the sky,
And he swore by the word of his saintship,
The fountain should never run dry.

My children, be chaste till you're tempted;—
While sober, be wise and discreet;—
And humble your bodies with fasting,
Whene'er you've got nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,
Except on a festival, found,
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival—all the year round.

Saint Patrick, the tutelary idol of the country, was their patron saint; and a statue of him, mitred and crosiered, after having for years consecrated their Monkish revels, was transferred to Curran's convivial sideboard at the Priory. Of the hours passed in this society, Curran ever afterwards spoke with enthusiasm. "Those hours," said he, addressing Lord Avonmore on one occasion as a judge, and wringing tears from his aged eyes at the recollection, "in which we can remember with no other regret than that they can return no more:

"We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine."

*Percy Anecdotes.*

## DRINKING FROM SCULLS.

Among the Scandinavian barbarians, it was deemed the highest point of felicity, that they should, in the future state, be seated in the hall of Odin, and there get intoxicated by quaffing strong liquors from the sculls of those over whom they had triumphed in battle.

"Bibemus cerevisiam,
Ex concavis craniorum crateribus."

The Italian poet Marino, to whom Milton owes not a few of the splendid situations in Paradise Lost, makes the conclave of friends in Pandemonium, quaff wine from the pericranium of Minerva. Mandeville relates that, the old Guebres exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, reserving only their sculls, of which he says, "the son maketh a cuppe, and therefrom drynkethe he with gret devocion."

In our elder dramatists, we have frequent mention of the custom of converting sculls into cups. In Middleton's "Witch," when the Duke takes a bowl, and is told it is a scull, he replies,

"Call it a soldier's cup;
Our duchess I know will pledge us, tho' the cup
Was once her father's head, which, as a trophy,
We'll keep till death."

Massinger has frequent allusions to this custom; and in Dekker's "Wonder of a Kingdom," Torrenti says,

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads,
Their sculls set all in silver, to drink healths
To his confusion first invented war."

But, as Sir Thomas Browne observes, "to be knaved out of our graves, to have our sculls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations;" yet of this tragical abomination has a British nobleman and poet been guilty. Lord Byron, when a youth, ransacked the cemetery of his ancestors at Newstead Abbey, for a scull sufficiently capacious and sound, to convert into a carousing cup. This he has had mounted with silver, somewhat after the fashion of the wine cups formed of the

shell of the ostrich. He has also written an inscription on it, which, for spirit, might rival the Bacchanalian productions of the Teian bard.—*Ibid.*

# The Novelist.

## No. III.

## THE HERMITAGE OF ROLANDSECK.

The Castle, or rather Hermitage of Rolandseck, was christened after Roland, the gallant nephew of Charlemagne, who, as the story goes, set out one day from his uncle's palace at Ingelhiem on a picturesque tour, on the banks of the Rhine. He dropped in at the chateau of a valiant knight, who received him with a friendly squeeze of the hand; while his daughter (who like other young ladies in those good days, was not above being useful) ran to fetch him some home-made bread and wine. As she poured out the wine, with the grace of a Hebe, into a goblet adorned with the arms of the old Chatelain, and presented it with a blush to the nephew of the great king, he was struck with her beauty and modest grace; and was soon surprised to find certain enigmatical sensations creeping about him which he had never experienced before. His arm trembled as he took the goblet, and he involuntarily said to himself—"this never happened to me in presence of the enemy, or when opposed to the thick swords of the Saracens." At night Roland could not close his eyes, for the image of the beautiful Hildegonda, which stood constantly before him. In the morning, when about to take leave, his kind host demanded his name. The modest Roland blushed as he gave it, for it was the glory of the whole country; and the knight was so enchanted at the distinction of his visitor, that he begged him to stay another day—Hildegonda said not a word—but her looks were eloquent, and Roland wanted little persuasion.

The fate of the young knight's heart was decided by his stay, and he only waited for an opportunity to declare himself. Such opportunities generally present themselves—and Roland, as he walked in the garden, found the young lady sitting in a pensive revery, in which a bolder modern beau would have flattered himself he had a place. Roland's timidity, however, made him awkward in accosting her; and the young lady, to conceal her own embarrassments, stooped to gather a rose just by. The knight begged her to give it him—lamenting that as yet no emblem of happy moments, adorned his casque; and that when his comrades boasted the beauty and virtue of their belles, he was obliged to look down and be silent. Hildegonda with a blush complied, saying, as she presented it to him—"All that is beautiful endures but for a moment."—Roland no longer hesitated to declare his passion—they swore to each other eternal fidelity; and the knight promised to return immediately after the campaign in Palestine, to lead his mistress to the altar.

After Roland's departure, Hildegonda led a retired and pensive life. The fame of her lover's achievements reached her, and gladdened her heart. One evening a travelling knight demanded hospitality at the castle. He had served in Charlemagne's army, and Hildegonda trembled as she demanded intelligence of Roland. "I saw him fall gloriously by my side, covered with wounds," said the knight;—Hildegonda turned pale at his words, and was motionless as a statue. Ten days afterwards she asked permission of her father to take the veil; and she entered the convent of Frauenworth, in an island in the Rhine. The bishop of the diocese who was her relation, allowed her to abridge her noviciate and profess herself at the end of three months.

Roland, who it seems had been left for dead on the field, and had afterwards recovered of his wounds, came soon after to her father's castle, to claim the hand of Hildegonda. In his grief at the tidings he received, he built a hermitage on a rock immediately above the island of Frauenworth, and called it Rolandseck, (Roland's corner). Here he passed the remainder of his days, sitting at the gate of his hermitage, looking down on the convent which held his beloved object. When the matins bell roused him, he would rise and listen to the chanting of the nuns, fancying he could distinguish the voice of his Hildegonda; and when at night the lights glimmered in the cells of the convent, his imagination saw Hildegonda praying to heaven for him.

Two years passed in this manner had nearly consumed his strength. One morning, looking as usual down on the convent, some people were digging a grave in the garden. Something whispered to Roland, that this grave was for Hildegonda. On sending to inquire, his conjecture proved true—he stood and watched the funeral procession, saw her corpse let down into the grave, and

listened to the requiem chanted over her—and he was found not long after sitting dead before his hermitage, his eyes turned towards the convent!

## THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

Near the little village of Hirtzenach, between St. Goar and Boppart, the ruins of the two old castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels stand close together, on a fine mountain covered with vines, on the right bank of the river. Their grey mouldering towers nod at each other with a sort of rival dignity; and they go by the name of the Two Brothers. Tradition says they were formerly inhabited by an old knight who had two sons equally dear to him, and a rich and beautiful young orphan was also brought up under his protection. Her charms increased with her years; and, as was very natural, the young knights both fell in love with their fair playfellow. When she arrived at a marriageable age, the father proposed to her to choose between his two sons; but she, knowing the sentiments of both, was unwilling to grieve either by preferring his rival. The elder son, however, believing that her heart a little inclined to his brother, resigned his pretensions, and besought her to declare in his brother's favour. The old knight gave the young couple his blessing, but their union was delayed. The elder brother saw without envy, but not without melancholy, the happiness of his rival. The charms of his beloved object increased in his eyes every day, and to fly from her presence he joined the Prince, residing at Rhense, and was admitted into his suite.

Just at this time St. Bernard was preaching the cross on the banks of the Rhine. There was not a *chateau* near the river that did not send a knight to Frankfort, where the Emperor Conrad presented the Saint to the people, who all took the cross. Almost every castle along the river, from Basle to Cologne, mounted a streaming flag, with the holy symbol of Our Saviour's sufferings; and the river and roads in the country were thronged with joyous companies flocking towards Palestine. The young intended bridegroom caught the general flame, and resolved to visit the Holy Land before leading his bride to the altar. In spite of his father's displeasure, and the ill-concealed tears of the young lady, he assembled his little troop, and joined the Emperor's army at Frankfort.

The old knight dying soon after, the elder brother returned from Rhense to take possession of his ancestors' castle. Love was now ready to revive more strongly than ever in his breast;—but he overcame himself, and scrupulously treated the young lady with the kind protection of a brother. Two years had elapsed when the news arrived that the younger brother was returning from Palestine, accompanied by a beautiful Grecian dame, to whom he was betrothed. This intelligence cut his deserted fair one to the heart; and, according to the custom of the age in such disappointments, she resolved to take the veil. The elder son was indignant at this conduct of his brother; and, when a courier arrived at the castle to announce his approach, he threw down his glove, bidding him take that for answer.

The Crusader arrived with his fair Grecian at the Castle of Sternfels, his paternal inheritance—and a bloody war took place between the brothers, which they were on the point of concluding by single combat, when the young lady interposed and pacified them by her persuasions. She afterwards quitted the abode of her infancy, and took the veil.

Sadness and mourning now reigned in the Castle of Liebenstein—while joy and dissipation occupied the inhabitants of Sternfels. The beauties of the Grecian dame, and the graces of her conversation, attracted around her all the gay knights of the neighbourhood; and she was by no means scrupulous in receiving their homage. The elder brother saw the disgrace of his brother, before he was himself aware of it, and soon found an opportunity to convince him of his wife's infidelity. The young knight would have sacrificed her to his vengeance, but she found means to escape. The elder brother pressed him in his arms as he was abandoning himself to despair, saying—"Let us live henceforth together without wives, to do honour to the grief of our first love, who is now passing the brightest days of youth in a convent." The younger brother agreed, and they remained bachelors and inseparable friends for the rest of their days. Their race expired with them.

# Miscellanies.

## THE AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.

This splendid monument of antiquity, is in excellent state of preservation

in the interior, but the outsides have suffered much from the ravages of time. The following description of this noble building is by a recent Swiss traveller, Mr. Galiffe:—

The Arena itself, or the space set apart for the performances, is an oval, of about 250 feet in length, by 145 in breadth; it seems at first sight extremely small, the eye being deceived by the immense size of the theatre around it; and the first impression on the spectator's mind is, that none but very simple games could be represented in it. But there was, in reality, room enough for any performance or combat whatsoever. Around the Arena are forty-five rows of seats, raised one above another, the circumference of the lowest of which may be about 233 paces, and that of the uppermost about 453 paces; so that every successive row of seats has an extent of about five paces more than that which is below it. Allowing three spectators for every two paces, the amount of the whole would be 23,152. But as the two lower rows of seats are interrupted at each end by a grand entrance gate, over which there is a terrace or balcony, (serving either for the chief magistrates, or for the music, or for the herald, who explained what games were to take place,) the capacity of these rows is thus considerably diminished. I shall therefore take the whole number of places to be about 23,000. Our *laquais de place* assured us, that there were 85,000 spectators in it at one time, at an entertainment given, a few years ago, to the Pope! This is a trifling specimen of the degree of credit, which this sort of *cicerone* deserves; and it was this strange exaggeration that induced me to measure the space, and to calculate its capacity. Lalande reckons 22,500 places; and the Notizia delle cose piu osservabili della Città di Verona, says 23,484; so that my calculation cannot be very far from the truth. Whatever may be the attractive powers of a Pope, it is difficult to imagine that he could draw together 85,000 persons, in a town which has only 45,000 inhabitants.

"The external length of the building is near five hundred feet, the breadth four hundred feet, and the circumference fourteen hundred and forty feet."

## PETER, THE WILD BOY.

The following curious account of Peter, the Wild Boy, is collected from Lord Monboddo's interesting work on Ancient Metaphysics:—"Peter, the Wild Boy, when he was first brought to England, was found in 1725, in the woods of Hamelin, twenty-eight miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees. Being presented to the King while at dinner, his Majesty made him taste of all the dishes that were served up at table, and in order to bring him by degrees to human diet, commanded that he should have such provisions as he might like best. He was at that time judged to be about twelve or thirteen years old. Afterwards he made his escape into the same woods, but was again caught on a tree, which was obliged to be first sawed down.—He was brought to England in April, 1726, and again introduced into the presence of his Majesty, and many of the nobility. He could not speak, and scarce seemed to have any idea of things. However, it was observed, that he took most notice of his Majesty, and of the Princess giving him her glove, which he tried to put on his own hand, and seemed much pleased, as he was with a gold watch which was held to strike at his ear. At one time he was dressed in blue clothes; at another time, in green, lined with red, with scarlet stockings. At first he appeared uneasy to wear any, and he could not be brought to lie upon a bed, but sat in a corner of the room: whence it is conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts.—However, he walked upright, and even sat for his picture. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house, near Burlington-Gardens, he either was, or was to have been, baptized; but, notwithstanding all the pains he took, it does not appear that the Doctor was able to bring this wild youth to the use of speech, or to the pronunciation of any words."

## EARTHQUAKES.

Aleppo, one of the most beautiful cities of the Turkish empire, containing 40,000 houses and 200,000 inhabitants, has been visited by an earthquake resembling those which laid waste Lisbon and Calabria, in the last century.

The first and most severe shock occurred on the 13th of August, about 10 in the evening, and instantly buried thousands of the inhabitants under the ruins of their elegant mansions of stone, some of which deserve the name of palaces. Several other shocks succeeded, and even on the 16th shocks were still experienced, some of which were severe. Two-thirds of the houses of

this populous city are in ruins, and along with them an immense quantity of valuable goods of all kinds from Persia and India have been destroyed.

According to the first accounts of this event, which through alarm may have been exaggerated, the number of the sufferers amounts to from 25 to 30,000. Among them is one of the best men in the city, the Imperial Consul-General, the Chevalier Esdras Von Piccotto.—Having escaped the danger of being buried under the ruins of his own house, he hastened with some of his family towards the gate of the city; but as he was passing a Khan, a new shock occurred, and a wall fell down, which buried him and those with him. Tartars who have arrived at Constantinople from Damascus, report that they saw the whole population of Aleppo encamped in the environs. They state that several other towns in the Pachalat of Aleppo and Tripoli, particularly Antioch and Laodicea, have been destroyed by this earthquake. The captain of a French ship also has reported that two rocks, at the time of the earthquake, had arisen from the sea in the neighbourhood of Cyprus, which is almost under the same latitude as Aleppo.

As soon as the Arabs and the Bedouins of the Syrian desert obtained information of the calamity which had befallen Aleppo, they hastened in hordes to exercise their trade of Plunder in that immense grave. Behrem Pacha, however, drove them back, and also executed several Janissaries, who had committed depredations among the dead bodies and ruins.

The great number of unburied bodies in this extremely hot period of the year, has produced pestilential effluvia, and obliged the unfortunate inhabitants to seek for refuge in some remote district.

Naturalists have remarked that the earthquake at Aleppo was preceded and followed nearly at the same time by other earthquakes at immense distances. In addition to those of Carlstadt, in Sweden, and Danton, in England, an earthquake happened on the 9th of August, in Siberia. A private letter from Tomsk, in Siberia, dated the 28th of July, (9th of August, new style) gives the following detail:—"At seven minutes past ten at night, a violent earthquake was felt in our city. The shock was so violent that I could not write, but hurried out of my chamber. The house shook, and we heard a terrible noise. The direction of the shock was from north to south. It lasted nearly sixty seconds. The weather was calm and serene."

The city of Latakia (the Laodicea of Holy Writ,) which is about seventy-five miles distant from Aleppo, has, like the latter city, been visited with an earthquake, in the night of the 13th of August, which has done great damage. A shock had been felt on the 12th, and it was imagined that all was over, when, on the 13th, about twenty minutes past nine in the evening, a slight trembling was the harbinger of most violent shocks that immediately followed. They began from north to south, and then took a direction from east to west. The shock continued for forty seconds. The quarter in which the houses of the Consuls are situated has suffered the most. A third part of the city lies in ruins. Several villages in the environs are wholly destroyed. Of the little town of Gibelette three-fourths are destroyed. Its harbour is choaked up by the ruins of the houses that have fallen into it. Three hundred persons have lost their lives on this occasion.

## BULL BAITING AND COCK-FIGHTING.

The brutal practice of baiting bulls, which had afterwards the sanction of a barbarous legislature, is said to have taken its rise at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, where, according to a manorial custom, a bull was given by the Prior to the Minstrels. After undergoing the torture of having his horns cut, his ears and tail cropped to the very stumps, and his nostrils filled with pepper, his body was to be smeared with soap, and he was turned out in that pitiable state, in order to be hunted. This was called bull-running; and if the bull was taken, or held long enough to pull off some of his hair, he was then tied to the stake, and baited. In this unfeeling manner was the most innocuous and useful of the animal creation treated by savage man; by priests and legislators, in too many periods, notwithstanding their high pretensions, equally unenlightened in essentials, with the lowest of mankind! The voluntary combats of animals form a case widely different. Nature herself has sown the seeds of contention in the constitutions of men and beasts; and to witness the equal combats of either, is at least an act of legitimate curiosity, if it be no proof of the softer feelings of the soul. Cock-fighting is said to be very ancient, and of Greek, or even Indian origin;

and there are, it seems, at this day, in India, game-cocks of a large size, which equal in desperate valour those of our own country. The following anecdote of an English game-cock, so well pourtrays the nature of that bold and martial species of animal, that it is worthy of being recorded. In the justly celebrated and decisive naval engagement of Lord Howe's fleet with that of France, on the first of June 1794, a game-cock on board one of our ships, chanced to have his house beat to pieces by a shot, or some falling rigging, which accident set him at liberty; the feathered hero now perched on the stump of the main-mast, which had been carried away, continued crowing and clapping his wings during the remainder of the engagement, enjoying, to all appearance, the thundering horrors of the scene.

The Indians are extravagantly fond of cock-fighting, especially the inhabitants of Sumatra, and the other Malayes. They pay even greater attention to the training and feeding these birds than we ever did, even when that diversion was at its height. They arm one of the legs only, not with a slender gaff, as we do, but with arms in form of a scymeter, which make most dreadful destruction. The cocks are never trimmed, but fought in full feather. The Sumatrians fight their cocks for vast sums; a man has been known to stake his wife or his children; a son, his mother or sisters, on the issue of a battle. In disputed points four umpires are appointed; if they cannot agree, there is no appeal but to the sword. Some of them have a notion that their cocks are *betooah*, or invulnerable; a father on his very death bed has, under that opinion, directed his son to lay his whole property on a certain bird, under the full conviction of consequential success.

The Europeans in Hindostan trim the cocks and fight them with common gaffs. The cocks are of a great size, and often weigh ten pounds, but fight with the same spirit as the best British. The Nabobs themselves often enter into the contest with our English gentry. The stake worthy of this Pactolian country, a lack of rupees. Mr. Zoffany sent over a picture into England, in which the Nabob of Oude is represented engaged with an English officer. In the back ground appear the dancing girls, and all the wild magnificence of an Indian court.

## CONVIVIAL CLUBS OF FORMER DAYS.

*The Surly Club* was established near Billingsgate to keep up the genuine vernacular—the vulgar tongue. Coachmen, watchmen, carmen, and such like, met like gentlemen once a week, to exercise in the art and mystery of fine language, that they might not be at a loss to abuse those whom they drove, &c. If any of these members had by mistake uttered a civil expression, or was suspected to be corrupted with good manners, he was looked upon as an effeminate coxcomb, who had sucked in too much of his mother's milk, and was most likely expelled. By this society was erected the bumping post at Billingsgate, to harden the latter ends of the members once a year, in order that through a cowardly fear of being kicked, they should be thus used to it.

*The Club of Ugly Faces.*—This society consisted of those to whom Nature had been exceedingly unkind. The first member had a nose of immense magnitude: the second a chin like and as long as a shoe-horn; the third, disfigured with a mouth like a gallon pot, when both the sides are nearly squeezed together; a fourth, with eyes like a tumbler, and one bigger than the other; a fifth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if, like Æolus, the god of the winds, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane; a sixth, with as many wens and warts as there are knots and prickles upon an old thornback; a seventh, with a pair of skinny jaws, that wrapped over in folds like the hide of a rhinoceros, and that with a tusk strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man tyger; a ninth, with a hare lip that had drawn his mouth into several corners; the tenth, with a huge "Lauderdale" head, as big in circumference as the golden ball under St. Paul's Cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders, made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the Monument, &c. &c.: and such like who might resemble barber's blocks in expression. These gentlemen seldom distinguished one another by their names, but generally saluted each other, when they drank round, after the following manner, viz. *Here*, Nose, *my service to you; Thank ye*, Chin *Here's to you*, Blubberlip; *Your servant*, Mr. Squint. *My love to you, neighbour* Goggle; *I am yours, neigh-*

*boat* Athenath, *Here's towards you, brother* Thinjaws; *I'll pledge you, brother* Plumpcheeks. None were admitted into this club who, by their general appearance, could not make a woman miscarry, or frighten children into fits. And it was proposed that every new member should, upon his inauguration, make a speech in favour of Æsop, whose portrait should hang over the chimney: and also, that they should purchase the heads of Thersites, Duns Scotus, Scarron, (who compared his body to the letter Z) and Hudibras, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room. We are here reminded of Agesilaus, the 2d King of Lacedemon, who was ill formed and lame. He was always the first to jest upon these deformities, which is the usual way of other men of wit in like circumstances. By that means they escape the ridicule. "You deprive (says Seneca) both the ill-natured and the facetious of their jest, if you begin first yourself. Nobody ever gave room to another to laugh at him, who began of his own accord. Vatinius is said to be a man born both for laughter and hatred, but at the same time he was a pleasant fellow, and ready at a joke. He had always a great deal to say upon his feet and ugly face, by which means he avoided the batter of his enemies, who were more numerous than his diseases, and Cicero in particular."

*The Split-farthing Club* was an assemblage of Misers, who met to consult how they might improve their riches, by punishing their bellies, and pinching others by usury. One would applaud the frugality of the former, who never wore any other clothes than what was made of the wool that he picked off the hedges. Another would extol the prudence of the citizen, who kept a load of faggots in his house, to warm his servants in cold weather, by handing them up stairs and down between the garret and the cellar. Thus went their conversation. Their dresses seemed to be made in the days of Robin Hood, and their stockings almost darned as much as the good housewife's hose in the library at Oxford, which has not enough left of the first knitting to show its original contexture. This society had such a starved appearance, that it was suspected there was not an ounce of fat among the whole.

## THE ELM.

The astonishing power with which God has endued the vegetable creation to multiply its different species, may be instanced in the seed of the elm. This tree produces one thousand five hundred and eighty-four millions of seeds, and each of these seeds has the power of producing the same number. How astonishing is the produce. At first, one seed is deposited in the earth; from this one, a tree springs, which, in the course of its vegetative life, produces one thousand five hundred and eighty-four millions of seeds. This is the first generation; the second generation will amount to two trillions five hundred and ten thousand and fifty-six billions. The third generation will amount to fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty-eight quadrillions, seven hundred and twenty-seven thousand and forty trillions; and the fourth generation from these would amount to fifty-one sextillions, four hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-one quintillions, one hundred and twenty-three thousand one hundred and thirty-six quadrillions—sums too immense for the human mind to conceive; and when we allow the most confined space in which a tree can grow, it appears that the seeds of the third generation, from one elm, would be many myriads of times more than sufficient to stock the whole superficies of all the planets in the solar system.

## GUY, EARL OF WARWICK.

In the Porter's lodge of Warwick Castle are preserved that curious and astonishing relic of antiquity, the armour of Guy, Earl of Warwick. At present it consists of a breast-plate, weighing 50 pounds, a shield 30 pounds, a helmet of 7 pounds. These, with his sword of 20 pounds weight, make 107 pounds of iron, which, tradition says, this wonderful man carried in battle, besides his other accoutrements. In the same room is shown Guy's "porridge pot" (now used as the family punch bowl) weighing 850 pounds, holding 126 gallons: as likewise his flesh fork, for taking the meat up. To account for the enormous size of the armour, it is said that he was 8 feet 6 inches high, a height at the present time almost incredible, had we not seen the Irish giant O'Brien, who was above 8 feet. That such a person as Guy of Warwick lived, will not admit of a doubt; though at the same time it must be allowed that the incredible stories related of him, are of the same exaggerated, metaphorical description, as those with which our legendary tales are filled. Speaking of

Warwick Castle, Sir William Dugdale says, "Here is to be seen a large two-handed sword and helmet, and certain plate armour for horse service; which, as the tradition is, were part of the accoutrements some time belonging to the famous Guy; but I rather think they are of a much later date: yet I find that in the 1st of Henry VIII. the sword, having that repute, the king granted the custody thereof to William Hoggeston, one of the yeoman of the buttery, or his efficient deputy, with the fee of two-pence per diem for that service." This office was continued by Queen Elizabeth; the fee is set down in Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, at 5 pounds per annum.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Among the relics in the Cathedral of Aix, are the *soi disant*, neck and arm bones of Charlemagne, his hunting horn, and a golden cross, which he is said to have worn; the girdle of the Virgin, a bit of cord that served to bind our saviour, a fragment of Aaron's rod, and a morsel of the manna of the desert. The possession of these treasures which are preserved in a costly case, and exposed periodically to the wondering multitude, formerly made Aix-la-Chapelle the favourite resort of Pilgrim's from all parts of Europe. An old chronicle relates, that in the year 1490, above one hundred and forty thousand visited the relics in one day: and that at the end of the ceremony, the donation box was found to contain eighty thousand florins.

ANECDOTE OF A SCOTS GREY AND A COLLIER.—During the engagement between a Scots Grey and the colliers at Crwmlin, one of the Greys was in the act of striking a collier with his sabre: "Hold, Alexander," said the collier, and showing his medal, "don't you remember when I carried you wounded off the field of Waterloo." The soldier immediately dropped his sabre, proud that he had for the first time, an opportunity of showing his gratitude to the man to whom he owed his existence: the effect may be better conceived than described.

PROHIBITION.—There cannot be the smallest doubt, that owing to the late persecution of the publishers of certain theological books, their circulation has been increased ten-fold; so short-sighted is bigotry and oppression. A Spanish author tells an instructive story of the effects of prohibition:—A little boy, learning the commandments, asked his mother what was meant by adultery, which they were forbidden to commit. To evade the question, she foolishly told him it was putting his finger into a boiling pot. Every pot he afterwards saw on the fire increased the temptation of trying the forbidden sin—and at last he was heard roaring about the house, "Oh! I've committed adultery—I've committed adultery!"

A short time since, an honest Hibernian was appointed guardian of the night in the environs of London, but was shortly brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with neglecting his duties. Pat being questioned as to the cause of absence from his station, gravely replied, "Plase your Honour, they set me to watch, and I watched and waited a long time, plase your Honour, but nobody came; so I thought I'd go home to bed."

EPITAPH ON THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA, IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, SOHO.

The grave, great Teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead—
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him bread.

The following beautiful Glee, translated by MOORE from the Latin of ANGERIANUS, is a great favourite with His MAJESTY. The music is composed by Horsley.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

By Celia's arbour, all the night,
Hang, humid wreath! the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning's light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow,
Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew should fall from thee,
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. VI.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1822. [Price 2d.


## SELF-CRUCIFIXION OF Matthew Lovat.

The circumstance which the above engraving represents, is one of the most extraordinary and deplorable instances of self-delusion on record. Matthew Lovat was born at Casale, a hamlet belonging to the parish of Soldo, in the territory of Belluno, of poor parents, employed in the coarsest and most laborious works of husbandry, and fixed to a place remote from almost all society. His imagination was so forcibly smitten with the view of the easy and comfortable lives of the rector and his curate, who were the only persons in the whole parish exempted from the labours of the field, and who engrossed all the power and consequence which the little world wherein Matthew lived presented to his eyes, that he made an effort to prepare himself for the priesthood, and placed himself under the tuition of the curate, who taught him to read and to write a little. But the poverty of his family was an effectual bar to his desire; he was obliged to renounce study for ever, and to betake himself to the trade of a shoemaker.

Having become a shoemaker from necessity, he never succeeded either as a neat or expeditious workman. The sedentary life, and the silence to which apprentices are condemned in the shops of the masters abroad, formed in him the habit of meditation, and rendered him gloomy and taciturn. As his age increased, he became subject, in the spring, to giddiness in his head, and eruptions of a leprous appearance showed themselves on his face and hands.

Until the month of July, 1802, Matthew Lovat did nothing extraordinary. His life was regular and uniform, his habits were simple, and nothing distinguished him, but an extreme degree of devotion. He spoke on no other subject than the affairs of the church. Its festivals and fasts, with sermons, saints, &c. constituted the topics of his conversation. It was at this date, that, in imitation of the early devotees, he determined to disarm the tempter, by mutilating himself. He effected his purpose without having anticipated the species of celebrity which the operation was to procure for him; and which compelled the poor creature to keep himself shut up in his house, from which he did not venture to stir for some time, not even to go to mass. At length, on the 13th of November, in the same year, he went to Venice, where a younger brother, named Angelo, conducted Matthew to the house of a widow, the relict of Andrew Osgualda, with whom he lodged, until the 21st of September in the following year, working assiduously at his trade, and without exhibiting any signs of madness. But on the above-mentioned day, he made an attempt to crucify himself, in the middle of the street called

the Cross of Biri, upon a frame which he had constructed of the timber of his bed: he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by several people, who came upon him just as he was driving the nail into his left foot. His landlady dismissed him from her house lest he should perform a similar exploit there. Being interrogated repeatedly as to the motive for his self-crucifixion, he maintained an obstinate silence, except that he once said to his brother, that that day was the festival of St. Matthew, and that he could give no farther explanation. Some days after this affair, he set out for his own country, where he remained a certain time, but afterwards returned to Venice, and in July, 1805, lodged in a room in the third floor of a house, in the street Delle Monache.

Here his old ideas of crucifixion laid hold of him again. He wrought a little every day in forming the instrument of his torture, and provided himself with the necessary articles of nails, ropes, bands, the crown of thorns, &c. As he foresaw that it would be extremely difficult to fasten himself securely upon the cross, he made a net of small cords capable of supporting his weight, in case he should happen to disengage himself from it. This net he secured at the bottom, by fastening it in a knot at the lower extremity of the perpendicular beam, a little below the bracket designed to support his feet, and the other end was stretched to the extremities of the transverse spar, which formed the arms of the cross, so that it had the appearance in front of a purse turned upside down. From the middle of the upper extremity of the net, thus placed, proceeded one rope; and from the point at which the two spars forming the cross intersected each other, a second rope proceeded, both of which were firmly tied to a beam in the inside of the chamber, immediately above the window, of which the parapet was very low; and the length of these ropes was just sufficient to allow the cross to rest horizontally upon the floor of the apartment.

These cruel preparations being ended, Matthew stripped himself naked, and proceeded to crown himself with thorns; of which two or three pierced the skin which covers the forehead. He next bound a white handkerchief round his loins and thighs, leaving the rest of his body bare; then, passing his legs between the net and the cross, seating himself upon it, he took one of the nails destined for his hands, of which the point was smooth and sharp, and introducing it into the palm of the left, he drove it, by striking its head on the floor, until the half of it had appeared through the back of the hand. He now adjusted his feet to the bracket which had been prepared to receive them, the right over the left; and taking a nail five French inches and a half long, of which the point was also polished and sharp, and placing it on the upper foot with his left hand, he drove it with a mallet which he held in his right, until it not only penetrated both his feet, but entering the hole prepared for it in the bracket, made its way so far through the tree of the cross as to fasten the victim firmly to it. He planted the third nail in his right hand as he had managed with regard to the left, and having bound himself by the middle to the perpendicular of the cross by a cord, which he had previously stretched under him, he set about inflicting the wound in the side with a cobbler's knife, which he had placed by him for this operation, and which he said represented the spear of the passion. It did not occur to him, however, at the moment, that the wound ought to be in the *right* side, and not in the left, and in the cavity of the breast, and not of the hypocondre, where he struck himself transversely two inches below the left hypocondre, towards the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, without however injuring the parts which this cavity contains. Whether fear checked his hand, or whether he intended to plunge the instrument to a great depth, by avoiding the hard and resisting parts, it is not easy to determine; but there were observed near the wound several scratches across his body, which scarcely divided the skin.

These extraordinary operations being concluded, it was now necessary, in order to complete the execution of the whole plan which he had conceived, that Matthew should exhibit himself upon the cross to the eyes of the public; and he realized this part of it in the following way. The cross was laid horizontally on the floor, its lower extremity resting upon the parapet of the window, which was very low, then raising himself up by pressing upon the points of his fingers (for the nails did not allow him to use his whole hand either open or closed), he made several springs forward, until the portion of the cross which was protruded over the parapet, overbalancing what

was within the chamber, the whole frame, with Matthew upon it, darted out at the window, and remained suspended outside of the house by the ropes which were secured to the beam in the inside. In this predicament, the poor fanatic stretched his hands to the extremities of the transverse beam which formed the arms of the cross, to insert the nails into the holes which had been prepared for them: but whether it was out of his power to fix both, or whether he was obliged to use the right on some concluding operation, the fact is, that when he was seen by the people who passed in the street, he was suspended under the window, with only his left hand nailed to the cross, while his right hung parallel to his body, on the outside of the net. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as he was perceived, some humane people ran up stairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. A surgeon of the neighbourhood was called, who made them plunge his feet into water, introduced tow by way of caddis into the wound of the hypocondre, which he assured them did not penetrate into the cavity, and after having prescribed some cordial, instantly took his departure.

At this moment, Dr. Ruggieri, professor of Clinical surgery, hearing what had taken place, instantly repaired to the lodging of Levat, to witness with his own eyes a fact which appeared to exceed all belief. When he arrived there, accompanied by the surgeon Paganoni, Matthew's feet, from which there had issued but a small quantity of blood, were still in the water—his eyes were shut—he made no reply to the questions which were addressed to him; his pulse was convulsive, and respiration had become difficult. With the permission of the Director of Police, who had come to take cognizance of what had happened, Dr. Ruggieri caused the patient to be conveyed by water to the Imperial Clinical School established at the Hospital of St. Luke and St. John. During the passage, the only thing he said was to his brother Angelo, who accompanied him in the boat, and was lamenting his extravagance; which was, "*Alas, I am very unfortunate.*" At the hospital, an examination of his wounds took place; and it was ascertained that the nails had entered by the palm of the hands, and gone out at the back, making their way between the bones of the Metacarpus, without inflicting a injury upon them: that the nail which wounded the feet had entered first the right foot, between the second and third bones of the Metatarsus towards their posterior extremity; and then the left, between the first and second of the same bones, the latter of which it had laid bare and grazed: and lastly, that the wound of the hypocondre penetrated to the point of the cavity. The patient was placed in an easy position. He was tranquil and docile; the wounds in the extremities were treated with emollients and sedatives. On the fifth day, they suppurated with a slight redness in their circumference; and on the eighth, that of the hypocondre was perfectly healed.

The patient never spoke. Always sombre and shut up in himself, his eyes were almost constantly closed. Interrogated several times, relative to the motive which had induced him to crucify himself, he always made this answer; "*The pride of man must be mortified, it must expire on the cross,*" Dr. Ruggieri, thinking that he might be restrained by the presence of his pupils, returned repeatedly to the subject when with him alone, and he always answered in the same terms. He was, in fact, so deeply persuaded that the supreme will had imposed upon him the obligation of dying upon the cross, that he wished to inform the Tribunal of Justice, of the destiny which it behoved him to fulfil, with the view of preventing all suspicion that his death might have been the work of any other hand than his own. With this in prospect, and long before his martyrdom, he committed his ideas to paper, in a style and character such as would be expected from his education, and the disorder of his mind.

Scarcely was he able to support in his hand the weight of a book, when he took the prayer-book and read it all day long. On the first days of August, all his wounds were completely cured; and as he felt no pain or difficulty in moving his hands and feet, he expressed a wish to go out of the hospital, that he might not, as he said, eat the bread of idleness. This request being denied to him, he passed a whole day without taking any food; and finding that his clothes were kept from him, he set out one afternoon in his shirt, but was soon brought back by the servants. The board of Police gave orders that he should be conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, established at St. Servolo, where he was placed on the 20th of August, 1805.

After the first eight days he became taciturn, and refused every species of meat and drink. It was impossible to make him swallow even a drop of water during six successive days. Towards the morning of the seventh day, being importuned by another madman, he consented to take a little nourishment. He continued to eat about fifteen days, and then resumed his fast, which he prolonged during eleven.

These fasts were repeated, and of longer or shorter duration; the most protracted, however, not exceeding twelve days.

In January, 1806, there appeared in him some symptoms of consumption; and he would remain immovable, exposed to the whole heat of the sun until the skin of his face began to peel off, and it was necessary to employ force to drag him into the shade.

In April, exhaustion proceeded rapidly, labouring in his breast was observed, the pulse was very slow, and on the morning of the eighth he expired after a short struggle.

## HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF BREWING.

The following account of the progress of the art of brewing in this country contains some curious particulars. The art is doubtless of remote origin, the time of its introduction here is uncertain. Malt liquor was used in Britain as early as the fifth century; and considerable breweries were in operation in London before the Norman Conquest. They were confined, however, to the production of ales of different qualities and strength, the prices of which were regulated by the Magistracy as early as the year 1256.

In the 51st of Henry III. it was determined, by authority, that when a quarter of barley was sold for 2*s.* ale might be afforded at four quarts for a penny. When barley was 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter, then ale to be seven quarts for 2*d.*; and so to increase or decrease with every variation of 6*d.* per quarter in the price of barley.

In 1302, ground malt was sold in London as low as 3*s.* 4*d.* per quarter; but in fourteen years after it rose to 13*s.* 4*d.* and upwards. The best sort of ale rose to 3*d.* and 4*d.* a *lagena* (flaggon or gallon). This caused a proclamation to be issued, restraining the price to 1*d.* and commanding also that no wheat should be malted; which, according to Bishop Fleetwood's account, the Londoners had been in the habit of doing, to the great consumption of corn, and sold the ale brewed from it at three halfpence a *lagena*. From this period, for about 150 years, the price fluctuated from 1*d.* to three halfpence per gallon.

In 1504, according to Rymer, vol. 12, pages 471 and 485, the ale of London was sold at 1*l.* 10*s.* per *dotium*, and beer 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* The *dotium*, says Fleetwood, in his Chronicles, does here, I believe, signify a pipe, or a butt, which contains 126 gallons. So that ale at this price comes to near 3*d.* and the beer to rather more than 2½*d.* a gallon. In Arnold's Chronicle, a work published by Pynson, about 1521, the following receipt for making beer is given:—"Ten quarters of malte, two quarters of wheete, two quarters of ootes, and eleven pounds of hoppys, to make eleven barrels of sengyll beer." It is probable that the use of *beer* was not generally introduced till the reign of Henry the Seventh, in whose time the breweries, which then stood on the banks of the Thames, at St. Catherine's, and distinguished in the map given in the *Civitates Orbis*, by the name of *Beer-houses*, were twice spoiled by the King's officers, either for sending too great a quantity abroad unlicensed, or for brewing it too weak for home consumption. In the 23d of Henry the Eighth the brewers were restrained by statute from making more than two sorts of beer, the *strong*, and the *double*; and it was ordered, that the first sort should be sold at 6*s.* 8*d.* per barrel, and the *double* at 3*s.* 4*d.* and not above. In despite of the statute, the prices continued, however, gradually to increase, till in 1591, the Lord Mayor, Sir John Allot, issued a proclamation, requiring the brewers to return to the rates prescribed by law. The Brewers' Company feeling aggrieved at this order, petitioned the then Lord High Treasurer (Lord Burleigh) to interfere, and fix such reasonable prices as might enable them to obtain a living by their trade, and secure for the metropolis a supply of this highly necessary article of consumption.

The following extract from this petition is curious, as showing the then price of various articles used in brewing; compared to what they had been and what they now are. After reciting the rates of Henry VIII. the petitioners state—"At which prices and rates your said orators, considering the price of malt being now 13*s.* per quarter, the great price of hops 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

or 4*l.* 10*s.* per cwt. such 100lbs. were formerly sold for 6*s.* 8*d.* only, and in quality well worth 300lbs. of the present day; the price of barrels being now 22*s.* though formerly only 9*s.*; coals being 24*s.* or 26*s.* a chaldron, though lately but 12*s.* or 13*s.*; the great and excessive prices of all manner of victuals, and charges of housekeeping; the high and extravagant rent of houses, far exceeding that given when the rates of Henry the Eighth were fixed; are no longer able to utter or sell such good and wholesome ale and beer as is fit for the said city to be served withall, but at the expense of their own utter undoing." What effect this petition had, does not appear; but it seems, that, during the whole reign of Elizabeth, the demand from foreign countries for English beer continued to increase, and that the liberty of export was only occasionally checked by the occurrence of scarcity or dearth at home.

During the succeeding reigns, to the present time, as the wants of the state have become more urgent, new duties have been imposed on malt and hops, by which, it is well known, a large revenue is raised, and the price of malt liquor very considerably increased.

The Brewers' Company was incorporated by Henry VI. in the year 1438. The chosen Patrons of the Company were the Virgin Mary and St. Thomas à Becket, and they originally bore the arms of the Saint impalled with their own. But after he had been unsainted, and his bones taken up and burnt, by order of Henry VIII. the arms were separated, and the Brewers had a new crest granted them, in lieu of the bearings of the Saint.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### MOUNT RHADAMANTH; OR, THE NEW PERE LA CHAISE.

The First Consul of France, in the year 1804, issued an edict that there should be no more "funerals performed" within the walls of the metropolis. He had caused as many funerals to be performed as most people, in other places; but seemed determined that his "good City of Paris" should be exempt from any thing which might clash with the cry of "Vive la Bagatelle." To this interdiction, the inhabitants, independently of a diminution of doctors' fees, owe the laying out of that interesting cemetery *Mount Saint Louis*, more commonly called *Pere la Chaise*. There, in poetical embalment, repose the remains of marshals, merchants, cooks, milliners, poets, and coffee-house keepers. Their various parts performed above, there they rest in harmony below, undisturbed even by the propinquity of Madame Raucour.

It is a trite observation, that the French invent and the English improve. Certainly, of English church-yards in general, it may be said in the words of the auctioneer, "the whole capable of great improvement." The survivors have at length become aware of this. The citizens of London are at last convinced that a sitting-room and a bedroom, looking into a confined churchyard, in Bush-lane or Aldermanbury, are calculated to cause the proprietor to follow the defunct at a quicker pace than was anticipated. The Lord Mayor (I tell it in confidence) has accordingly ordered that no more funerals shall take place within the bills of mortality. A mount, called *Primrose-hill*, situate between London and the village of Hampstead, and commanding a fine view of the metropolis, has been pitched upon as a receptacle of the future dead. It already possesses a respectable sprinkling of graves. Before, however, I write a description of its various monuments, the mention of graves reminds me so forcibly of an anecdote of "Necker's fair daughter, Stael the Epicene."

that I shall die a second time if I do not relate it. That celebrated lady, a few years ago, visited this huge metropolis. Hardly was she safely deposited at the Golden-Cross, Charing-Cross, trunks and band-boxes inclusive, when she inquired of the waiter if he could direct her to the tomb of Richardson. The crier of "Coming, Sir," was not a little astonished what a lady, on a drizzling November afternoon, could want with a tomb: in a moment he bethought him of Richardson the tavern-keeper in Covent-Garden; but having, the day before, purchased a sixteenth of a lottery ticket, he jumped to another conclusion, namely, that Richardson and Goodluck were the parties inquired after. He, therefore, taking it for granted, that the first-named of that firm must have paid the debt of nature, directed the authoress of Corinne to Mr. Goodluck in Cornhill, the supposed surviving partner. Away, in a hackney-coach, drove our fair traveller to Cornhill: pushed quickly by a dapper clerk in the front shop, who was tempting two servant-maids with a collection

of eighths and sixteenths, held up between his fingers like thirteen cards at whist, and accosting a tall thin man perched in a pulpit, inquired for the tomb of Richardson. "The tomb of Richardson, madam?" said the amazed manager, "Mr. Richardson, I am happy to inform you, never was in better health. He has just set off in Butler's coach for Clapham Rise. Here must be some mistake. What Richardson do you mean?"—"The divine Richardson."—"Divine! Oh! a clergyman—I really cannot tell. You had better inquire of the bookseller of that name over the way." Here, upon our heroine's mentioning that the dead man she meant was the immortal author of Clarissa, the bookseller was casually enabled to put her upon the proper scent, by informing her that the deceased lay buried in the parish church of Saint Clement Danes, in the Strand. Back through Temple-bar incontinently drove the enamoured pilgrim;—invoked the sexton from his glass of brandy and water;—aided by a lantern (it was now dark) found the sacred sepulchre—a flat stone, close to the parish-pump, green with age, and muddy with Sabbath pedestrians;—and, falling prostrate upon the cold marble, had reason to congratulate herself, when she arose, on not having paid her respects to the divine Richardson in her best apparel. This calamity, as the Coronation-herald said to George the Third, cannot happen again. No more huddling of poor dead folks together, like people in the pit on the late re-opening of Drury-lane Theatre. They will, hereafter, have the satisfaction of sleeping in a bed wide as that of Ware, or that of honour: in which latter, according to Serjeant Kite, "several hundred people may sleep together without feeling each other." But I detain you too long from a description of this recent London cemetery. Over its eastern gate is inscribed in gilt characters,

"Mount Rhadamanth, or
The new Père la Chaise."

On my first entrance, I was agreeably surprised to find so much good taste exhibited in the laying out of the graves. The good old regular jog-trot of "Affliction sore long time I bore," "An honest man, a husband dear, and a good Christian, slumbers here;" or, "Adieu, dear partner of my life," rhyming to a dead certainty with "wife:" were utterly abolished. A pale-looking man, in black, indeed informed me that the trustees of the establishment had determined to discard not only bad poetry, but fiction, from their monumental inscriptions.—"Indeed?" said a man in striped trowsers beside me, "then how will they ever get good poetry? fiction is the soul of it." "Excuse me, Sir," said he in sables; "elegiac poetry should confine itself to fact: 'de mortuis nil nisi *bonum*,' is an antiquated axiom, which the biographer of Doctor Young very properly expelled, and introduced 'nil nisi *vērum*' in its place. No man, Sir, can be buried here without producing a certificate of his character while in the land of the living: if that had been good, we allow his relations to blow a trumpet over his grave; if bad, they must pen an elegiac satire, or say nothing: and this rule is especially enforced when the epitaph is expressed in the first person singular. It is a little too bad, when '*etiam mortuus loquitur*,' to find a sepulchre giving vent to a falsehood."—"Now, here, gentlemen," said our guide, addressing a party of about half a dozen who had by this time entered the cemetery, "here is an instance of what I mentioned. This is the monument of Sir Giles January, citizen and goldsmith. At the mature age of sixty-one, he married Miss Myrtilla May, aged nineteen. In two years, he died of a swan-hopping dinner, caught at the Castle at Richmond. Consequently, at the period of his exit, he was sixty-three, and his partner twenty-one. Now, Sirs, 'in the olden time,' this monumental stone would have talked of 'partner dear, slumber here; mutual love, heaven above; heart from heart, 'forced to part;' and 'all that sort of thing.' To all which averments, gentlemen, the Trustees of Mount Rhadamanth entertain only one objection; namely, that not one syllable of them would have been true. Step this way, Sir, if you please: you, Madam, had better stand upon that flat stone on the right: and now let us see what the gentleman has to say for himself." I glided, ghost-like, between a young woman in a lilac bonnet, and a swarthy man in green spectacles, and read what follows:—

I left a wife, when dead and gone,
On earth, one-third the age of me:
Her years were only twenty-one,
While mine, alas! were sixty-three.

Oh thou! who weep'st thy "best of men,"
Bethink thee, Love, who next succeeds:
Wear black six little months, and then
Bid Hymen's roses choak thy weeds.

"Who weds the second kills the first"—
How could old Shakspeare write such stuff?
*My* corse will ne'er its cerements burst,
My will is proved, and that's enough!

"Upon my word," cried a youngster, decorated with an eye-glass and a sky-blue cravat, "that dead man is a mighty sensible fellow. Should any thing happen to me, I shall be proud of his better acquaintance.—'My will is proved and that's enough.'—Capital. 'Multum in parvo.' Stop! I'll pop it down in my pocket-book: it will make an excellent addition to my sister Morgan's album:—Quite a hit!—she's at this moment in mourning, as black as a crow, for old Marmaduke Morgan, her Indigo-grinding husband, who left her fifteen hundred a year: sole executrix too: what has she to do with sables? Stay! 'who weds the second kills the first.' Egad! I don't remember that in Shakspeare: I'll take my oath it's neither in the Honey Moon nor Venice Preserved."

The agent of the trustees of Mount Rhadamanth now led us up a sloping and rather circuitous path, pleasantly shaded by willow and cypress trees; during our progress through which we caught glimpses of divers grave-stones, bearing the customary English decorations, namely, bald-pated old men with scythes, skulls with cross-bones, hour-glasses, and cherub heads with full-blown cheeks. "To confess the truth, gentlemen," said our guide, "the Arts have not hitherto made much progress in England. We could not, at the outset of the establishment, positively object to these hacknied ornaments; but they do us little credit: our comfort is, that they stand sentinels over personages whom Nature 'manufactured when she made a Grose'—mere John Wilsons of this parish, and Martha Wadesons of that parish, and George Simpsons of t'other hamlet; very respectable people in their line, but not calculated to confer much credit upon the new Père la Chaise." At this moment, I observed that the young woman in the lilac bonnet had, with two female companions, stept over three ignoble graves, and was busied in decyphering the inscription upon a very smart monument of yellow and green marble. "Ah! ladies," ejaculated the man in black, "that is worthy your notice: that is the tomb of Miss Fanny Flight; a celebrated beauty in her day: the green and yellow marble denotes the melancholy cause of her demise."

"No doubt," interrupted the youth with the blue cravat,

"'And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,'

As Ben Jonson says. Egad! I thought I should whip in something at last."—The guide looked a reproof at the impertinence of the stripling: and to a question from one of the ladies, as to what caused her death, answered, "A lover, madam." "Oh, Sir, a rejection, I suppose." "No, madam, an offer; nothing more, I assure you." "Die of an offer?" "Yes, of an offer; read the epitaph: the lady, after death, confesses her errors with as much readiness as she denied them during her life."

The partner of partners, the belle of the ball,
And caring for none, though I smiled upon all,
I flirted, a season, with all that I saw,
The parson, the merchant, the limb of the law;
The squire and the captain were fish in my net,
Which gain'd me the name of the Village Coquette.
Years gather'd, and robb'd me of swain after swain:
Time snaps, link by link, the most obdurate chain.
The parson adored a rich widow at Kew,
The merchant ran off with the niece of a Jew,
The lawyer eloped, being rather in debt,
And the squire "stole away" from the Village Coquette;
The Captain, false pirate! for life took in tow
A wharfinger's daughter at Stratford-le-Bow.
When lo! pert and priggish, all congees and shrugs,
Approach'd to adore me—a dealer in drugs!
I shudder'd—I sicken'd—I paid Nature's debt,
And died, sad and single, a Village Coquette.—

"Hah! lively and lyrical enough," cried the quoter of Ben Jonson: "she seems to have died like the swan, with a song in her beak." "What!" exclaimed a pale-looking girl, who walked arm-in-arm with her of the lilac bonnet, "died because she was courted by the apothecary! Impossible." "It is too true. I assure you," said the man in green spectacles. "I knew Miss Flight

perfectly well: I once asked her to dance myself, but my green spectacles were an insurmountable obstacle:—though I believe my evening coat had a black velvet collar; I rather suspect that helped to alienate her; at all events, she told me she was engaged:—there her conduct was indefensible:—but, as 'touching the apothecary,' I think she was quite right. To be courted by an apothecary is a very serious matter.—It is quite enough to kill any decent young woman. In every village within seven miles of the metropolis, there is a race of birds, a race of beasts, and one bat?" "One bat? Lard! what has that to do with it?" said young Eye-glass. "I will explain," continued the narrator: "The esquire, the merchant, the justice of the peace, and in some few cases, the attorney, being the upper folks, I call the birds. The butcher, the blacksmith, the exciseman, the tailor, and the gingerbread-baker, being the lower folks, I denominate the beasts. The apothecary flutters between both: he feels the pulse now of the merchant's lady, and now of the gingerbread-baker's wife: is a little above par in the back parlour of the butcher, and decidedly below par in the drawing-room of the esquire; I, therefore, call him the bat. Miss Flight never could have married him: that was out of the question: so, her ammunition being all exhausted, and the birds not having been brought down, she did, what Bonaparte should have done at Waterloo—she quitted Love's service in disgust, and 'boldly ventured on the world unknown.'"

At this moment, our sibyl in black looked down a by-path; and observing two women in deep mourning, made a motion to the party to stand aside, and let the mourners pass. This hint was decorously complied with. The sisters—such they evidently were—seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age, and with faces hid in deep black veils, hastily passed the party, and walked towards the gate of the cemetery. "Ah!" cried the guide, when they were out of hearing, "that is a lamentable case. Those are two maiden sisters. Their means are but small, and of course they lead but solitary lives. They had taken a beautiful little girl under their protection, in whom all their affections were centered. She, poor thing, was taken off last month by a fever. They never pass a day without coming to her grave. I see they have gone through the gate; so we may venture to look at it." The monument was an humble one, and the inscription was as follows:—

Sacred
To the memory of
Phœbe Lascelles,
who died
The 4th of September, 1822,
Aged 7 years.

Affliction's daughters saw this flower arise,
Beheld it blossom, fann'd by Zephyr's wing,
And hoped—too fondly hoped—that summer skies
Would guard from blight the progeny of spring.

Affliction's daughters saw this flower decay;
By them 'twas raised—by them 'tis planted here,
Again to soar above incumbent clay,
And bloom eternal in a happier sphere.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

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## A TWIST-IMONY, IN FAVOUR OF GIN-TWIST.

*An humble imitation of that admirable Poem, the Ex-ale-tation of Ale, attributed by grave authors to Bishop Andrews; on which point is to be consulted, Francis, Lord Verulam, a celebrated Philosopher, who has been lately be-scoped-and tendencied by Macvey Napier, Esq.*

At one in the morn, as I went staggering home,
With nothing at all in my hand, but my fist,
At the end of the street, a good youth I did meet,
Who ask'd me to join in a jug of gin-twist.

"Though 'tis late," I replied, "and I'm muggy beside,
Yet, an offer like this I could never resist;
So let's waddle away, sans a moment's delay,
And in style we'll demolish your jug of gin-twist."

The friends of the grape, may boast of rich Cape,
Hock, Claret, Madeira, or Lachryma Christ,
But this muzzle of mine was never so fine,
As to value them more than a jug of gin-twist.

The people of Nantz, in the Kingdom of France,
Bright brandy they brew, liquor not to be hiss'd;
It may do as a dram, but, 'tis not worth a damn,
When water'd, compar'd with a jug of gin-twist.

Antigua, Jamaica, they certainly make a
Grand species of rum, which should ne'er be dismiss'd;
It is splendid as grog, but never, you dog,
Esteem it as punch, like a jug of gin-twist.

Ye Bailies of Glasgow! Wise men of the West!
Without your rum bowls, you'd certainly *tristes;*
Yet I laugh when I'm told, that liquor so cold
Is as good as a foaming hot jug of gin-twist.

The bog-trotting Teagues, in clear whisky delight,
Preferring potsheen to all drinks that exist;
I grieve, ne'ertheless, that it does not possess
The juniper smack of a jug of gin-twist.

Farintosh and Glenlivet, I hear, are the boast
Of those breechless heroes, the Sons of the Mist;
But, may I go choke, if that villainous smoke
I'd name in a day with a jug of gin-twist.

Yet the Celtic I love, and should join them, by Jove!
Though Glengarry should vow I'd no right to enlist;
For that Chief, do you see, I'd not care a bawbee,
If strongly entrench'd o'er a jug of gin-twist.

One rule they lay down is the reason, I own,
Why from joining their plaided array I desist;
Because they declare, that no one shall wear
Of breeches a pair, o'er their jugs of gin-twist.

This is plainly absurd, I give you my word,
Of this bare-rump'd reg'lation I ne'er saw the gist;
In my gay corduroys, can't these philabeg boys
Suffer me to get drunk o'er my jug of gin-twist.

In India they smack a liquor called rack,
Which I never quaff'd, (at least that I wist;)
I'm told 'tis like tow in its taste, and if so,
Very different stuff from a jug of gin-twist.

As for porter and ale—'fore Gad, I turn pale,
When people on such things as these can insist;
They may do for dull clods, but, by all of the gods!
They are hog-wash'd when match'd with a jug of gin-twist.

Why tea we import, I could never conceive;
To the mandarin folk, to be sure, it brings grist;
But in our Western soils, the spirits it spoils,
While to heaven they are raised by a jug of gin-twist.

Look at Hazlitt, and Hunt, most unfortunate pair!
Black and blue from the kicks of a stern satirist;
But would Mynheer IZZARD once trouble their gizzard,
If bohea they exchanged for a jug of gin-twist?

Leibnitz held that this earth was the first of all worlds,
And no wonder the buck was a firm optimist;
For 'twas always his use, as a proof to adduce,
Of the truth of his doctrine, a jug of gin-twist.

It cures all the vapors and mulligrub capers;
It makes you like Howard, the philanthropist;
Woe, trouble, and pain, that bother your brain,
Are banish'd out clean, by a jug of gin-twist.

You turn up your nose at all of your foes,
Abuse you, traduce you, they may if they list:
The lawyers, I'm sure, would look very poor,
If their clients would stick to their jugs of gin-twist.

There's Leslie, my friend, who went ramstam to law,
Because PETRE had styled him a poor Hebraist;
And you see how the Jury, in spite of his fury,
Gave him comfort far less than one [jug of gin-twist.

And therefore, I guess, Sir, the *celebre* Professor,
Even though culpably quizz'd as a mere sciolist,
Would have found it much meeter, to have laugh'd at old PETRE,
And got drunk with Kit North o'er a jug of gin-twist.

Its medical virtues * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * *a jug of gin-twist.

By its magical aid, a toper is made,
Like Brockden Brown's hero, a ventriloquist;
For my belly cries out, with an audible shout,
"Fill up every chink with a jug of gin-twist."

Geologers all, great, middling, and small,
Whether fiery Plutonian or wet Neptunist,
Most gladly, it seems, seek proofs for their schemes,
In the water, or spirit, of a jug of gin-twist.

These grubbers of ground (whom God may confound!)
Forgetting transition, trap, hornblende, or schist,
And all other sorts, think only of quartz—
I mean, of the quarts in a jug of gin-twist.

Though two dozen of verse I've contriv'd to rehearse,
Yet still I can sing like a true melodist;
For they are but asses, who think that Parnassus
In spirit surpasses a jug of gin-twist.

It makes you to speak Dutch, Latin, or Greek;
Even learning Chinese very much 'twould assist;
I'll discourse you in Hebrew, provided that ye brew
A most Massorethical jug of gin-twist.

When its amiable stream, all enveloped in steam,
Is dash'd to and fro by a vigorous wrist,
How sweet a cascade every moment is made
By the artist who fashions a jug of gin-twist!

Sweet stream! there is none but delights in thy flow,
Save that vagabond villain, the Whig atheist;
For done was the job for his patron, Sir Bob,*
When he dared to wage war 'gainst a jug of gin-twist.

Don't think, by its name, from Geneva it came,
The sour little source of the Kirk Calvanist—
A fig for Jack Calvin, my processes alvine
Are much more rejoiced by a jug of gin-twist.

Let the Scotsman delight in malice and spite,
The black-legs at Brookes's, in hazard or whist;
Tom Dibdin in books—Micky Taylor in cooks,
My pleasure is fix'd in a jug of gin-twist.

Though the point of my nose grow as red as a rose,
Or rival in hue a superb amethyst,
Yet no matter for that, I tell you 'tis flat,
I shall still take a pull at a jug of gin-twist.

There was old Cleobolus, who meaning to fool us,
Gave out for his saying, *to metron arist'*;
But he'd never keep measure, if he had but the pleasure
Of washing his throat with a jug of gin-twist.

There are dandies and blockheads, who vapour and boast
Of the favours of girls they never have kiss'd;
That is not the thing, and therefore, by jing,
I kiss while I'm praising my jug of gin-twist.

While over the glass, I should be an ass,
To make moving love like a dull Platonist,
That ne'er was my fashion, I swear that my passion
Is as hot as itself for a jug of gin-twist.

Although it is time to finish my rhyme,
Yet the subject's so sweet, I can scarcely desist;
While its grateful perfume is delighting the room,
How can I be mute o'er a jug of gin-twist?

---

* Sir R. Walpole; justly turned out for taxing gin. He was the last decent man who committed Whiggery, nevertheless.

Yet since I've made out, without any doubt,
Of its merits and glories a flourishing list,
Let us end with a toast, which we cherish the most,
Here's "GOD SAVE THE KING!" in a glass of gin-twist.

Then I bade him good night in a most jolly plight,
But I'm sorry to say that my footing I miss'd;
All the stairs I fell down, so I batter'd my crown,
And got two black eyes from a jug of gin-twist.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. IV.

### THE CONTRAST.

There are few sweeter pictures in human life, than the union of two lovers; there are few more distressing than their separation. I was witness to a scene of the former description some years ago, in the capacity of brideman; and, not long after, to one of the latter, in the quality of mourner. There was a contrast between these situations so powerfully impressive, that although I had no immediate interest either in the bridal or the burial, I seldom pass an hour in solitude without an involuntary recurrence to what passed at them; I seem but this moment to have quitted the altar—I almost feel the fresh earth of the grave giving way under my feet.

Henry Morel was the dearest friend I have ever known. An attachment had subsisted between him and a very lovely girl since they had been children; when he became of age he married her, and I was at the wedding. This ceremony, under almost any circumstances, is a delightful one to behold; but when beauty, elegance, and wealth shed their combined lustre over the scene, it is not to be paralleled on earth. The bridegroom was in the full vigour and pride of youth; of a noble countenance and a manly form; his manners were usually serious, but, on the present occasion, his eye lightened with animation, and there was a tenderness in his voice and gesture when he addressed the fair creature who had just committed herself to his arms, that shewed how dearly he loved her. His bride, without being the most beautiful, was certainly the most interesting woman it has been my chance to meet with. She was now doubly so; her cheek was flushed, her lip trembled, there was a contention between joy and modesty and hope and fear in her looks; but it was not difficult to collect that in her breast happiness was predominant. The bridal assembly were all life and gaiety; the marriage feast was an uninterrupted scene of mirth and festivity. Joy was triumphant for his hour.

About a fortnight after, I received a pressing letter from my friend to go down to his seat in the country, where he was at present with his young bride. The letter was filled with descriptions of his felicity and with praises of his dear Eveline; her beauty, her amiability, her accomplishments; she was all that was good and fair and gracious; he was happier (to use his own expression) than the happiest man on earth, and he besought me to "come down and witness his beatitude." It was impossible to resist an invitation which promised so much pleasure.

Upon my arrival at the manor-house, I was shewn into a library, where the chaplain received me. "If you wish to see Mr. Morel, he is in that apartment," said the clergyman, pointing to an open door. I entered, and found myself in a darkened bed-chamber. O! one moment told me all! There was a marble figure stretched upon the bed; a heavy and overpowering smell of herbs and flowers filled the room; every thing was clothed in deadly white. My friend sat by the bed-side, with his hands locked, and his eyes fixed upon the statue. I approached, but he took no notice of me. "Poor Eveline!" said I, bending over her, "thou wert a short-lived flower!" A smile seemed to gather on the lips of the girl as I said these words, a smile between regret and resignation. She was in her wedding-dress, in which, as I afterwards learned, she had desired to be buried. There was no other covering, and as I brought to my recollection her appearance on the day of her marriage, she seemed in nothing altered but that she was now still and pale. "God of heaven! if she only slept!" said I, touching the lily hand that lay motionless beside her. A chill shot up through my arm, and froze the very blood next my heart. My involuntary exclamation roused Henry from his torpor; he gazed at me for some time, then, pointing to the body, as if to inform me of what was already too plain, "Eveline is dead," said he,

"she is dead." I made no remark; consolation was premature; indeed I was unable to afford it, for my heart was flowing through my eyes. He rose, came up close to me, and leaning on my shoulder, asked, in a tone of familiar but revolting jocularity, "if I was come to congratulate him?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued in the same strain of bitter irony, "There, there is my felicity! there is my beatitude! have I not reason to be happy? beauty and grace and goodness in my possession! am I not an enviable man?" He laughed wildly. "Aye," continued he, addressing the insensible figure, "there you lie in your wedding garments! with your chrystal cheek and your smiling lip, fresh from the marriage-ball! Look at her slender ankles, and her little feet, just as if she had lain down after the dance! and her arms there, so white and long! and her fair bosom, with the curls playing about her snowy neck! Eveline, dear Eveline, have you indeed forsaken me?—O God! O God! that this could be all a dream!—No, no—it is no dream—no dream." Here he became again insensible, and relapsed into his former attitude, his eyes fixed on the bed and his hands clenched in inexpressible despair.

When they were nailing up the coffin, the young widower rushed from my arms into the room, tore open the lid, and threw himself on the body. We could scarcely oblige him to let the operation proceed, whilst he incessantly exclaimed that we were burying his Eveline alive; as she lay in her bridal attire in the coffin his bewildered imagination conceived she was still living. No force could drag him from the apartment, though every blow of the hammer on the lid of the coffin seemed to strike upon his breast. When the body was carried out, he sprung to the door, and was scarcely withheld by his domestics and myself from useless opposition to the bearers. His Eveline was at length separated from him for ever; and his grief, from being outrageous, subsided at length into melancholy and total silence. She was buried in the church-yard next his demesne, and he was seldom to be found far distant from her grave. His pleasure was to lean on one shoulder of the slab which bears her name, and ruminate on the long grass which waves to and fro over the turf that covers her remains. A premature decay carried him off at the end of the year, and he now lies beside her in the same grave.—*Literary Chronicle.*

## Miscellanies.

### RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES IN CANARA.

On quitting the chowky of Coolgund (at the bottom of the Bijee Pass), I found about 12,000 head of cattle standing in groupes for sale, whilst the inhabitants of both Malabar and Canara were some haggling for a bargain, others dragging off their purchase, not unfrequently the cattle dragging their new masters: the whole road was filled with them. After passing Mutchy-teert, and the Comaradary river in which it is situated, the road is lined on each side with temporary buildings for the visitors to the pagoda during the festival, many of whom are cloth and other merchants, with their goods. In short, it is a fair which is highly beneficial to the country, and hence supported (in keeping up the sanctity of the temple) by the Government. Along this part of the road are now seen men and women rolling at full length, as a propitious offering to the Government ("mudistan" is the term for this act); the former in expiation of sins, the latter as propitiatory to child-bearing. The distance they have to pass over a hard and strong road occupies many hours; the exertion is very great, and some, who are afflicted with disorders, find a termination to their earthly career ere the sacred temple is attained. After reaching it, they who succeed, roll around the "angun" or interior area, and thence to a nullah, where they purify themselves. They then return to the pagoda, and receive the pursad, and enjoy the remainder of the festival.

Several shops are open for the sale of small silver articles, rudely emblematical of the numerous diseases to which the human frame is subject; these are bought and offered to the god by those who have been, and are, afflicted. Some present money, according to their means.

These offerings are collected by the public servants of the pagoda, and afterwards appropriated to repairs of the temple, or for an ornament for the idol, the chief symbols of which are the cobra de capello and the peacock.

Exclusive of the eighteen daily ceremonies, the following additional ones are performed at this Shrista Jatra; and, I am told, differing entirely from

those carried on at the other celebrated pagodas during this great festival.

This temple is dedicated to Comara Swany, with 1,000 names.

There are four days in this year (1821), 28th November, 29th, 30th, and 31st December, 28th Baliky, plantain-fruit, about six are cut into four slices, and thrown into a large wooden bowl of water before the god and all the Bramins. As many as float, the fruit uppermost, for so many thousand Bramins must food be prepared, counting one slice a thousand.

A poojah is then made, Pullava Pooja, or prayer, that there may be no lack of food during the festival. All castes who attend this feast, no matter on what score (even thieves), are entitled to food during the four days.

Juppa vaida Parrien unna pooja.

Summa Rathona, or distribution. About 10,000 Bramins were assembled; all receive one day's stock of rice, &c. From this number about 600 or 1000 dine in the angun of the pagoda (their food being brought in on plantain leaves). On a signal, they rise and retire to the sacred stream, and purify themselves. The remainder of the Bramins (that is, as many as can) then lie down, and roll around the angun, upon the remains of the dinner left by the former body.

This is termed Mudistan. All must perform this ceremony. Bramins first, the Suders afterwards, and of both sexes.

The halipike, or toddy-drawer, is excluded.

On the 29th every Bramin is anointed with oil, one-quarter to one-half seer, in the pagoda; on returning they are ordered by the god to stop every Bramin widow and mock her. This they do with the hand beating against the lips, whilst they hollow out their jests. They may also pull them about until the poor old creatures cry out, "let me go."

Numerous other ceremonies take place, but are observed elsewhere. The cobra de capellos are so numerous, from being fed at the pagoda, that it is very common to see them gliding over those asleep, or attending the Bramins eating. The tassildar of the talook, who was on duty, gravely told me that one of the oldest and largest snakes was actually present, and spread his hood, and remained near the pagoda money, which he was examining for two hours, in the presence of several other Bramins; and that had it been incorrect, the purloiner would have been darted at by the animal, but not bit, merely indicating the thief.

The cold here is considerable, and the water very impure, so that I fear as many as offer up their vows for cures, most probably carry back the seeds of vital extermination. Thermometer outside the tent, at 5 A. M. 57°; at 9 P. M. 62°.

I observed the sun did not gild the top of my tent until twenty minutes past seven. He rose immediately over the highest top of this wonderful mountain, whilst at Mangalore, sixty-five miles off, he was seen probably before six A. M.—*Mountains of Canara, Dec.* 1821.—*Cal. Jour.*

## EXTRAORDINARY CONSANGUINITY.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—In a late number of your Mirror, you have an article titled, "Extraordinary Consanguinity;" immediately following which is, in rhyme, "A Paradoxical Wedding." Turning over the leaves of an old book, I accidentally found the answer to that question, which may be acceptable to some of your readers, for whose amusement, perhaps, you will insert it.

They were father and son, and grandson, I guess,
Who with three sister-ladies did wed;
From which triple marriage you soon will confess,
Such a comical dance might be led.

The affinity mention'd, quite obvious appears,
Without any incest at all,
So I think this solution the paradox clears,
And unriddles the mystical ball.

Should the ladies but prove as fruitful in love,
And should each but be blest with a boy,
Such kin might arise as their thoughts would surprise,
But I doubt not 'twould give them all joy.

*Nov.* 29, 1822. S. H.

## ANCIENT DEXTERITY.

One of the early kings of Egypt being desirous to secure his riches, commanded a treasure-house to be built; but the architect, intending to have some share of the treasure, instead of finishing the building completely, placed one of the stones in so artful a manner, that it could be taken out and put in again by one man. As he was prevented by death from accomplishing his

design, on his death-bed he gave full instructions to his two sons how to execute it. After they had for some time plundered the treasury, and carried off large sums, the king, who observed the gradual diminution of his wealth, without being able to discover how the thieves had access to it, finding his seal upon the door always whole, ordered several strong traps to be left in the treasury. By this means one of the brothers was at last taken; but, finding it impossible to escape, he pressed his brother to cut off his head, and retire with it, to prevent any discovery.

The king, next morning, examining the success of his project, upon finding a man without a head in the snare, hastened out in the greatest alarm and confusion; but, recovering himself, he ordered the body to be exposed on the outside of the wall to the public view, charging the guards placed round it to observe the countenances of the spectators, and to seize those who appeared sorrowful. The surviving brother, urged by his mother's entreaties and threats of exposure, formed the design of carrying off his brother's body. Accordingly, driving his asses thither, laden with skins of wine, he found means, by the stratagem of letting his wine run out, to intoxicate and stupefy the guards. While they were in a deep sleep, he shaved the right cheek of each of them, by way of derision; and, in the middle of the night, carried off the body on one of his asses.

This action still more astonished the king; who, being now more earnest to discover the thief, ordered his daughter to receive the addresses of all suitors promiscuously, on condition that each should previously confess to her the most ingenious action he had ever managed, and the greatest crime he had ever committed. The young man, resolving again to perplex the king, went to the palace of his daughter, and confessed to her that he had cut off his brother's head, and afterwards carried off his body. When she then offered to lay hold of him, he stretched out to her the arm of a dead man, which he had carried in under his cloak (suspecting the intentions of the king,) and, while she supposed she had detained the culprit, he made his escape.

The king's resentment being now converted into admiration, he promised a pardon and rewards to the person who had robbed his treasury, if he would discover himself. The young man, upon this proclamation, immediately made himself known; and the king, thereupon accounting him far superior in dexterity to any man then living, gave him his daughter in marriage.

## VOLUNTARY STARVATION.

Professor Huffland, in one of his Journals, gives a most extraordinary case of a Tradesman, who, impelled by a succession of misfortunes, and absolutely destitute of the means of procuring food, retired to a sequestered spot in a forest, and there resolved to starve himself to death. He put this determination in force September 15, and was found on the 3d of October (eighteen days) still living, although speechless, insensible, and reduced to the last stage of debility. A small quantity of liquid was given him, after which he expired. By his side was found a pocket-book and pencil, with which he had contrived to keep a daily journal of his state and sufferings, and in which he had persevered till the 29th of September. He begins by giving an account of himself, and states that he was a respectable tradesman, possessing good property, of which he had been deprived by misfortune and villainy, and that he had come to the determination of starving himself to death, not so much with the view of committing suicide, as because he was unable to procure work; that he had in vain offered himself as a soldier; and was too proud to apply to unfeeling relations. This note is dated on the 10th, which day he had employed in constructing a little hut of bushes and leaves. On the 17th he complains of suffering much from cold, and in his journal of the 18th, he mentions having suffered from intolerable thirst, to appease which he had licked the dew from the surrounding vegetables. On the 20th, he found a small piece of coin, and with great difficulty reached an inn, where he purchased a bottle of beer. The beer failed, however, to quench his thirst, and his strength was so reduced, that he took three hours to accomplish the distance, about two miles. On the 22d, he discovered a spring of water, but though tormented with thirst, the agony which the cold water produced on his stomach excited vomiting and convulsions. The 23d made ten days since he had taken any food but beer and a little water. During that time he had not slept at all. On the 26th, he complains of his feet being dead, and of being distracted by thirst; he was too weak to crawl to the

spring, and yet dreadfully susceptible of suffering. The 29th of September was the last day on which he made any memorandum. We regret that no dissection was made.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

GROG.—Until the time of Admiral Vernon, the British sailors had their allowance of brandy or rum served out to them unmixed with water. This plan was found to be attended with inconvenience on some occasions; and the Admiral, therefore, ordered that in the fleet he commanded, the spirit should be mixed with water before it was given to the men. This innovation, at first, gave great offence to the sailors, and rendered the commander very unpopular. The Admiral, at that time, wore a grogram coat, and was nick-named 'Old Grog.' This name was afterwards given to the mixed liquor he compelled them to take; and it has hence universally obtained the name of grog.

SINGULAR NOTICE.—There is painted on a board near Middleton, Lancashire, the following emphatic and peremptory caution:—"Whoever is found trespassing in these grounds will be shot dead without further notice."

AUCTION OF LADIES.—An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "they assemble on a certain day of every year, all the virgins of marriageable age." The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money, gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for which no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of—so provident were the Babylonians. "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other imperfection."—This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A person of Plymouth wishing to be informed of the character of a labouring man whom he intended to employ, wrote to a respectable inhabitant to whom he was referred, and from whom he received the following note, the *pith* of which we have printed in Italics:—"Mr.—begs to inform Mr. —— that he has known —— for a number of years, *and never knew anything wrong of him but that of being an honest and industrious young man.*"

SALUTES.—Salutes were formerly fired with the guns shotted, and sometimes not without danger to the persons so honoured. M. le de Montpeusier tells us of an instance in which she was so saluted, to the great discomfort of her attendants, both men and women; and she gives a remarkable one, in which the Forte de la Scarpe, at Douai, fired ball in honour of the passage of Louis XIV., and some of the shot passed near his coach. Whitelocke, in giving an account of some rejoicing for one of Cromwell's victories, tells us, the ships at Portsmouth fired great and small shot on the occasion.

SECRETARIES OF STATE.—Up to James's reign there was but one Secretary of State; but on the death of Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, there were two created, as if no man could supply the place of that able Minister. This reminds one of the promotion of eight Marshals of France on the death of Turenne—a great compliment to his memory, which Madame de Cornuel pleasantly explained by calling the eight new Marshals—Change for M. de Turenne.

THE LATE MR. CURRAN.—Upon one occasion, alluding in Parliament to the general apathy of the Ministry to the condition of the great bulk of the Irish people, he observed, "I am sorry to see that the rays of the Honourable Member's panegyric are not vertical; like the beams of the morning, they count the mountain tops, and leave the vallies unilluminated—they fall upon the great, while the miserable poor are left in the shade."

MACHIAVEL'S CHOICE.—When Machiavel lay at the point of death he was seized with the following phrenzy. He saw a small company of poor, half-starved, ragged, ill-favoured wretches, who, he was told, were the inhabitants of Paradise, of whom it is written—"*Beati pauperes spiritu. quoniam ipsorum est regnum cœlorum.* Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." After these had retired an infinite number of grave majestic personages appeared, who seemed as sitting in council, and debating upon important affairs of state. There he saw Plato, Seneca, Plutarch, Tacitus, with many others of the like character. And when he asked who those venerable persons were, he was informed they were the damned, the souls of the reprobated—"*Sapientia hujus sæculi inimica est Dei*—The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." After this, being asked to which of those companies he would choose to belong, he answered, he had much rather go to hell, where he might converse with those great geniuses about state affairs, than be condemned to the company of such lousy scoundrels as had been presented to him before—he would rather be sent to Hell after his death, than go to Paradise, because he should find nobody in Heaven but a parcel of beggars, monks, hermits, and apostles; but in Hell, he should live with Cardinals, Popes, and Kings." Many such stories are falsely told of Machiavel; the oddity of this alone recommends it to notice.

IRISH BULLS.—The Irish papers, in describing a late duel at Waterford, say, that one of the combatants was shot through the *fleshy*-part of the *thigh bone!* But this is nothing to the real Irish bull of a man named Hendrick, who, a short time ago, lodged a complaint at the Dublin police office against a comrade named Lawless, for cheating him out of his share of the produce of a set of harness which they had stolen out of a coach-house that morning! Hendrick told his story with great *naïvette*, and mentioned where the harness had been sold, but was quite astonished when the Magistrate ordered him to Newgate. Search was immediately made for Lawless.

The Rev. Dr. P. visiting a country Clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over Dr. P. asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed his conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he should have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P. contended that one word was as plain as the other; and to prove it, proposed calling in the ploughman, and putting it to him, which was done. "Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity*?" "Ees, Sir," said Robin (scratching his head, and endeavouring to look wise), "ees, Sir, I *thinks* as how I does." "Well, Robin, speak up." "Wy, Sir, I doesn't know *directly*, but I thinks it's some'at inside of a pig!"


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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. VII.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1822. [Price 2d.


## North Cray.

A melancholy interest has been thrown over the mansion of which the above engraving presents a correct and picturesque view, from the circumstance of its having been the place where the late Marquis of Londonderry terminated his existence by his own hands. Politics form no part of our object; and if they did, and we felt as much hostility to the administration of the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as his avowed opponents do, we should still pity that sad aberration of intellect which should lead a man to lay violent hands on himself, and thus rush into the presence of his Maker.

North Cray, the residence of the late Marquis of Londonderry, is situated in the hundred of Ruxley, in Kent, on the high road to Maidstone, and about twelve miles from London. The manor of North Cray, which originally belonged to the Percy family, was once in the possession of that Hotspur, Lord Percy, who is so prominent a character in Shakspeare's play of Henry the Fourth. It was here also that Robert Poynings, canon and sword-bearer to Jack Cade, after he had been pardoned for being with him in the rebellion, in the 29th year of the reign of Henry VI. three years after raised another insurrection, which, however, was soon put down.

The manor of North Cray, after passing successively through the families of Cholmely and D'Acath, devolved on the Rev. W. Hetherington, who sold it to T. Coventry, Esq. in whose hands it remained until a few years ago it was purchased by the late Marquis of Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh.

The mansion of North Cray is a well built structure, with a colonade. It is by no means large, but it is very convenient, and is pleasantly situated at a short distance southward of the river Cray. The grounds attached to the house do not exceed ninety acres. It was a favourite seat of the late Marquis of Londonderry, and being at a convenient distance from town, his Lordship used to retire to it, and forget the fatigues of office in the enjoyments of domestic life. And it was here that in a fit of insanity his Lordship put a period to his existence on the 12th of August last, by separating the carotid artery with a penknife. His Lordship was fifty-three years of age.

## PARISIAN ENGLISH.

Our old Poet Chaucer laughs at the French spoken, in his days, in London, "After the school of Stratford at the Bow."

The Parisians have probably some such school in their neighbourhood for teaching a peculiar dialect of the English language; and the abundant influx of our countrymen into the French metropolis of late years has brought this dialect into much repute. One often sees emblazoned in large letters, over a shop window, meant probably as a decoy, but more likely, one would think, to operate as a warning to English travellers—

"Here they *spike* the English;" Which (being translated) does not at all intimate any blood-thirsty intention of impaling our poor countrymen alive, but merely declares that the English language is *spoken* in the house.

A lady from London, perceiving this inscription over a milliner's door, its import being explained to her, she went in, when having with some difficulty found out which of the *Demoisellers* it was that was skilled in *spiking* the English, she attempted to converse with her about a hat which she was trying on. After many vain attempts on both sides, the young French woman at last, observing that the hat was too small, brought out this accurate phrase:

"*Is, Matame, he is too little big.*"

In the *Rue St. Honoré*, a hairdresser has the following captivating invitation:

"*Hear to cut off hares in English fashion.*"

In the *Rue du Faubourg Poissonniére* dwells a lady named Canraiz, who tells the world, by means of her sign-board, that she is a

"Washerwoman and wash embroideries, lace, gazes, silk-stockings, also household's furniture's in linen table cloths, napkins, and calenders all at one's desire; she will also charge herself of the entertaining the works that is to be done to all sorts of linen for the body, and will be exactly delivered at one's desire."

At the *Montesquieu* Baths the Englishmen who frequent the place are informed, by a neat card, that

"As for the *brothes*, liquid or any breakfast, and, in one word, all other things *relatives* to the services of the bathes, the Persons will be so good as to direct themselves to the servant bathers, who will satisfy them with the greatest attention."

"The Public is invited not to search to displace the suckets and the swan necks, in order to forbear the accidents which may result of *is*. in not calling the servants bathers to *his* aid."

"The servant bathers, in consequence of having no *wages* desire the bathers do not *forget* them."

The invitations to the minor theatres have generally something to captivate the English, and M. Oliver's bill is remarkable for the style in which he notifies his wonderful performances:

"He shall begin with the cut and burnt *handkerchieves*, *who* shall take their primitive forms. The watch thrown up *et* nailed against the wall by a pistol shot—the enchanted *glass wine*. The flying piece of money and an infinity of *Legerdemains* worthy to excite the curiosity of spectators.—The handsome Elisina in her trunck—&c.—There are to be seen *low* Automatons, who will dance up on a *rope* and *sall* do the most *difficul* tricks. The Spectacle will be ended with a *Pantasmagory who sall* be disposed in a manner as not to frighten the ladies."

In books of travels, the same accurate acquaintance with our language is often to be found. General Pillet learnedly remarks, that the lowest class of our Attorneys are the *Petty Fogey*. However, this Gentleman's misrepresentation of our language is nothing to his misrepresentation of our manners. He gravely assures his readers, that the Archbishop of Canterbury *ordered* the following Prayer against the French to be used in all churches (p. 371):—

"O Lord all mighty, give us the power to destroy even unto the last man this perfidious people, who have sworn to devour us alive, us thy faithful servants."

But to return to language—an English epicure is very likely to be disappointed at a Restaurateur's, if he order a *beef-steak*. Ten to one but the waiter will bring him a *bifstick de mouton* or a *bifstick de vean*; for these are dishes common in all the bills of fare; and the fact is, that the French understand by *bifstick* nothing but a slice of meat, whether beef, mutton, or veal. Of the words *roast beef*, too, they have an equally vague idea. In *Fouret's* (a very excellent) Cookery Book, directions are given how to dress a "*Ros bif de Mouton.*" The French bills of fare are at first sight quite astonishing, from the number of dishes they contain, but the charm in a great measure vanishes when they

are put (as some of them now are) into English. The following items, translated from a bill in the Palais Royal, display a sad lack of the sublime in cookery:—

"Pease soup, with some fried bread cut into dice—pigs' foot, crumbled and boiled—young artichokes served raw with oil and vinegar—cold sliced beef and potatoes served with oil and vinegar—a duck's quarter with turnips—fried bits of fowl—picked fowl—cod mashed with oil and garlic—Macaroni not baked sooner ready."

To make up for this, however, in the list of liqueurs to be taken after dinner are the following exquisite compounds:

Oil of roses! and perfect love!

## CENTENARIANS OF YORKSHIRE.

Yorkshire has produced more instances of longevity than any county in England; the cause of which is probably to be ascribed to the salubrity of the air, and sobriety of its inhabitants. The following list of persons who resided in Yorkshire, and attained the age of a century and upwards, is copied from a very interesting and amusing work by Mr. Smeeton, entitled *Biographia Curiosa*, or Remarkable Characters. We have added the names of two or three Centenarians who have died since Mr. S.'s work was published.

Alice Atkinson, of the city of York, aged 109: died 1749.

Jane Atkins, of the city of York—100: died 1761.

Ann Armstrong, of Aldborough—114: died 1765.

Jane Blake, of North Leeds—114: died 1763.

Margaret Bartlemer, of Leeds—102: died 1765.

Robert Butterfield, of Halifax—102. Who from 40 years industry as a wool stapler, acquired a fortune of 40,000*l.*; he died in 1781.

S. Brigg, of Hooper Hall, near Craven—100: died 1782.

William Birkhead, of Broock House, near Clackheaton—100: died 1797.

Francis Consit,* of Burythorpe, near Malton—150: died 1768.

Ralph Coulson, of Grimstone—107: died 1771.

Margaret Champney, of Carlton—102: died 1782.

Mary Cousen, of Wakefield—103: died 1790.

Peter Delme, Esq. of Leeds—104: died 1773.

Mrs. Dawson, of Wakefield—101: died 1798.

Mr. John Demaine, of West-End, Fewstone, Yorkshire—110: died 1820.

Mrs. Anne Dawson, of Colin's Cottage, Harrogate—101: died 1818.

Mr. Frank, of Pontefract—109: died 1782.

Mary Gummersell, near Wakefield—107. She was mother of 14 children; grandmother to 33; great grandmother to 84; and great great grandmother to 25; in all 156 descendants: she died 1763.

Thomas Garbut, of Hurworth—101: died 1773.

William Gibson, farmer, of Hutton Bush—102: died 1796.

Ann Hatfield,* of Tinsley—105: died 1770.

Mary Hall, of Bishop Hill, of which place she was sexton—105: died 1759.

Elizabeth Hodgson, of Scampston—110: died 1759.

William Hughes, of Tadcaster—127: died 1769.

William Harwick, of Leeds—100: died 1772.

John Houseman, of Sessays, near Trisk—111: died 1777.

Jonathan Hartop,† of Aldborough, near Boroughbridge—138: died 1791.

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* He was very temperate in his living, and used great exercise, which, together with his occasionally eating a raw new-laid egg, enabled him to obtain so extraordinary an age.

* James Hatfield died in the same year, at the same age. He was formerly a soldier. When on duty as a sentinel at Windsor, one night, at the expiration of his guard, he heard St. Paul's clock in London strike 13 strokes instead of 12, and not being relieved as he expected, he fell asleep; in which situation he was found by the succeeding guard, who soon after came to relieve him: for such neglect he was tried by a court martial, but pleading that he was on duty his legal time, and asserting, as a proof, the singular circumstance of hearing St. Paul's clock strike 13 strokes, which, upon inquiry, proving true, he was in consequence acquitted.

† His father and mother died of the plague in their house in the Minories in 1666; and he perfectly well remembered the great fire of London. He was short in stature; had been married five times; and left seven children, 26 grand children, 74 great grand children, and 140 great great grand children. He could read to the last without spectacles, and play at

Mary Halmshaw,* of Wakefield—102.

Elias Hoyle, of Sowerby—113.

The celebrated Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale—169: died 1670.

Ann Johnson, of Aldborough—102: died 1766.

John Jones, of Gisborough—103: died 1772.

Samuel Johnsone, of Bridlington—104: died 1779.

Mary Jackson, of Cropton—104: died 1789.

George Kirton,† Esq. of Oxnop Hall—125: died 1769.

Mary Kershaw, of Pontefract—103: died 1788.

Ann Keighly, of Hanslett, near Leeds—100: died 1796.

Mrs. King, of Dent—111: died 1820.

Robert Laurence, of Gisborough—100: died 1761.

Daniel Legro, Esq. of Leeds—103: died 1771.

Thomas Loveday, of Scrooby—101: died 1789.

Richard Matherman, of Ripley—102: died 1766.

Mrs. Moore, of Rigby—107: died 1768.

Mrs. Mawhood, of Pontefract—100: died 1792.

Mrs. Ogden, of Holbeck, near Leeds—106: died 1795.

Robert Oglebie,* of Rippon—115: died 1762.

Mrs. Pilkington, of Bicester—107: died 1757.

John Phillips,† of Thorn, near Leeds—117: died 1742.

Samuel Paudames, of Yeddington—105: died 1792.

Martha Preston, of Barnsley—125: died 1769.

Eleanor Railston, of Jurrow Quay—102: died 1785.

Bartholomew Rymer,‡ of Rippon—100: died 1791.

John Shepherd, of Tadcaster—109: died 1757.

James Simpson, near Knaresborough—112: died 1766.

Joshua Simpson, Esq. of Hanslett, near Leeds—104: died 1780.

Margaret Scurral, of Honiton—108: died 1784.

James Sampler, of Osbaldwick—103: died 1791.

Mrs. Tate, of Malton—106: died 1772.

Joseph Thompson, of Walingate Bar—103: died 1781.

Mrs. Todd, of Richmond—105: died 1789.

Mr. Wright, of Hatton—102: died 1776.

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cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas-day, 1789, he walked 9 miles, to dine with one of his great grand children. He remembered Charles II. and once travelled from London to York with the facetious Killegrew. He eat but little, and his only beverage was milk. He enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of spirits. The third wife of this very extraordinary man was an illegitimate daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who gave with her a portion amounting to about 500 pounds. He possessed a fine portrait of Cromwell by Cooper, for which a Mr. Hollis offered 300 pounds, but was refused. Mr. Hartop lent the great Milton 50 pounds soon after the restoration, which the bard returned him with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the pride of the poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of this venerable old man.

* She had been a widow upwards of 50 years, and her faculties were unimpaired to the last. Such was her health and activity, that, when in her 77th year, she walked from Wakefield to London, a distance of 184 miles, and returned again on foot.

† He was a most remarkable fox-hunter, following the chace on horseback till he was 80 years of age: from that period to 100 years he regularly attended the unkennelling the fox in his single chair.

* A travelling tinker, he was married 73 years, and had 12 sons and 13 daughters, had all his senses perfect, and could see to work a short time previous to his death.

† He lived under eight crowned heads, and was able to walk till within a few days of his death. His teeth were good, and his sight and hearing tolerable. At about the age of 26, being constable of his parish, he, upon some disorders, committed two of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers to the town stocks: the Protector, far from resenting it, wished that every one of his police officers had but half his courage.

‡ He was a man of good health and activity. He was game-keeper to Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart. of Norton Conyers, and shot game flying in his 99th year.

Mr. Wheatley, of Leeds—106: died 1780.

Mr. Whip, of Bishop Wilton—115: died 1784.

Mrs. Wharton, of Thirsk—103: died 1791.

Major Wilkins, of York—100: died 1756.

Sarah Wight, of Breary—106: died 1760.

Henry Wells, of Whitby—109: died 1794.

Susannah Wood, of Newton upon the Ouse—109: died 1780.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

There is nothing that more demonstrates the progressive improvement of the Fine Arts of England—and Painting, either in an Academy or in a Garret, is a fine art—than the present specimens and appearances of Country Ale-House Signs, when contrasted with earlier exhibitions of the same subjects. We do not now need the explanatory information of "this is a Red Lion," or a "Spread Eagle," to discover a distinction between the King of the Forest and a Reddle vendor's bag of ware; or to know the Monarch of Birds, even in his distended shape, from the outstretched monstrosity which, under the elegant appellation of a scare-crow, keeps petrified and petrifying watch in the newly sown fields of the provident husbandman. Thanks to a persevering age, those *horrida monstra*, these caricatures of nature, "imitating her so abominably," are no more. They moulder together, with some other cumbersome follies of the departed age which begot them, in one cemetery. The dexter supporter of the King's Escutcheon is now worthy of the post and distinction which our ancestors have allotted to him, and he possesses a form worthy to be a type of Britain's character. Point out to me your Village Signs and I will read your Village fortunes, say I. Should I behold the rustic "*Duke of Wellington*," or "*Lord Nelson*," suffered to go to decay, their canvass habiliments all "tatter'd and torn," and the boards on which their portraits were, but are not, yawning to the breeze, then, indeed, I should believe that poverty and distress, or still worse, ignorance and apathy were localized there; for can virtue be extant when the countenances of such men cannot awake industry and vigour? But when I behold the glorious hero of Waterloo, and the conqueror, the Martyr of Trafalgar, to whom—

—"As to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given;
Where'er his Country's foes were found,
Was heard his fated thunder's sound;
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd, and was no more!"

Whenever I see these immortal warriors shining, as necessity should require, in new uniforms, accoutred *cap-a-pie*, their immortal trophies new burnished, then do I feel assured that Prosperity, and good humour, and success, and contentment must abide there; and there too must loyalty, and patriotism, and good order flourish. The Ferrets of Reform and dilapidation would have but poor employ where these triumph, and it would be a tedious while before they would find a "*Cap of Liberty*" or a "*Hunt's Head*" to put up at in that neighbourhood.

I had intended to have concluded this too much extended paper by giving some singular specimens of the poetical enticements which are so frequently met with under those painted insignia which I have so ineffectually described. I have, however, mislaid my recording memoranda, and as I have a very bad memory, in an extraordinary degree, and could not, were it to win an Helen, undertake, like the poor Comedian, to recite, verbatim, even one half column of the "*Courier*," much less *all* the "*Morning Chronicle*," I can only give two stanzas. Most of my readers may rejoice that there are but two; but should any of them ever travel in to the north of Devon, for it was there I saw it, somewhere in the vicinity of Barnstaple, and not halt at the following salutation to support the *Lord Exmouth's Head*, I must conclude they are water-drinkers:—

"All you that pace road, field, or moor,
Pray do not pass John Armstrong's door,
There's that will cheer man in his course,
And entertainment for his horse."

The next is, perhaps, better in its way, but as that may be only opinion, I leave it to the greater connoisseurs in those matters to determine—"*parvos componere litos*—" I will only add, that the inscription formerly appeared, for I believe time has been busy with it of

late, above a portentous personification of the mighty "*Tom of Oxford*," in my own immediate neighbourhood, and underneath, in gilded capitals, was the name of JOHN GOOD.—

"My name, likewise my ale, is 'Good,'
Walk in, and taste my own home-brew'd,
For all that know JOHN GOOD can tell,
That, like my sign, it bears the Bell."

Such are a few specimens of the tempting attractions of village Alehouses, whose various signs have undergone metamorphoses not less singular and surprising than the many other changes of this changeable age; or as a rhyming friend of mine expresses it:—

"*Green Men* and *Red Men* have both had their day,
With beasts from all corners and climes;
Now our hosts have more sense, and the signs they display,
Are most of them signs of the times.

Heroes, Statesmen, and Wits each in turn take their range,
Till their fame or their fashion are fled;
Though while loyalty lasts we've one sign cannot change,
For all of us love THE KING'S HEAD!"

And now, indefatigable companions of my progress, I respectfully bid you farewell, confidently relying upon your sympathy in the defence I have thus feebly put forth for these Signs of the Times.

*New European Magazine.*

## SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

On asking this baronet why, as he was able to effect so little in Parliament, he considered it worth his while to hold a seat, he replied that it was a protection, and that without it a public man was not independent of power. —I once advised him (says Mr. Stephens), to give dinners to his friends, like other men of his consideration. He complied, and I was of his party: but I found it had been served from a tavern, and, even in that way, he said he found it so incompatible with his convenience, that he would never give another. His habits are too unsettled for the forms of society: he rises at all hours—goes to bed at all hours—eats at any hour, and in any way—and is in all things from hour to hour, the creature of his personal feelings. From this cause he never answers letters—often does not open them; and, in his private connexions, is the most uncertain man alive. He is steady only in his devotion to the principles of liberty; but unsteady even in his measures regarding them. The best of men, yet, from bad habits and personal indolence, the least useful man of his age.

*Monthly Magazine.*

## BOW BELLS, CHEAPSIDE.

The Citizens of London have ever been proud of the bells of Bow Church, and it was from their extreme fondness for them in old times that a genuine Cockney has ever been supposed to be born within the sound of Bow Bell; this the following sketch of their history will countenance.

In very early times a worthy Citizen, John Downe, left to the Parish of St. Mary-le-Bow two tenements in Hosier-lane (now Bow-lane) *for the maintenance of the great bell;* these tenements are still saved to the parish. And in 1469, by an order of Common Council, the bells were to be rung regularly at 9 P. M. and lights were to be exhibited in the steeple during the night, to direct the traveller towards the metropolis.

The Bells, Steeple, and Church, all shared the common fate in the Fire of London, in 1666; but on the steeple being finished by Sir Christopher Wren in 1679, part of 400*l.* paid by the City to the united parishes for the site of All-hallows Church and Church-yard, on which to build the present Honey-lane Market, was appropriated to a set of bells; Dame Dyonis Wilkinson having given two thousand pounds towards erecting and beautifying the steeple. The belfry was prepared for 12, but only eight were placed; these from their continual use got sadly out of order, and after various repairs, it was reported in 1739 the *great bell was cracked;* however, the peal was made good at the expense of 290*l.* but in 1758 a petition was presented to the Vestry from several most respectable citizens, setting forth that on all public occasions the bells of Bow are particularly employed, *that the tenor bell is the completest in Europe*, but the other seven are very much inferior, and by no means suitable to the said tenor. Your petitioners therefore request that they

may be allowed at their own expense to re-cast the seven smaller bells, and to add two trebles: this the parishes permitted, after an examination of the steeple by Dance and Chambers, the two ablest architects of the day, who report "that such additional weight, nor any weight that can be put upon the steeple, will have any greater effect than the number of bells now placed there." The present bells being thus raised by subscription, were first rung 4th June, 1762, the anniversary of our late revered Monarch's birth.

They have been put in order twice since that period; but do not seem to have lost any of their tone.

The steeple has lately been repaired, at a most heavy expense, under the direction of Mr. George Gwilt. The belfry has been surrounded by strong iron braces, both internally, and also in the masonry itself; the ashler or external face being cut through to admit the same, space being left to admit of the expansion of the metal; the weight of these braces is about six tons.

It has been said, that the steeple, as renovated, is considerably lower than before the repairs; the fact, however, is, that from some slight difference in the new work, *it is four inches higher*, the whole height from the bottom of the old Church being 239 feet, six inches.

The weight of the bells is as follows:

| | cwt. | qrs. | lbs. | | cwt. | qrs. | lbs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st | 8 | 3 | 7 | 6th . | 17 | 0 | 11 |
| 2d | 9 | 2 | 0 | 7th . | 20 | 2 | 26 |
| 3d | 10 | 1 | 4 | 8th . | 24 | 2 | 5 |
| 4th | 12 | 0 | 7 | 9th . | 34 | 2 | 6 |
| 5th | 12 | 0 | 24 | 10th . | 58 | 0 | 22 |

There has been some fear expressed that the use of the bells would endanger the steeple; but at a late vestry a large majority agreed to ring them for a trial, and as, from a subsequent examination of the steeple, it does not appear that there is any cause for alarm, the amateurs of bell ringing, and Cockneys at large, may expect to be occasionally gratified by the *sound of Bow bells*.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. V.

### ITALIAN HOAXING.

In the days of Scheggia, Monaco, and Pilucca, (who were choice friends and boon companions, and all three masters in the art of hoaxing), there was one Neri Chiaramontesi, a man of good birth and easy circumstances, but cunning and crafty withal as any of our city in his time; nor was there any who took greater delight in playing off his wit upon other persons. This worthy gentleman frequently found himself in company with the three before-mentioned, at the table of my Lord Mario Tornaquinci, a knight of the Golden Spur, of great wealth and worship; and upon these occasions he had not scrupled to perform divers feats at the expense of his companions, for which they did not dare attempt to take any revenge, although very much to their displeasure, above all, to that of Master Scheggia, who murmured greatly at being made the butt of so many shafts of ridicule. Once upon a time it so happened, that as they all were chirping together round a good fire at the house of this worshipful cavalier (it being then in the depth of winter), discoursing with one another about this thing and that, says Neri to Scheggia, "Here's a crown of gold for you, if you will go directly to the house of La Pellegrina, (who was a famous courtezan in those days, and had come from Bologna), habited as you are now, but having first besmeared your face and hands with ink, and present to her this pair of gloves, without uttering a syllable." "And here's a brace of crowns for you," said Scheggia, "if you will sally forth, armed cap-a-pie in white armour, with a lance on your shoulder, to Ceccherino, the mercer's shop"—(which was at that time a noted place of rendezvous for all the rich young gallants of Florence.)—"In the name of grace," replied Neri, laughing, "hand me up the two crowns." "Content!" answered Scheggia; "but hear me—I require, moreover, that whatsoever persons are present, you pretend to fall into a furious passion with them, and threaten that you will make minced meat of them all." "Trust me for that," replied Neri; "only let me see the money." Whereupon Scheggia forthwith drew out of his purse two crowns, fresh from the mint, and putting them into the hands of their host, "There they are," says he, "in pawn, ready to be made over to you, as soon as you have accomplished the undertaking."

Neri, full of glee, thinking full surely that the two crowns were his own already, (and which he valued more highly than any ten he possessed, thinking what a good jest he should have at the expense of one who had parted with them so lightly), began forthwith to harness on his armour—of which there were suits enough in the good knight's mansion to fit out a hundred troopers,

he being a great friend of the elder Lorenzo de Medici, who at that time was at the head of affairs in Florence; and, while he was so employed, Scheggia, taking Monaco and Pilucca aside, told them what he would have them do, and sent them about their business.—At length, Master Neri having laced his helmet, took his lance on his shoulders, and sallied forth in the direction of Ceccherino's shop; but he was forced to move slowly, both by reason of the weight of his armour, and of the greaves being somewhat too long, by which he was very much encumbered in lifting his feet from the ground.

Meanwhile, Monaco and Pilucca had gone upon their respective missions—the one to the shop of the haberdasher, the other to Grechetto's fencing-school, (which was then held in the tower hard by the old market-place)—and both affirmed to the by-standers that Neri Chiaramontesi had gone out of his senses, and attempted to kill his own mother, and thrown all his household goods into a well—and that he had at last armed himself cap-a-pie in one of my Lord Tornaquinci's suits, and, with his lance in rest, was driving all the people helter-skelter before him. To which Pilucca (who was at the fencing-school) added, how he had heard him swear a terrible oath that he would go to Ceccherino's shop, to give him a drubbing—upon which the greater part of the young men who were present ran out of school to see the fun, with so much the greater delight, as that same haberdasher was an object of general dislike, on account of his ignorance and presumption, and having the most cursed and slanderous tongue in all Florence—notwithstanding which, his shop was the resort of noble and honourable gallants, to whom Monaco was at the same time busy in relating various other particulars of the extravagance and madness of Neri.

Meanwhile, Neri himself having left the knight's house (which was near St. Marie Novella), made his progress to Ceccherino's shop, not without much wonder and laughter of all beholders; and on his arrival at the door gave a thundering rap, and bursting it open, entered with furious gestures, in complete armour as he was, exclaiming with a loud voice, "Aha! traitors—Aha! ye are all dead men"—and forthwith put his lance in rest. They who were present, alarmed by what they had just heard, no less than by what they themselves saw and witnessed, were soon seized with a perfect panic, and fled away in all directions—some to the counting-house, some behind the counter, or under chairs and tables—some shouting, some threatening, some praying—in short, the uproar was quite prodigious.

Scheggia, who had followed close at his heels all the way, no sooner saw him entered, than he ran off full speed towards Portarossa, where dwelt his uncle, Agnolo Chiaramontesi (an old man, one of the woollen trade, and a citizen of fair credit and reputation), and told him, quite out of breath, that he must make all haste to the shop of Ceccherino, the mercer, where he would find his nephew, who was raving mad, and with lance in hand laying about him, so that it was to be feared great mischief might ensue. Whereupon Agnolo (who, having no children of his own, entertained great affection for his nephew) exclaimed, "Alas! alas! what is this you tell me!"—"Only the exact truth," replied Scheggia; and added, "Come, come away quickly; and bring with you some four or five of your workmen, to seize and bind him, and convey him, bound, to your house; and then when you have kept him three or four days in the dark, without any body to speak to, it may be hoped that he will be brought back to his senses."

Having no reason to disbelieve a statement made with so much apparent sincerity, the old gentleman immediately rose, and calling half a dozen of his woolcombers and carders together, all stout young men, and telling them to provide ropes, they all went to Ceccherino's, where they found every thing in the terror and confusion already described, and Neri himself crowing with triumph at the effects of his prowess, and still laying about him with his lance in every direction where he thought he could add to their consternation, without doing any actual mischief. His uncle having observed for a while his mad actions, crept slowly towards him from behind, and suddenly laying firm hold on the instrument of fancied destruction, cried in a loud voice, "Stand firm there!—What, in God's name, are you doing, nephew?" Then turning to his followers, "Make haste," he said, "disarm him—throw him on the ground, and bind him as fast as possible." These directions were no sooner given than followed; and before he had time to recover from his amazement, they had him stretched on the ground, some holding him by

the arms, others by the legs, and, in spite of his exclamations of "What are you about?—unhand me, villains—I am not mad—unhand me!" soon finished their work, binding him hand and foot, in such a manner that he was unable to move a limb, and then laid him on a litter which they had brought with them for the purpose, and tied him down, so that he could not roll off, or slip away from them while they were carrying him. Meanwhile, Scheggia, hearing him howl and roar and blaspheme at this violent treatment, could not contain himself for joy, but was ready to leap out of his skin; and the poor terrified gentry who had fled from his fury, crept out of their hiding-places, and by their slow and timid advances towards the late object of their terrors, now in vile durance, showed how vehement had been the alarm he occasioned them.

Imagine, then, if Neri, proud as he was by nature, and fierce in his temper, did not burn inwardly, and if he did not cry out, and threaten, and swear, and curse without ceasing, while his uncle calmly ordered his men to take the litter on their shoulders, and, throwing a cloak over him, to convey their lead back to his own house, where Monaco had already been before them to prepare his mother for their reception; and when the good old lady, accordingly, met them in tears at the door, and having, with the uncle's assistance, laid him on a bed in the best chamber, left him there, bound as he was, with intent not to speak a word to him, nor give him any thing till the morning, and then to call in physicians, and conduct themselves by their advice as may appear to be needful. And in so doing they were guided in like manner by the directions of Scheggia.

Meanwhile, the rumour of this affair was noised throughout Florence, and Scheggia, with his companions, rejoicing, when to find their good host, the Cavalier Tornaquinci, to whom they related all things as they had happened, and from which he received delight and gladness unspeakable; and, it being already on the stroke of four, they sat down to supper with so much the greater pleasure, as they knew that Master Neri was safely locked up, and could not come to disturb them with his impertinence.

Now when Master Neri found himself alone in the dark, tied to his bed as if he were a maniac, his helmet and greaves only being removed, and all the rest of his armour left upon his back, he lay still a good while thinking over the events that had befallen him, and soon fixed upon Scheggia as the contriver of the whole plot, by the result of which he had come to be reputed mad, not only by his mother and uncle, but by all Florence; and this reflection gave him so much pain and displeasure, that if he had at that moment been at liberty, he would certainly have done either to himself or others a mischief. So he remained sleepless and in agony of rage, till past mid night, when the pains of hunger began to assault him vehemently; whereupon he cried out lustily, with all the voice that he was able to collect, and never ceased from calling, now upon his mother, now upon her maid-servant, to bring him something to eat and drink; but it was all in vain, for they were determined not to hear a word he uttered.

At last, about the hour of two in the morning, his uncle came to him, accompanied by a cousin-german of his, who was a brother of St. Mark's hospital, and by two physicians, the first at Florence in their time; and, having opened his chamber-door, they entered, preceded by his mother bearing a light, and found him lying in the same place and posture as they had left him, but so weak and exhausted with his endeavours to make himself heard, and with want of food, that he was become as tame and gentle as a lamb; at whose approach he lifted up his head, and in the most courteous manner saluted them, and then entreated that they would be content to listen to him while he said a few words, and to attend to his arguments. Whereupon Agado and the others, with like courtesy, answered, that he might say what he pleased, and they would listen with all due attention, and, thus encouraged, he related to them all that had taken place respecting the wager, affirming that Scheggia was he who had betrayed him, and had caused him to be bound hand and foot for a madman; adding, that if they wished for better evidence, they might all go to the Cavalier Tornaquinci's, where they would find the two crowns still held by him as a deposit.

The uncle and the physicians knowing Scheggia well, were disposed to give credit to all that Neri uttered.—However, to be quite certain, some of them went to the cavalier's according as he had desired them, and found not only that every thing was strictly true, but that Scheggia and his companions had wound up the frolic by supping

together, and enjoying themselves with the heartiest laughter imaginable.—Upon receiving this information, the uncle was covered with shame and confusion for the affront so mistakenly put upon his beloved nephew; and, returning with all the speed he might, presently relieved Neri from all remaining bondage, and begged his pardon with the greatest remorse and humility.

## Miscellanies.

### NETS AND CAGES;

*A New National Melody.*

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Come listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply—
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though LOVE's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers!
Then listen, Maids, come listen while
Your needle's task you ply,
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some perhaps will sigh!

Young CLOE, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none in all our vales and groves
E'er caught so much small game!
While gentle SUE, less giv'n to roam,
When CLOE's nets were taken,
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, net Love-cage making!
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Much CLOE laugh'd at SUSAN's task,
But mark how things went on,
These light-caught Loves—ere you could ask
Their name and age—were gone.
So weak poor CLOE's nets were wove,
That tho' she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Meanwhile young SUE, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever—
One Love, with golden pinions caught,
And cag'd him there for ever:
Instructing thereby all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That tho' 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear, like Susan smile,
Ah! not like CLOE sigh!

### LOUIS LE GRAND.

The king (Louis XIV.) ate to a most frightful degree. I have seen him devour at his dinner, first, three plates of soup of different kinds, a pheasant, a partridge, roast mutton and garlic, two large pieces of ham, a plate of salad, a plate of pastry, and another of fruit, &c. He told me that Christina queen of Sweden, instead of a night-cap, always enveloped her head with a towel. One night, being unable to sleep, she ordered music in her chamber, and had the curtains drawn over her bed! but, enchanted with some part of the performance, she thurst her head through the curtains, and screamed, *Mort diable! qu'ils chantent bien.* The musicians, and especially the eunuchs, were so terrified at her head and nose, that they ran away.—The Cardinal Richelieu had sometimes violent attacks of a kind of madness? sometimes he fancied himself a horse, and leapt over the billiard-table, neighing and capering. This would last for an hour, when his people would get him to bed, and cover him well with bed-clothes, to produce perspiration; when sleep entirely restored him.

### INDIAN TRADITION.

I have been favoured with an Indian tradition concerning the origin of tobacco, Indian corn, and wheat, which, although you may have seen it before, I shall relate. At some distant period, two Indian youths, pursuing the pleasures of the chase, were led to a remote and unfrequented part of the forest, where, being fatigued and hungry, they sat down to repose themselves, and to dress their victuals.—Whilst they were thus employed, the spirit of the woods, attracted, as it is supposed, by the unusual and savoury smell of the venison, approached them in the form of a beautiful female, and seated herself beside them. The youths, awed by the presence of so superior a being, and struck with gratitude for the condescension which she had shown them in becoming their guest, presented to her, in the most respectful manner, a share of their repast, which she was pleased to accept, and upon which she regaled with seeming satisfaction. The repast being finished, the female spirit, having thanked them cordially for their attention, and informed them that if they would return to the same place after the revolution of 12 moons, they would find something which would recompense their kindness, disappeared from their sight. The youths, having watched the revolv-

ing moons, and having returned at the appointed time, found that, upon the place on which the right arm of the goddess had reclined, an ear of Indian corn had sprung up; under the left, a stalk of wheat; and from the spot on which she had been seated, was growing a flourishing plant of tobacco!

## SCRIPTURAL HISTORY.

The inhabitants of Ceylon universally believe that their country was the actual residence of Adam, the real seat of Paradise; and on the summit of a mountain called Hamalleel, they show the print or impression of a man's foot, and say from this spot Adam took his farewell view of Paradise, and thence crossed over to the continent of India, which was at that time joined to the island, but that he had no sooner passed what they call Adam's Bridge, than the sea closed behind him, and cut off all hopes of return. The origin of these traditions cannot possibly be traced, but their connection with Scripture History is very evident, and they afford a new instance how universally the opinions with respect to the origin of man coincide with the history of that event, as recorded in the Bible.

## DESCRIPTION OF WHIDAH.

Whidah is a kingdom of Africa, on the coast of Guinea, and to the West of the Gold Coast, extending about 10 miles along the sea. It is a populous country, well furnished with large villages; and there are so many small ones, that they are not above a musket shot from each other. The houses are small, round at the top, and encompassed with mud walls or hedges, together with a great number of all sorts of beautiful and lofty trees, which afford the most beautiful prospect in the world, insomuch that those that have been here represent it as a perfect paradise. The fields are always green, and they cultivate beans, potatoes, and fruits; nor will the negroes here let a foot of ground remain uncultivated. They sow again the very next day after they have reaped. The inhabitants are greatly civilized, very respectful to each other, especially to their superiors, and very industrious. The women brew the beer, dress the victuals, and sell all sorts of commodities at the market. Those that are rich employ their wives and slaves in tilling the land, and they carry on a considerable trade with the product, as well as in slaves; for some of them are able to deliver 1000 of the latter every month. The chief men have generally 40 or 50 wives, the principal captains 300 or 400, and the king 4000 or 5000. They are extremely jealous, and, on the least suspicion, will sell them to the Europeans for slaves. If any one happen to touch one of the king's wives accidentally, he is doomed to perpetual slavery. It is no wonder then that the women are not fond of being the king's wives: and some of them will prefer a speedy death to such a miserable life. They have no distinction of hours, days, weeks, months, or years. The rite of circumcision is used here, but they are not able to tell why they use it, nor whence it is derived. They are such great gamesters, that they will stake all they have at play, not excepting their wives and children. They have a vast number of idols; and they deify the most contemptible animal they see first in the morning, and even stocks and stones. Their principal regard is for snakes, very high trees, and the sea. An English factor found a snake in the house belonging to the factory, and killed it without the least scruple; which so incensed the negroes, that they were for revenging the death of the snake not only upon him that killed it, but upon the whole factory; but by dint of presents, and the interposition of the people of the other factories, this affair was made up, and the snake honourably interred. However, to prevent such accidents, they gave them warning not to do the like for the future. They have oxen, cows, goats, sheep, hogs, turkeys, ducks, and hens; which last are extremely plentiful.—There are many elephants, buffaloes, tygers, several kinds of deer, and a sort of hares. The fruits are citrons, lemons, oranges, bananas, tamarinds, &c. and they have vast numbers of palm trees from which they obtain wine.—Whidah was conquered by the king of Dahomy. Their trade consists of slaves, elephants teeth, wax, and honey. The English factory is 200 miles east of Cape-Coast Castle, within land. Bows, arrows, beautiful assaguays, and clubs, are the principal weapons of the nation.

## ANTIQUITIES IN DRESS.

*Mourning.*—The French Queens, before the reign of Charles VIII. wore white, upon the death of the King, and were called *Reines blanche*. It was changed to black upon the death of Charles VIII. 1498.

In a wardrobe account for half a

year, to Lady-day, 1694 (a MS. purchased by Mr. Brandon, at the sale of the library of George Scott, Esq. of Woolston Hall), are the following entries for the King's mourning:—

"A great coat lined with murrey and white flowered silk, with gold loops, and four crape hat-bands.

"A sad coloured silk coat, lined with gold striped lutestring, with silver and silk buttons, and a purple crape hatband.

"A purple coat."

The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, never shaved his beard during the time of mourning, which often lasted for a considerable period.

The Empress Dowagers never lay aside their mourning, and even their apartments are hung with black till their deaths.

The Bavarian family never give a black livery, or line their coaches, in the deepest mourning.

The Pope's nieces never wear mourning, not even for their nearest relations; as the Romans reckon it so great a happiness for a family to have a Pope in it, that nothing ought to afflict his Holiness's kindred.

Queen Anne, on the death of Prince George of Denmark, wore black and white with a mixture of purple, in some part of her dress. The precedent was taken from that worn by Mary Queen of Scots, for the Earl of Darnley, which was exactly in point.

King Charles I. put the Court into mourning for one day, on the death of the Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer.

*Gloves.*—About the year 790, Charlemagne granted an unlimited right of hunting to the Abbot and Monks of Sitith, for making gloves and girdles of the skins of deer they killed, and covers for their books.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, according to Mr. Walpole's account, on the authority of Stowe, "having travelled into Italy, is recorded to have been the first that brought into England embroidered gloves and perfumes; and presenting the Queen (Elizabeth) with a pair of the former, she was so pleased with them as to be drawn with them on, in one of her portraits."

George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, received a glove from Queen Elizabeth. The Queen had dropped it, when he, taking it up to return it to her, she presented it to him as a mark of her esteem. He adorned it with jewels, and wore it in front of his hat on days of tournaments.

## THE BIBLE.

The following is an account of the number of books, chapters, verses, words, and letters, contained in the Old and New Testament:—

### OLD TESTAMENT.

Number of Books ..... 39
——— Chapters ..... 929
——— Verses ..... 23,214
——— Words ..... 592,439
——— Letters .... 2,728,100

The middle Book is Proverbs.

The middle Chapter is Job, XXIX.

The middle Verse would be II Chronicles, XX. 17, if there were a verse more, and verse 18, if there were a verse less.

The word AND occurs 35,543 times.

The word JEHOVAH occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is I Chronicles, I. 25.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th of the II Kings, and 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

### NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of Books ..... 27
——— Chapters ..... 260
——— Verses ..... 7,959
——— Words ..... 181,258
——— Letters ..... 838,380

The middle Book is II Thessalonians.

The middle Chapter is Romans XIII. if there were a chapter more, and XIV. if there were a chapter less.

The middle Verse is Acts XVII. 17.

The shortest Verse is John XI. 35.

### OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

Number of Books ..... 66
——— Chapters ..... 1,189
——— Verses ..... 31,173
——— Words ..... 773,697
——— Letters .... 3,566,480

The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is Psalm CXVII.

The middle Verse is Psalm CXVIII. 8.

The calculatór is said to have had *three years* of his life occupied in forming this table!!

## NICHOLAS HART, THE GREAT SLEEPER.

[Written in 1734.]

After he was born he was thought to be born dead, being fast asleep, and so remained till after his mother waked; and every year he has slept, since the first day of his birth, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter.

He says he slept in Holland, when he was ten years of age, for seven weeks together; the 5th of August is the time of his falling asleep: he has slept thus

these two and twenty years, as did his mother before him, the same number of days and nights. I, James Paris, saw him in his sleep the 10th of August 1713; he could not be waked, either by shaking, pinching, pricking, or holding strong spirits to his nose. Dr. Woodward put some of the strongest spirits to his nose; none of them had any effect, but a few grains of sal ammoniac being put deep into his nostrils, made him cough, but did not wake him.

## THE DEVIL.

(Extract from a French work entitled "The Devil, painted by himself").

In all ages the Devil has rendered great service to the learned, for whom he has always evinced particular regard. Scaliger was said to have entered into a compact with him. Socrates, Apuleus, Agrippa, Cardan, Cagliostro, are reported to have had familiars who inspired them with knowledge. Roger Bacon was imprisoned because the Devil taught him mathematics. The Knights Templars, and Joan of Arc, were accused of holding communication with demons. Our ancestors had so mean an opinion of the human mind, that they deemed it incapable of producing any thing without the aid of the Devil. John Faust, one of the inventors of printing, was suspected of holding open communication with the Prince of Darkness. In Switzerland, the common people entertain so high a notion of his talents, that they attribute to him the construction of several master-pieces of architecture. Denis le Chartreux says, that the Devil is a great geometrician; Milton asserts that he excels in the building of bridges; and Tertullian informs us, that the Devil is so good a natural philosopher, that he can carry a sieve full of water, without spilling a drop!

## THE ROMANTIC HARNESS MAKER.

A young man named Morin, who exercised the calling of a harness-maker at Sainte-Menehoud, in France, was seized with an irresistible passion for perusing romances. He employed not only his leisure hours, but even a part of the time which he ought to have devoted to labour, in the reading of those books. His imagination was heated by the passionate pages of Rosseau's romance, and he searched every where for a Heloise. He found one in the person of a young and pretty woman, who, by a singular chance, had been christened by the highly-prized name. An intimacy commenced between them, and Heloise was weak enough to consent to a *rendezvous* with her admirer. They met on the 28th of last July, at the place agreed upon, and walked fondly together until they found themselves in a retired spot. Morin suddenly stopped there, and, drawing from his pockets a narrow awl, which harness-makers use for the purpose of boring holes in leather, he cordially embraced his sweetheart, saying, "Here, dearest Heloise, we must die." At the same moment he struck her a violent blow on the breast with the awl, which doubtless would have proved mortal, had not the point of the instrument come in contact with the whalebone of her stays, in which it broke and remained fixed. He followed up this blow by eight more, which made so many wounds more or less profound. He afterwards endeavoured to sacrifice himself, and after inflicting many wounds upon himself, he fell, bathed in his blood. None of the wounds of either party were fatal, although many penetrated the thorax, and they were both perfectly cured. Morin was tried for the atrocious crime at the Court of Assizes at Marne, on the 19th of last month. The King's Attorney-General, who supported the accusation, said, the cause of the prisoner's act was to be found in habits of reading, and he reprobated the perusal of improper works, which often betrayed weak minds into the commission of deplorable extravagancies. He, however, abandoned the charge of premeditation. The Jury found that the prisoner was not guilty of wilfully attempting to murder Heloise F——, but declared that an attempt to murder, which was only prevented from being carried into execution by fortuitous circumstances, independent of the will of the actor, was proved against the prisoner. Notwithstanding this verdict, which appears somewhat anomalous, the Paper from which this account is taken states that Morin was immediately set at liberty.

## WAR AND COMMERCE.

It is estimated that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported last year from the continent of Europe to the port of Hull. The neighbourhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and all the places where, during the late bloody war, the principal battles were fought, have been

swept alike of the bones of the hero and of the horse which he rode. Thus collected from every quarter, they have been shipped to the port of Hull, and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone-grinders, who have erected steam engines and powerful machinery, for the purpose of reducing them to a granulary state. In this condition they are sent chiefly to Doncaster, one of the largest agricultural markets in that part of the country, and are sold to the farmers to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually involving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance, particularly human bones. It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, by actual experiments upon an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce; and, for aught known to the contrary, the good farmers of Yorkshire are, in a great measure, indebted to the bones of their children for their daily bread. It is certainly a singular fact, that Great Britain should have sent out such multitudes of soldiers to fight the battles of this country upon the continent of Europe, and should then import their bones as an article of commerce to fatten her soil!!

## Useful Domestic Hints.

*Comparative Nutrittve Properties of Food*:—An interesting report on this subject has been presented to the French Minister of the Interior, by Messrs. Percy and Vauquelin, Members of the Institute. The result of their experiments is as follows:—In bread every 100lbs. is found to contain 80lbs. of nutritious matter; butchers' meat, averaging the different sorts, contains only 35lbs. in one hundred; French beans (in the grain) 92lbs. in one hundred; broad beans, 89; peas, 93; lentils (a species of half-pea, little known in England), 94lbs. in one hundred; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used in culinary purposes, furnish only 8lbs. of solid nutritious substance in one hundred; carrots (from which an inferior kind of sugar is produced), 14lbs.; and what is remarkable, as being opposed to the old theory, 100lbs. of potatoes only yield 25lbs. of nutriment. One pound of good bread is equal to 2½ lbs. of potatoes; and 75lbs. of bread and 30 of meat, are equal to 300 of potatoes. To go more into detail, ½lb. of bread and 5 oz. of meat, are equal to 3 lbs. of potatoes; 1 lb. of potatoes is equal to 4 of cabbage and 3 of turnips; and 1 of rice, broad or French beans, in grain, is equal to 3 of potatoes. These facts, we conceive, merit the attention of the Committee for the Irish Subscription, and may prove generally useful in domestic management.

*Recipe for preserving Shoe-Leather.*—Take ½ pint of drying oil (boiled linseed oil),
1 oz. of bees' wax,
1 oz. of spirits of turpentine,
½ oz. of Burgundy pitch.
To be melted together, over a slow fire, in an earthen vessel.

If new boots be saturated with the above composition, and left to hang in a warm place for a week or ten days, they will not only be rendered soft and pleasant, but also impervious to wet, (at least to a great degree) and will very seldom be found to crack at the sides.

*Damp in Walls.*—An easy and efficacious way of preventing the effect of damp walls upon paper in rooms has lately been used with considerable success. It consists of lining the wall or the damp part of it with sheet lead, purposely rolled very thin; this is fastened up with small copper nails, which not being subject to rust, are very durable, and the whole may be immediately covered with paper. The lead is not thicker than that which is used in the chests in which tea is imported, and is made in sheets, of which the width is about that of common paper hangings.

*Preservation of Fish.*—Dr. M'Culloch, of Edinburgh, has ascertained that the antiseptic quality of sugar is sufficient to preserve fish in most excellent condition. He states that this substance is so active, that fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone, and even with a very small quantity of it. He has thus kept salmon, whitings, and cod for an indefinite length of time; and by this simple means fresh fish may be kept in that state some days, so as to be as good when boiled as when just caught. It is added, that if dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much better this way than when salted. The sugar gives no disagreeable taste. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called Kippered Salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or

smoked. If desired, as much salt may be used as to give the taste that may be required; but this substance does not conduce to their preservation. In the preparation, it is barely necessary to open the fish, and to apply the sugar in the muscular part, placing it in an horizontal position for two or three days, that this substance may penetrate. After this it may be dried; and it is only further necessary to wipe and ventilate it occasionally, to prevent mouldiness. A table spoonful of brown sugar is sufficient, in this manner, for a salmon of five or six pounds weight; and if salt is desired, a teaspoon full or more may be added. Saltpetre may be used instead, in the same proportion, if it is desired to make the Kipper hard.

*Accidents by fire.*—In cases of accident by the clothes of females taking fire, throw a large quantity of vinegar over the clothes the instant the fire is extinguished, without taking any off, and continue to do so for an hour or two—this will lay some blisters, and prevent others rising—then the clothes may be safely taken off. If a blister break, it must be dressed with ointment used for burns; but in general an immediate application of vinegar will prevent all bad consequences. Violently tearing off the clothes causes the tops of the blisters (which rise immediately from scalding or burning) to be broken, and they become inveterate sores. If blisters do not fall, lay cloths over them steeped in vinegar, and wet them often. The immediate cure depends on the blisters not being broken; persons ignorant of this, generally let the water out with the scissars—a ruinous error. If vinegar is not handy, throw water over the clothes, and continue to do so until vinegar can be procured.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

CURIOUS EPITAPHS:

In Winchester Church-yard:

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer:
Soldiers beware from his untimely fall,
And, when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

In Lymington Church-yard:—

Live well, die never:
Die well, live for ever.

In Greenwich Church-yard:—

ON TWO YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The op'ning buds to Heav'n convey'd,
And bade them blossom there.

The following is a variation of the last:

The tender buds are fallen, to rise,
And ripen, in their native skies.

---

When the Margravine of Anspach, the divorced wife of an English Peer, returned from the Continent the wife of a German Prince, she sent a notice to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, that as a Princess, connected by marriage with the Royal Family, she expected permission to drive her carriage into the Court Yard of St. James's Palace on the approaching Birth-day. The Earl of Dartmouth, then Lord Chamberlain, took an early opportunity of referring this demand to her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, who replied—"If the Margravine has any wish to drive into the Court Yard at St. James's, by all means admit her—*farther* than the Court Yard she must be sensible she *cannot* come."

---

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MARRY.

"Your wife is beautiful and young,
"But then her clapper!—How 'tis hung!
"Had I a jade with such a tongue,
"I'd pack her off to France, Sir.
"Pshaw!—You're too much afraid of strife;
"Would you improve your present life,
"Look out for such another wife,
"I'm sure you'll *find her answer.*"

---

"*Warren Hastings East Indyman, Gravesend, March 24, 1814.*

"Dear Brother Tom,

"This cums hopein to find you in good helth as it leaves me safe anchor'd here yesterday at 2 P. M. after a pleasant voyage tolerably short and few squalls—Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old Father Stout, and am quite out of pig-tail—Sights of pig-tail at Gravesend, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chor—Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this and put pigtail in his pocket when bort—Best in London at the black boy in 7 diles, where go, acks for the best pig tail—pound pig tail will do and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts only took two whereof one is quite worn out, tuther most, but dont forget the pig tail, as I

had not a quid to chor, never since Thursday—Dear Tom, as for the shirts your size will do only longer—I like um long—get one at present, best at Tower hill, and cheap—but be particular to go to seven diles for the pig tail at the black boy and Hear Tom acks for Pound best pig tail, and let it be good—Captain's boy will put pig tail in his pocket, he likes pig tail, so ty it up—Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday or thereabouts. Not so particular for the shirt, as the present can be washed but dont forget the pig tail without fail, so am your loving brother

"T. P.

"P. S.—Dont forget the pig tail."

PUZZLE FOR LAWYERS.—In one of the counties of Hungary, a case has been produced by nature, which furnishes the Hungarian lawyers with an opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. On a steep declivity of the river Hernath, lay two vineyards, one above the other: the higher one detaching itself from the rock, glided down the declivity upon the lower vineyard, which it now entirely covers. The question is, who is the owner of this vineyard, and who is considered the loser?

APPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE.—A nobleman advised a French bishop to make an addition to his house of a new wing in the modern style. The bishop immediately answered him. "The difference, my Lord, that there is between your advice and that which the devil gave to our Saviour, is, that Satan advised our Lord to change the stones into bread, that the poor might be fed, and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

CURIOUS SUPERSCRIPTION OF A LETTER.—In consequence of a wager, a letter was some years since put into a country post-office, arrived at the General Post-office, and was delivered by the postman. The direction, according to the terms of the wager, consisted of these lines from POPE:—

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and BALAAM was his name."

This letter came safe to Mr. BALAAM, who was then a fishmonger near the Monument.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MUDD, TO MISS ——.

Lot's *wife*, we read in days of old,
For one rebellious halt,
Was chang'd, as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of *salt*.

The same propensity for change
Still runs in female blood,
For here we find a case as strange,
A *maiden* turned to *Mudd!*


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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. VIII.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1822. [Price 2d.


## The Wapeti.

Anxious to keep our promise with the public, in rendering our little work a "MIRROR of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," we shall occasionally give engravings of some of the most remarkable subjects of natural history, accompanied by accurate descriptions. We have selected for our present Number the Wapeti, or Gigantic Elks of the Missouri, which now form one of the attractive exhibitions of the metropolis, and are to be seen at Bullock's Museum, Piccadilly, harnessed and caparisoned as above represented.

The Wapeti are very extraordinary non-descript animals, of the cervus or deer genus, but as large as the horse, and nearly as gentle as the lamb; as they will caress their visitors, and receive food from their hands. Four of these elegant and interesting animals were brought into this country in 1817, and purchased by Lord James Murray at a large price. This Nobleman has succeeded in extending the breed, and has now three generations of them at Datchet, near Windsor; nor has he lost a single one in breeding them.

It is remarkable that the Wapeti have scarcely been mentioned by any European naturalist, and the history of them is consequently very limited. They were first introduced into the United States at Baltimore, by a German naturalist, who was employed some years in exploring the Upper Missouri, where they are domesticated by the Indians, drawing their sledges at a rapid rate, and supply them with the most delicious venison as food. They are naturally very timid animals, and at the same time of such power and activity when grown, that it is not possible to take them out of the forest alive. The natives, therefore, catch them in nets when young, and rear them in their houses with great care and kindness: they then use them for carrying burdens: or drawing their sledges in winter over the snow and ice.

In their native wilds, each male Wapeti has his own peculiar family or fraternity; each family its own peculiar range of pasture; and their attachment to each other is so strong, that the hunters know, if they kill one of a family, they can easily get the remainder, who can scarcely be forced from the body of their slain companion.

Even those now exhibiting have lost none of their natural attachment by being domesticated; they cannot be separated for a moment but by force; and the instant they are parted, they express their distress by a shrill low shriek.—The Upper Missouri, whence these Wapeti have been brought, is in the same latitude as England, but its winters are a little more rigorous, and its summers somewhat warmer.

These animals, whose aboriginal name is that of Wapeti, are known to the settlers in North America by the name of the Elk, and are supposed to be of the same species as the great antediluvian Elk, whose enormous fossil remains are frequently found in that country; and of which specimens may be found in the British Museum.

The head of the Wapeti resembles that of the common American deer and of the horse; but it is pointed, and is in its action like the camel. The legs are admirably formed for strength and activity, resembling those of the race-horse, particularly the hinder legs. On the outside of each of these is a protuberance covered with yellow hair. In this a gland is seated that secretes an unctious substance, which the animal applies to smooth and dress its coat; and when it is thus dressed, it becomes impervious to rain or to water, even in swimming a river.

The Wapeti has an oblique slit or opening under each eye, of nearly an inch long, which appears to be an auxiliary nostril. The animal has no voice like the horse or the ox, and his organ seems to be given him as a compensation, for with it he can make a noise or loud whistle.

The Wapeti have the cloven foot and chew the cud like an ox; but they have the bridle tusk like the horse. The Wapeti are about twelve years old before they come to maturity, and they are then about sixteen hands high. Their horns, which are nearly five feet in length, weigh upwards of fifty pounds. They live to a great age, so that the Indians, when speaking of an old man, say he is as old as a Wapeti. The food of the Wapeti, in a domestic state, is the same as the horse; and they are, if properly managed, as tractable. Those now exhibited have been tried in harness, in the exhibition-room, where they draw a tilbury admirably.

The Wapeti is justly esteemed the pride of the American forest, and is the handsomest and most noble quadruped yet discovered in that country.

## CHRISTMAS.

Amidst the wintry desolation of the present month, the remembrance of a season once anticipated in joyous hope by all ranks of people, recurs to the lovers of "Auld lang syne"—to those who remember with what pleasure they once welcomed its chill atmosphere and snow storms with the vivid rapture of youth. Even in the metropolis the memory of its festivities is not yet wholly extinguished. But in the remote parts of the island it is still hailed as the period of enjoyment—it is still marked by genial appearances; and round the social hearth on Christmas-eve, the less artificial inhabitants of the country will be found as Burns describes them:—

"The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
More braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs
Gar lasses hearts gang startin,
Whiles fast at night."

In London, as in all great cities, particularly in those which are commercial, where strangers continually arrive, and new customs are daily introduced, observances of a nature similar to those formerly kept at Christmas must soon be lost. That season is accordingly marked here by a few of the pleasantries and simple enjoyments with which it is even now characterized in the country, where we must look for what remains of the customs practised by our ancestors of that season. These relics of old and ridiculous observances, deprived of all their objectionable parts by the improving spirit, of successive years, are hallowed in our memories, and always recall the vernal season of life and its regretted pleasures. In the North they have yet their "fool's plough," and in Cornwall their goose-dancers. The latter still exhibit an old hunch-backed man, called the "King of Christmas," and sometimes the "Father:" like customs may be traced in other countries. The wassil bowl was regularly carried from door to door in Cornwall 40 or 50 years ago; and even now a measure of flip, ale, porter, and sugar, or some such beverage, is handed round while the yule-log is burning, or stock, as denominated in the western countries. The wassil-bowl is of Saxon origin, and merits notice on an historical account. Vortigern, Prince of the Silures, fell in

have then also no want of rein-deer flesh; for the frozen pieces may be long preserved. They can even preserve the precious milk in winter, although they can then derive none immediately from the rein-deer. They expose it in harvest to the frost, and preserve the frozen pieces like cheese. When melted, after a lapse of several months, this milk still tastes fresh and deliciously. When a stranger enters the hut, whom they wish to see, the frozen piece of milk is immediately set to the fire; and the guest receives a spoon, with which he skims off the softened exterior in proportion as it melts.

"In summer they scarcely eat any thing but fish from the fresh-water lakes, and drink, with eagerness, the water in which the fish has been boiled. In winter they must put up with dried fish, and with soups of water, fir bark, and rein-deer tallow. They peel off, in summer, the innermost bark of the firs, divide it in long strips, and hang them in their dwellings to dry for winter stores. When used, these strips of bark are minced in small pieces along with the rein-deer tallow, boiled together for several hours with water, till in consistency they form a thick broth, and then eaten. A little ewe milk, and a few mountain brambleberries, contribute very little to the improvement of this wretched diet."

The Laplanders have neither writing nor letters among them, but a number of hieroglyphics, that they use in their rounds, a sort of sticks, which serve them for an almanack. These hieroglyphics they also use instead of signatures, in matters of law. An attempt has been made to introduce among them the Christian religion, by missionaries from those parts of Scandinavia where the light of the gospel has reached; but they cannot yet be said to be Christians, though the King of Denmark has instituted some religious seminaries amongst them. The majority of the inhabitants practise as gross superstitions and idolatries as are to be found amongst any people; and those of a nature so absurd, that they scarcely deserve to be mentioned, were it not that the number and extravagance of them have induced the northern traders to believe that they are skilled in magic and divination. To favour this deceit, their magicians, who are a peculiar set of men, employ what they call a drum, made of the hollowed trunk of a fir, pine, or birch tree, one end of which is covered with skin. On this they draw, with a kind of red colour, the figures of their own gods, as well as of Jesus Christ, the apostles, the sun, moon, stars, birds, and rivers. To some of these they loosely attach one or two brass rings, which, when the drum is beaten with a little hammer, dance over the figures; and, according to their progress, the sorcerer forms his prognostications. These whimsical ceremonies are usually performed for gain; and the northern ship-masters are such dupes to the arts of these impostors, that they often buy for them a magic cord, containing a number of knots, by loosening which, according to the magician's directions, they have the weakness to expect that they shall obtain what wind they desire. The Laplanders still retain the worship of many of the Teutonic gods, but have likewise amongst them great remains of the Druidical institutions, and they believe the transmigration of the soul.

When the Laplanders expect any visitors, they are particularly careful to have plenty of branches of the dwarf birch spread on the floor, under the rein-deer skins on which they sit; otherwise they would be thought deficient in civility, and the mistress of the family would be censured as a bad manager, when the guests returned to their own homes. The mode of their entertainment is as follows: First, if the stranger arrive before their meat is set over the fire to boil, they present him either with iced milk, or some kind of berries mixed with milk, or perhaps with some cheese. Afterwards, when the meat is sufficiently cooked, and they have taken it out of the pot, they put into the water, in which it has been boiled, slices of cheese made of rein-deer milk. This is a testimony of hospitality, and that they are disposed to make their guests as welcome as they can. They next serve up some of their dry or solid preparations of milk.

The Laplanders play very well at tennis, and at blindman's-buff, and have only two musical instruments, one called a lur, a sort of trumpet; and reeds made of the bark of the mountain ash. Linnæus says they can sleep or wake whenever they please; an enviable qualification, of which many persons would wish to be possessed. The people are hospitable and kind to strangers when they arrive amongst them, and give the little they possess with pleasure; but many have never seen a human face but those of their own country. When the great Linnæus, almost dead with fatigue and

hunger, (having travelled a considerable distance through the swamps and bogs, above his knees in water), was guided to a Lapland gamme or hut, he was accosted by a person whose appearance was such, that at first he did not know whether he beheld a man or a woman. "I scarcely believe," says this celebrated author, that any poetical description of a fury could come up to the idea which this Lapland fair-one excited. It might well be imagined that she was truly of Stygian origin. Her stature was very diminutive. Her face of the darkest brown from the effects of smoke. Her eyes dark and sparkling. Her eyebrows black. Her pitchy-coloured hair hung loose about her head, and on it she wore a flat red cap. She had a grey petticoat; and from her neck, which resembled the skin of a frog, were suspended several brass rings, by way of ornament. Round her waist she wore a girdle, and on her feet a pair of half boots. Her first aspect really struck me with dread; but though a fury in appearance, she addressed me, with mingled pity and reserve, in the following terms:

"O thou poor man! what hard destiny can have brought thee hither, to a place never visited by any one before? This is the first time I ever beheld a stranger. Thou miserable creature! how didst thou come, and whither wilt thou go? Dost not thou perceive what houses and habitations we have, and with how much difficulty we go to church?"

We cannot perhaps better close this account of a singular and interesting people than by giving a literary curiosity—a Lapland Ode.

"What mean these tedious forms and ways,
That still, by fresh and fresh delays,
Protract a lover's pain?
Five years I've woo'd my Orra fair,
Five years my sighs have fill'd the air,
But woo'd and sigh'd in vain.

Of brandy-kegs almost a score,
Of beavers' tongues a hundred more,
I've giv'n her kin by turns;
But neither kegs their hearts can warm,
Nor tongues prevail, to sooth the charm
With which my bosom burns.

The longest night that Lapland knows,
The longest day that ever glows,
Though they for months endure,
Are nought compar'd to one sad bout,
In which my heart is rack'd with doubt
That Orra's not secure.

O! could I but obtain consent,
And lead her smiling, with content,
Home in her bridal gown;
No swain in Lapland could outgo
The joy, the raptures I should know,
When Orra was my own!

Our happy days and nights would then
Pass noted 'midst the haunts of men,
In a delightful round;
Smooth as the ice, swift as the race,
When rein-deer in the rapid chace
O'er frozen vallies bound.

When years on years had flown away,
At last we'd seal our closing day
With a perpetual kiss;
And lips to lips adhering fast,
As a cup by the northern blast,
Expire in mutual bliss!"

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's Day has been held very different in different nations, and yet in all ages it has been held in great veneration. Among the Romans the first and last days of the year were consecrated to Janus—on which account it was that they represented him with two faces. To them we owe the ceremony of wishing *a happy new year*, which is very ancient. Lucian says it is a very ancient custom, and refers it to Numa. In Russia, at the new year, is held a feast of the dead, called Raditzli Sabol, on occasion of which every body visits the grave of his relations, lays some victuals upon it, and then hears Mass, in payment for which the Priests get the victuals. In England, the ushering in of the new year, or "New Year's Tide," with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was a custom observed, during the 16th century, with great regularity and parade, and was as cordially celebrated in the Court of the Prince as in the cottage of the peasant. On the first day of the new year, presents, called New Year's Gifts, were given and received with the mutual expression of good wishes, and that of "a happy new year." The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song, but more generally, especially in the North of England and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the season. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, the chief officers of the State, &c. gave new year's gifts to her Majesty. The Queen, though she made returns in plate and other articles, took

sufficient ears that the balance should be in her own favour. The French year, during the reigns of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed, which was the 1st of March. Under the Carlovingians it began on Christmas day, and under the Caputians, on Easter day. Charles IX. appointed, in 1564, that it should commence in future on the 1st January. The Mahometans begin the year the minute in which the sun enters Aries. The Persians in the month answering to our June. The Chinese and most of the Indians with the first moon in March. The Brahmins with the new moon in April. The Mexicans on our 23d February; it consists of 18 months, having 20 days each, which make 360, the remaining five days are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service in the temple. The Abyssinians on the 26th August, and have likewise six days at the end, which they call pagomen. The Greeks on the 1st of September.

New Year's Eve, as well as New Year's Day, was anciently celebrated with various observances. One of the most popular of these was the custom called "Wassail," which is still retained in several parts of the country: on this occasion, young women go about with a wassail-bowl of spiced ale, with some sort of verses, which are sung by them as they proceed from door to door. This term "wassail," is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Vaes hael*—be in health; and is well illustrated in the story of Vortigern and Rowena, which being well known to all readers of English history, need not be here repeated. The wassail-bowl, according to Warton, was Shakspeare's "Gossip's bowl," in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. It was also called "lamb's wool." Was-haile and drinc-heil are said to have been the usual ancient quaffing among the English, and were synonimous with the "Come, here's to you," and "I'll pledge you," of the present day.

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (May, 1784) tells us, "the drinking of the wassail bowl or cup, was, in all probability, owing to the keeping of Christmas by our ancestors, in the same manner they had before the feast of Yule. There was nothing the Northern nations (says he) so much delighted in as carousing ale, especially at this season of the year, when fighting was over. It was likewise the custom at all their feasts, for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, and drink out of it first himself, and then give it to him that sat next, and so it went round. One custom more should be remembered, and that is, that it was usual some years ago, in Christmas time, for the poor people to go from door to door with a wassail cup, adorned with ribands, and a golden apple at the top, singing and begging money for it, the original of which was, that they might procure 'lamb's wool' to fill it, and regale themselves as well as the rich."

Milner, in a dissertation on an ancient cup, supposed to be a wassail cup, inserted in the eleventh volume of the "Archæologia," informs us that the introduction of Christianity amongst our ancestors did not at all contribute to the abolition of the practice of wasselling; on the contrary, it began to assume a sort of religious aspect; and the wassel-bowl itself, which in great monasteries was placed on the Abbot's table, at the upper end of the refectory, or eating-hall, to be circulated amongst the community at his discretion, received the honourable appellation of *Poculam Charitatis*." This, in our universities, is called the "Grace Cup."

A song called the "Wasseller's Song," from the information of the late Mr. Lysons, is still sung on New-Year's Eve, in Gloucestershire. The wassellers bring with them, that gentleman tells us, a great bowl, dressed up with garlands and ribands, the first verse of which is—

"Wassail, wassail! all over the town,
"Our toast is white, our ale is brown;
"Our bowl is made of maplin tree,
"We be good fellows all—I drink to thee."

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

This day, which is called the Twelfth, from its being the twelfth in number from the nativity, is called also the Feast of the Epiphany, from a Greek word signifying "manifestation," from our Lord having been, on that day, made "manifest" to the Gentiles. This, as Bourne observes, is one of the greatest of the twelve, and of more jovial observation for the visiting of friends and Christmas gambols In the days of King Alfred, a law was made, with relation to holidays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals, and

from the following passage in Bishop Hall, the whole twelve days appear to have been dedicated to feasting and jollity:

"Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
What time he needs must be his cousin's guest."

The customs of this day, though various in different countries, yet agree in the same end; that is, to do honour to the Eastern Magi, who are supposed to have been of royal dignity. "Of these Magi, or Sages (vulgarly called the three kings of Colen), the first, named Melchior, an aged man, with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense: the third, Balthasar, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh."

Selden says, "choosing Kings and Queens, on Twelfth-Night, has reference to three Kings," and the custom of making the offerings was observed at court so late as the year 1731, when at the Chapel Royal, at St. James's, on Twelfth-day, "The King and the Prince made the offerings at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom."

The practice of choosing King and Queen, on Twelfth-night, is said to owe its origin to the custom among the Romans, which they took from the Grecians, of casting dice who should be the *Rex Convivii*, or, as Horace calls him, the *Arbiter Bibendi*. Whoever threw the lucky cast, which they termed Venus or Basilicus, gave laws for the night. In the same manner the lucky clown, who, out of the several divisions of a plum cake, draws the King, thereby becomes sovereign of the company; and the poor clod-pole, to whose lot the Knave falls, is as unfortunate as the Roman, whose hard fate it was to throw the *damnosum canicalum*.

A similar custom was observed at the festival called Saturnalia, among the Romans and Grecians, when persons of the same rank drew lots for kingdoms, and, like kings, exercised their temporal authority. In the cities and academies of Germany, the students and citizens chose one of their own number for king, providing a most magnificent banquet on the occasion.

In the ancient calendar of the Romish church there is an observation on the fifth day of January, the eve or vigil of the Epiphany—"Kings created or elected by beans." The sixth is called "The Festival of Kings," with this additional remark, "that this ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days." The choosing of a person King or Queen by a bean, found in a piece of a divided cake, was formerly a common Christmas gambol in both the English Universities.

In France, during the *ancien regime*, one of the courtiers was chosen King, and the other nobles attended on this day at an entertainment; but, at the end of the year 1792, the Council General of the Commons, at Paris, passed an arrêt, in consequence of which "La Fête de Rois" (Twelfth-Day) was thenceforth to be called "La Fête de Sans Culottes." It was called an anti-civic feast, which made every priest that kept it a royalist. There is a very curious account, in Le Roux Dictionnaire Comique, of the French ceremony of the Roi de la Fève," which explains Jordan's fine picture of "Le Roi boit."

The *bean* appears to have made part of the ceremony of choosing King and Queen in England; thus, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, the character of Baby-cake is attended by "an usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and pease."

Herrick, in his Hesperides, thus alludes to the Twelfth-Day customs:—

Now, now, the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The Pea also,
Must revell, as queene, in the court here.

Begin, then, to choose,
(This night, as ye use,)
Who shall, for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be twelfth-day queene for the night here.

In Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, there is a custom, on Twelfth-Day, of having twelve small fires made, and one large one, in many parishes in that county, in honour of the day; and in Devonshire they carry cider to the orchard, and, there encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast, three several times:—

Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow! [enow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples

Mats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full!
And my pockets full too, Huzza!

## ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

There was something so extraordinary in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, that every thing relating to him has long excited, and will long continue to excite, the most powerful interest. That the son of an Advocate at Ajaccio, in Corsica, unfriended, should, by the mere force of his own talents, raise himself up at one step, as it were, to the command of the French armies—then crush that power—the Jacobins, before whom every other authority had fallen—rescue France from the horrors of revolution—raise up for himself one of the most powerful empires the world ever knew, and become the arbiter of the destinies of Europe (Great Britain excepted), are events so remarkable, that the individual who accomplished cannot but be considered as one of the most extraordinary, if not one of the greatest of men of whom history has furnished any record. Every thing that relates to such a man is deeply interesting.—With what avidity, then, must the political, and, indeed, the whole reading world, seize on the works just issued from the press—*Napoleon's Memoirs* and *Las Cases' Journal*. In the one, the great actor of the drama, like Cæsar, becomes his own historian; and we have an account of one of the most eventful periods that ever occurred in the world, narrated by the great actor himself. In the other, we have the journal of a faithful follower, who has recorded with singular fidelity those important observations and circumstances (and every thing relating to such a man is interesting) with which, during a long and faithful attendance on his master, he became acquainted. From these two works we have selected the following anecdotes:—

*Personal Risks of Napoleon.*—The night before the battle of Jena, the Emperor said, he had run the greatest risk. He might then have disappeared without his fate being clearly known. He had approached the bivouacs of the enemy, in the dark, to reconnoitre them; he had only a few Officers with him.

The opinion which was then entertained of the Prussian army kept every one on the alert:—it was thought that the Prussians were particularly given to nocturnal attacks. As the Emperor returned, he was fired at by the first sentinel of his camp; this was a signal for the whole line; he had no resource but to throw himself flat on his face till the mistake was discovered. But his principal apprehension was, that the Prussian line, which was very near him, would act in the same manner.

Napoleon received, during the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, an affecting proof of heroic devotedness. While he was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet; two grenadiers, who observed it, immediately rushed towards him, placed him between them, and raising their arms above his head, completely covered every part of his body. Happily the shell respected the whole group—nobody was injured.

*Bernadotte, King of Sweden.*—Bernadotte was born in the Apostolic Roman Catholic Faith: this he abjured for the reformed religion. Many would have done as much, but it was this circumstance that prevented Prince Eugene from being sent to reign over Sweden. His wife, a Princess of Bavaria, would have been inconsolable. Desiree, the reigning Queen of Sweden, refused to change her religion, but still professes the Apostolic Roman Catholic Faith, in which she was born.

*The Empress Maria Louisa.*—The marriage of Maria Louisa was consummated at Fontainbleau, immediately after her arrival. The Emperor, setting aside all the etiquette that had previously been arranged, went to meet her, and in disguise got into her carriage. She was agreeably surprised when she discovered him. She had always been given to understand that Berthier, who had married her by proxy at Vienna, in person and age exactly resembled the Emperor; she, however, signified that she observed a very pleasing difference between them.

Maria Louisa's marriage, said the Emperor, was proposed and concluded under the same forms and conditions as that of Marie-Antoinette, whose contract was adopted as a model. After the repudiation of Josephine, negociations were entered into with the Emperor of Russia for the purpose of soliciting the hand of one of his sisters; the difficulties rested merely in the settling of certain points relative to religion. Prince Eugene, conversing with M. de Schwartzenberg, learned that the Emperor of Austria would not object to a union between Napoleon and his daughter; and this information was communicated to the Emperor. A council was convoked to

decide whether an alliance with Russia or Austria would be most advantageous. Eugene and Talleyrand were for the Austrian alliance, and Cambaceres against it. The majority were in favour of an Archduchess. Eugene was appointed to make the official overture, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs was empowered to sign it that very day, if an opportunity should present itself; which proved to be the case.

Russia took umbrage at this; she thought herself trifled with, though without just ground. Nothing of an obligatory nature had yet transpired; both parties remained perfectly free. Political interests predominated over every thing.

Maria Louisa confessed to the Emperor, that when her marriage with him was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the accounts she had heard of Napoleon from the individuals of her family. When she mentioned these reports to her uncles, the Archdukes, who were very urgent for the marriage, they replied, "That was all very true, while he was our enemy; but the case is altered now.

*General Dumesnil.*—General Dumesnil, who lost a leg in the campaign of Moscow, commanded the fortress of Vincennes at the time of the invasion in 1814. The capital had been for some weeks occupied by the Allies, and Dumesnil still held out. Nothing was then talked of in Paris but his obstinate defence, and his humourous reply, when summoned by the Russians to surrender—"Give me back my leg, and I will give up my fortress."

*The King of Rome.*—The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame de Montesquieu managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young Prince were on the ground floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuilleries. At almost every hour in the day, numbers of people were looking in at the window, in the hope of seeing him. One day when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame de Montesquieu, she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked Maman Quiou, as he used to call her, what it all meant? "I love you too well," she replied, "not to hide your anger from the crowd in the courtyard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people, and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you, if they knew you to be so wicked?" Upon which the child asked her pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger.

*Marshal Junot.*—During the erection of one of the first batteries which Napoleon, on his arrival at Toulon, directed against the English, he asked whether there was a serjeant or corporal present who could write. A man advanced from the ranks, and wrote to his dictation on the epaulement. The note was scarcely ended when a cannon ball, which had been fired in the direction of the battery, fell near the spot, and the paper was immediately covered by the loose earth thrown up by the ball. "Well," said the writer, "I shall have no need of sand." This remark, together with the coolness with which it was made, fixed the attention of Napoleon, and made the fortune of the serjeant. This man was Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes.

*Bonaparte's Love Affairs.*—In one of our nightly walks, the Emperor told me (says Count Las Cases) that he had in the course of his life been much attached to two women of very different characters. The one was the votary of art and the graces; the other was all innocence and simple nature: and each, he observed, had a very high degree of merit.

The first, in no moment of her life ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or make her feel the least inconvenience. She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions; but with such ingenuity as to render every trace of allurement imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that any thing was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was altogether frank and open, and was a stranger to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for any thing, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asksd whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened; and she never thought of receiving any thing without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husbands.—But it must already have been guessed who they are; and those who have ever seen them will not fail to recognise the two Empresses.

The Emperor declared that he had uniformly experienced from both the greatest equality of temper and most implicit obedience.

Talking about love, Napoleon observed, "and what is said of me?"—"Sire," I replied, "it is understood, that when in the summit of your power, you suffered yourself to be enslaved by the chains of love; that you became a hero of romance. In short, that you conceived an attachment for a lady in humble circumstances; that you wrote her above a dozen love-letters; and that her power over you prevailed so far as to compel you to disguise yourself, and to visit her secretly and alone, and at her own residence in the heart of Paris." "And how came this to be known?" said he, smiling; which of course amounted to an admission of the fact. "And it was doubtless added," continued he, "that this was the most imprudent act of my whole life; for had my mistress proved treacherous, what might not have been my fate—alone and disguised, in the circumstances in which I was placed, amidst the snares with which I was surrounded? But what more is said of me?" "Sire, it is affirmed that your Majesty's posterity is not confined to the King of Rome. The secret chronicle states that he has two elder brothers; one, the offspring of a fair foreigner, whom you loved in a distant country; the other, the fruit of a connexion nearer at hand, in the bosom of your own capital. It was asserted that both had been conveyed to Malmaison, before our departure; the one brought by his mother, the other introduced by his tutor; and they were described to be the living portraits of their father."

*Early Promise.*—It would appear, that from his earliest childhood his parents rested all their hopes on him.—His father, when on his death-bed at Montpellier, though Joseph was beside him, spoke only of Napoleon, who was then at the military school. In the delirium with which he was seized in his last moments, he incessantly called Napoleon to come to his aid with his *great sword*. The grand uncle, Lucien, who on his death-bed was surrounded by all his relatives, said, addressing himself to Joseph, "You are the eldest of the family; but there is the head of it (pointing to Napoleon). Never lose sight of him." The Emperor used to laugh and say, "This was a true disinheritance; it was the scene of Jacob and Esau."

*Prince Eugene Beauharnois.*—In 1814, during the disasters of France, many tempting and brilliant proposals were made to Prince Eugene. An Austrian General offered him the crown of Italy, in the name of the allies, on condition of his joining them. This offer afterwards came from a still higher source, and was several times repeated. During the reign of the Emperor, there had been some idea of raising the Prince to a throne; and those of Portugal, Naples, and Poland, were thought of.

On the distribution of states in 1814, the Emperor Alexander, who frequently visited the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, signified a wish to procure for her son the sovereignty of Genoa. Eugene, however, declined this proposition, at the instigation of the ruling diplomatist, who falsely flattered him with the hope of something better.

At the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander, who honoured Prince Eugene with particular marks of favour, insisted that he should be made the sovereign of at least 800,000 subjects. He testified the sincerest friendship for him, and they were every day seen walking about together arm in arm. The landing at Cannes put a period, if not to the sentiment at least to the manifestation of it; and changed the political interests of the Emperor of Russia.

After the fall of Napoleon, Alexander on several occasions manifested a marked and decided dislike to him. In 1815 he was the promoter of the second crusade against Napoleon; he directed every hostile measure with the utmost degree of malice, and seemed to make it almost a personal affair; alleging as the cause of his aversion that he had been deceived and trifled with.

*Deaths of French Generals.*—Two of the circumstances which had most affected the Emperor on the field of battle, he said, were the deaths of young Guibert and General Corbineau. At Aboukir, a bullet went quite through the breast of the former, without killing him instantly: the Emperor, after saying a few words to him, was obliged, by the violence of his feelings, to leave him. The other was carried away, crushed, annihilated by a cannon ball, at Eylau, before the Emperor's face, whilst he was giving him some orders. The Emperor spoke also of the last moments of Marshal Lannes, the valiant Duke of Montebello, so justly called the Orlando of the army, who, when

visited by the Emperor on his death-bed, seemed to forget his own situation, and to care only for him, whom he loved above every thing. The Emperor had the highest esteem for him.

The Emperor next mentioned Duroc, on whose character and private life he dwelt some time. "Duroc," concluded he, "had lively, tender, and concealed passions, little corresponding with the coldness of his manner. It was long before I knew this, so exact and regular was his service. It was not until my day was entirely closed and finished, and I was enjoying repose, that Duroc's work began. Chance, or some accident, could alone have made me acquainted with his character. He was a pure and virtuous man, utterly disinterested, and extremely generous."

The Emperor said, that on the opening of the campaign at Dresden, he lost two men who were extremely valuable to him, and in the most foolish manner in the world: these were Bessieres and Duroc. When he went to see Duroc, after he had received his mortal wound, he attempted to hold out some hopes to him; but Duroc, who did not deceive himself, only replied by begging him to make them give him opium. The Emperor, excessively affected, could not venture to remain long with him, and tore himself from this distressing spectacle.

Duroc loved the Emperor for himself: it was rather to the individual personally that his devotion was attached, than to the Monarch. In being made the confidant of his Prince's feelings, he had acquired the art, and perhaps the right, of mitigating and directing them. How often has he whispered to people struck with consternation by the anger of the Emperor—"Let him have his way; he speaks from his feeling, not according to his judgment; nor as he will act to-morrow."

Bessieres was adored by the Guards, in the midst of whom he passed his life. At the battle of Wagram, a ball struck him off his horse without doing him any further injury. A mournful cry arose from the whole battalion; upon which Napoleon remarked, the next time he saw him—"Bessieres, the ball which struck you drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it: it ought to be very dear to you."

He was less fortunate at the opening of the campaign of Saxony. On the very eve of the battle of Lutzen a trifling engagement occurred, in which having advanced into the very midst of the skirmishers, he was shot dead on the spot by a musket-ball in the breast. Thus, after living like Bayard, he died like Turenne.

## THE BIRTH OF EVE.

*From Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

"You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see the last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, woman's eyes
First opened upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a third was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflection there;
Or, like the light of evening, stealing,
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness."

## LONG YARNS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—You have had articles on the Long Bow, Throwing the Hatchet, &c. Now, Mr. Editor, permit a tailor to edge in a word or two on the subject of *Long Yarns*.

This is a phrase generally used by seamen to denote a species of marvellous stories, with which they delight to wile away the dreary "midwatch," and to astonish the wondering minds of such *green horns*, or land-lubbers, as may happen to be on board. Amongst these nautical night tales, the most astonishing is that called "The Merry Dunn, of Dover!"—This was a vessel of such extraordinary magnitude, that she had been known to be receiving a cargo of coals at her bow port in Sun-

derland harbour, and discharging them at the same time out of her stern port into the coal-lighters below London Bridge. Such was the height of her masts, that a little boy being sent aloft to clear the pendant, he was so long ascending and descending, that when he returned on deck he was become so old as to be *grey headed*. Working out of the Downs, this amazing ship was of such a length, that in tacking her flying jib-boom knocked down Calais steeple, at the very instant that the tale of her ensign swept a flock of sheep off the summit of Dover Cliff. The following is an enumeration of the different sails set upon her main-mast, beginning at the lowest, viz.—Mainsail, topsail, top-gallant sail, royal, sky-scraper, moon-raker, cloud disturber, heaven poker, angel poker, and jolly jumper.

I will, with your permission, add another story of Long Bow, or Long Yarns character, the relating of which is only excusable when, in order to shame a romancer, you outdo him. Such is the following.

One Peter Wilkins undertook to jump off the Monument. He was to mount the rails the moment St. Paul's clock should strike twelve, and he was to jump off at the last stroke. Every precaution was taken to keep the poor devil from breaking his neck; feather beds, loads of straw, and wool-packs, were piled one upon another to an immense height. The day came; the streets seemed to be paved with faces; the houses roofed with people. The usual accidents happened—broken limbs, dislocations, fractures, and contusions; women with children in their arms were thrown down and trod upon, &c. &c. The moment arrived—the clock struck—honest Peter, true to his engagement, mounted upon the ballustrades: at the last stroke off he went! "Well, and what was the consequence?" "Ecod, Sir, when he was half way down his heart failed him, and he—*jumped back again!*"

While on the subject, I find I cannot quit it without adding another long yarn or two, with which those veritable oracles, the daily papers, have supplied me.

The Historians of Poland tell strange stories of the abundance of honey in the woods of that country. It is no uncommon thing, they say, for a peasant, in proceeding through them, to step into the hollow of a decayed trunk filled with honey, where he sticks fast. On these occasions the bears are found to be of singular service, as witness the following story told by J. N. DE PARIVAL, in his history:—"A peasant having fallen into the hollow of a trunk filled with honey, would have been drowned but for a bear, who having approached to lick the honey, he laid hold of it by the tail, which induced the bear to make a sudden spring that extricated him from his sweet but fatal imprisonment."

Now I come to what I call a clincher. The conversation of the company at the Bush Tavern, Bristol, one evening, turned on the real or imaginary existence of Mermaids, when one of the party declared in favour of the affirmative. "Oh! real, beyond all doubt; I have seen seven or more at one time, the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, with long black hair, and their young ones sucking at their breasts." The worthy and facetious host of the Bush replied, Sir, Captain —— of the ——, informed me, that one Sunday morning a *Merman* had suddenly appeared to his men, dressed in gay attire, with his hair frizzed and powdered as white as a full grown cauliflower, and demanded to know if the Captain was on board. The Captain soon appeared on deck. The Merman spoke to him as follows:—"Sir, I shall feel particularly obliged by your giving orders for your anchor to be taken up, as it lays against my street door, and prevents my family from going to church."

I am, yours, &c.

TOM. STARBOARD.

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## A SKETCH *of the* REFORMATION.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your little work, and finding it not only amusing, but very much calculated to instruct those who have neither time nor inclination to study works of magnitude, I have been induced to enclose a Sketch of the Reformation, which I hope you will deem worthy of insertion. To give an outline of Ecclesiastical History, the numerous changes which have taken place in Church government, from the death of the apostles to the present time, they would of necessity require to be detailed at great length; but this, though highly interesting, would be incompatible with the plan of your work. I shall therefore briefly record the rise, progress, and effects, of that grand and important event—the Reformation.

In the sixteenth century, Leo X. in

order to support the expenses of a luxurious court, had availed himself of an ancient custom practised by the church, of raising money by the sale of indulgencies, which allowed to the purchasers the practice of several sins, and promised them a deliverance from the pains of purgatory. The promulgation of these indulgencies in Germany, together with a share arising from the profits in the sale of them, was assigned to Albert, Elector of Mentz, and Archbishop of Magdeburg. Associated with him in this work of infamy, and his chief agent, was one Tetzel, a Dominican friar, of licentious morals, but of a bold and vindictive spirit.

The enormous blasphemies and abuses of this man roused the indignation of Martin Luther, a monk of the Augustinian ermities, and a professor of divinity in the academy of Wittemburg, who began to declaim with boldness against these scandals of the Christian name. In ninety-five propositions maintained publicly at Wittemburg, on the 30th of September, 1517, he censured the extravagant exertions of the questors, and plainly pointed out the Roman pontiff as a partaker of their guilt. The pope and cardinals of Rome were asleep in the arms of luxury, and insensible of their danger. Luther, however, was at last cited to appear before the Pope at Rome; but by the interposition of the Emperor he procured a hearing at Augsburg, in Germany, where he boldly defended his doctrines.

At this memorable conference the Cardinal Gaeta attempted, by remonstrance and persuasion, to bring back Luther to the church of Rome, but in vain: every encounter gave him additional strength and boldness; the conference closed with an appeal to Leo X. Luther offered to be silent respecting the indulgencies, provided his adversaries were also compelled to be silent, or were restrained in their abuses of him. These profferred concessions being of no avail, and the work of reformation going on, a bull was issued by the Pope, on the 17th of November, 1518. This was a formal decree against the doctrines of Luther, expressly declaring the right of the Pope to grant indulgencies. The sincerity and boldness of Luther were thus put to the test; and he immediately commenced hostilities against the infallibility of the Pope, by an appeal to the General Council. The attention of Europe, at this time, being diverted by political discussions, Luther was suffered, without much interference, to proceed in his great and glorious work.

From Germany, by the writings of Luther, and from Switzerland, by the zeal and perseverance of Zuinglius, the work of reform proceeded to spread itself over Denmark, Sweden, Geneva, Holland, England, and Scotland. In France, Spain, and Italy, the reformation made comparatively but little progress. The same also may be observed of Poland and Russia. The principal reformers were, Luther, Erasmus, and Melancthon; Calvin, Zuinglius, and Œcolompadius; Bullinger, Beza, and Peter Martyr. In England, Henry VIII., Edward VI., Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, Cranmer, and Queen Elizabeth. In Scotland, the reformation was forwarded by the zeal and industry of Knox. These are the names of some of those men to whom the religious world is at this time indebted for that freedom of thought, and many of those Christian privileges, with which England is so eminently favoured. Your's, &c. J. P. S.

## The Novelist.

### No. VIII.

*The following jeu-d'esprit was sent from Bengal about five years ago, but by whom composed is unknown.*

### THE CONVERTED NATIVE.

On heathen shores to kindle Christian flame,
To India once a Missionary came,
A pious man, replete with holy zeal,
And really anxious for the public weal,
The sweets of christianity displayed.
Full many a convert had our hero made,
And many a native who damnation feared,
Heathen no more, a catholic appeared.

To put the Padree's patience to the test,
Washee, (a sly old rogue) among the rest,
To chapel went;—and so the story saith,
Embraced the doctrine of the christian faith;
The Priest, as usual, with a pious grace,
"*Sprinkling pure water o'er his sable face,*"
Exclaimed, "with change of faith you alter names,
So he who Washee went, returned as—James."
The native listened with a mute surprise, [fixed his eyes,
But thought, while on the Priest he

Altho' me know, that you would change
my God,
To change my name is very—very odd.
Me forty years of age, and all my life,
Sweet thick lipped Balshabam, my lovely wife,
Has called me "Washee"—Washee was my name.
Until this Massa White man—Parson came;—
Water he put upon my face—that devilish strange;
And then he telle me, my name be change,
He call me James—well—James is now my name;
Washee or James to me is all the same.
But then the parson say, I no must eat,
On what he call the "*saint-days*," any meat.
Nor, if I hope for mercy on the last day,
Must I touch flesh on *Friday* or on *fast*-day;
You will be *damned*, he bellowed, if you do,
But massa Parson, let me telle you,
Dam or no dam, my belly I will treat;
And cursee me if I don't still eat meat."
Well, Washee, James I mean—James kept his word,
Which the good Priest with indignation heard;
To be convinc'd, however, and shun mistakes,
He to the Native's dwelling hied,
And there "*upon a Friday*" spied
The white wash'd James dining on beef-steaks.
"Ah sinful wretch, what is it I behold?
I grieve to find 'tis truth, that I've been told;
Eating 'beef-steaks' to day, I wish to know
*Where* you expect your precious soul will go?"
"What, Massa, me *eat meat?* No, Massa, no;"
Then while a mouthful large, the fellow takes,
He adds, "what for you callee this beef-steaks?
This, Massa, that you see upon the dish,
Is no '*Beef-steaks*, indeed—but dam good *fish*.'
"*Fish*," the astonished priest with fury cried,
For very clear it was, the rascal lied;
"Why, wretched man, can't I believe mine eyes?
They are beef-steaks"—"*Fish, fish*," the Native cries! [doubt,
"And now, good massa, to relieve all
I telle you which way *I* make it out.
One day you take poor Washee by the hand,
You speak fine words he no can understand,
Water you put upon my face—that change my name,
And so this morning "me" have done the same;
Me take beef-steaks—make talkee over dish,
And "*putting water on them*" called them "*Fish*."

## Miscellanies.

### THE WANDERING JEW.

Dr. Percy tells us, "this story is of considerable antiquity; it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matt. Paris; for in that year it seems there came an Armenian Archbishop into England to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our Churches, who being entertained at the Monastery of Saint Alban's, was asked several questions relating to his country," &c. Among the rest a Monk, who sat near him, inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of who was present at our Lord's Crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith?" The Archbishop answered, that the fact was true; and afterwards, one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the Abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, that his Lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that he dined at his table but a little while before he left the East; that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cataphilas; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after, he was converted and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a violent fit of ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the Saints that arose with him; the com-

posing of the Apostles' Creed, their preaching and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person.—This is the substance of M. Paris's account, who was himself a monk at St. Alban's, and was living at the time when this Armenian Bishop made the above relation. Since his time, several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew."

We had one of those impostors not many years ago here in the North; who made a very hermit-like appearance, and went up and down our streets with a long train of boys at his heels, muttering, "Poor John alone! poor John alone!" in a manner singularly plaintive.

## YEOMAN.

This title was formerly one of more dignity than now commonly belongs to it. It signified, originally, a *Yeoman*, so called from bearing the bow in battle, bows being made of *yew*. Hence, a Yeoman was, at first, of at least equal consequence with an Esquire,* or shield-bearer; and, as a proof of this, we have even now—Yeomen of the crown, Yeomen of the guards, Yeomen of the chamber, &c.—all persons of the first rank.

## PHYSIC AND ASTROLOGY.

Persia abounds in physicians and astrologers, and the Persians are strongly attached to the occult science of the latter. So much is this the case, that a Persian rarely follows the prescriptions of his medical adviser, without first ascertaining from an astrologer, that the constellation is favourable to the proposed remedy. When a man of note dies, the astrologer ascribes his death to the uncertainty of physic: while the votary of Galen, on the other hand, throws all the blame on the planet-struck sage, imputing to him an ignorance of the proper time for taking the medicines prescribed. Upon this the astrologer retorts, that the case of his profession is extremely hard, when compared with that of the physician; since, if he commit an error, by making a wrong calculation, "heaven *discovers* it," whereas, if a physician be guilty of a blunder, "the earth *covers* it"—the patient dies, is buried, and is heard of no more.

* The proper Latin name for Esquire is *Scutifer* or *Scutarius*, not *Armiger*, as is generally used.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

The Count de Ligniville, and Count de Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then, for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count de Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out, without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and put his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and taking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count de Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them, so that, on this account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams. The day that Count de Autricourt was attacked in

Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton, the manner in which physicians were paid in England; when, after some difficulty, his Majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians; I have four to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are very short."

"RUMS IS RIZ;—BUT SUGAR'S FELL."

This memorable exclamation, which is appropriated with good effect by the facetious Mathews, originated in the *Liverpool Mercury*, where it stands thus:

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Doleful o'ertook his friend the other day,
And with his dismal tales beguil'd the way;
Nothing was "stiff'ning—*rising*—up" he said,
But all was "drooping—falling—flat—down—dead."
At length, a most desponding theme he got on,
Lamenting bitterly the fate of Cotton;
"Aye! aye!" says Cheerly, with complacent phiz,
"Cottons is fell, for sure—but Rums is riz."

GAY.—Our readers are aware that Gay, the poet, was a native of Barnstaple. A few months since, at a public sale in that town, a curiously formed armchair was purchased by a gentleman, which appears incontestibly to have belonged to that poet. On examination of this piece of furniture, a drawer was discovered under the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller private drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out; and within it were found various documents and interesting papers, which appear to have been deposited there by the poet himself, many of them being in his handwriting. The chair seems admirably constructed for meditative ease and literary application.

THE LITTLE BUTCHERS TO THE GREAT.—The butchers of Ghent are divided into two classes. When Napoleon once visited that city, the little Butchers, as they are called, erected a triumphal arch in his honour, with the following inscription, which we give in the original French: "*Les petits Bouchers de Grand a Napoleon le Grand!*" This unlucky equivoque was by no means agreeable to Napoleon le Grand!

MAGNANIMITY.—A miller's dog broke his chain; the miller ordered his maid-servant to tie him up again.—She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she, shutting the door, "the dog is mad. I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber, and with the noblest resignation prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out, and she died in a few days. The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

An eccentric barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench Prison. The windows being broken when he entered, he mended them with paper, on which appeared 'Shave for a Penny,' with the usual invitation to customers, and over the door was scrawled these lines:

"Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England
Almost—not quite."

Foote (who loved any thing eccentric) saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a pane into the shop, called out "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The barber immediately forcing his own through another pane into the street, replied, "No, Sir, he has just popt out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

Charles Bannister, that inveterate punster, coming into a coffee-house one stormy night, said, he never saw such a wind! "Saw a wind," replied a friend, "what was it like?" "Like," answered Charles, "to have blown my hat off."

A Physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, told him, it was the worst enemy he had. "I know that," replied Charles; "but you know we are commanded by Scripture to love our enemies."

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn several days, previous to his departure desired to have a bill, which being brought him, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having so many bottles of wine. "Please, your Honour, (cried Pat) read how many they charge to my account." The gentleman began, "One bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto"—"Stop, stop, (cried Pat) they are cheating you. I know I had some of their port, but I did not taste a drop of their ditto."

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—This immense and mighty Empire is at present thus constituted:

England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and their adjacent Islands, Gibraltar, Malta, Ionian Islands, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast, St. Helena, Ascension Island, Cape of Good Hope, Algoa Bay Colony, Mauritius, Bombay and its dependencies, Ceylon, Madras, &c. Bengal, &c. Sincapore, New Holland, Island of Van Diemen, Demerara, Jamaica, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Grenada, Dominica, and other Islands; Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Canadas, Heligoland, Bencoolen, and Prince of Wales's Island.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We feel much obliged to N. S. Y. not only for his valuable communication, which shall have insertion in our next, but for his kind offer of further services, of which we shall always be glad to avail ourselves.

S. T. in our next. The suggestion of Mr. Jones is under consideration.

We thank W. S. W. for his obliging offer, but we have some doubts whether we should put the ingenuity of our readers to the test of solving riddles. We shall be glad to receive the articles he offers, but beg the favour of his completing every subject in one letter.

We are obliged to Tom Tobykin for his "modest offer of service and a trivial morsel of wholesome advice." His communication is very good, but the 'Mirror' is not a review. We wish to pluck the roses of literature without pricking ourselves with the thorns.

On the subject of advice, our correspondents have been most liberal; and although it would be quite impossible to adopt all their suggestions, yet they may be assured we respect them all, and shall spare no exertion to render our little work as good as it is cheap.


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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. IX.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1822. [Price 2d.


## Laplanders and Rein-Deer.

The family of Laplanders and the Herd of Living Rein-deer which form the subject of the above engraving, are, like the Wapeti, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—They were brought into this country by Mr. Bullock, whose inclination to possess every thing that is extraordinary either in nature or art, leads him to traverse the globe.

The Rein-deer is an animal of the most extraordinary and beautiful form, and is of more importance to its master than any other animal, or probably than the whole of the quadruped species: indeed, the Laplander and the Rein-deer seem to have been created for each other; and this domestic race of human beings must long since have ceased to exist, but for the service of their friend and companion the Rein-deer.

The elephant, camel, horse, ox, sheep, and dog, render to their respective masters services of the greatest importance; but without the assistance of the Rein-deer, there could be no human inhabitants of Lapland: nothing could afford luxury and nourishment, supplying every other article of food; its furry skin furnishing, in a simple manner, comfortable clothing, and the means of resisting the severity of an arctic winter, which nothing else could do.—Wrapt in these on the snow, or frozen ground, the Laplanders sleep with their infants in comfort and security. When the change of season requires their removal from one hut to another, the Rein-deer offers the ready means of transporting them with their families and goods. In summer he carries their slender effects; and when the snow covers the ground, which is the greater part of the year, by means of a sledge he removes them with a rapidity unequalled by any other animal. A Laplander in his sledge will travel a hundred miles in a day; the broad spreading hoofs of the deer serving as snow-shoes to prevent his sinking, and apparently made to traverse this frozen and otherwise untrodden waste, as those of the camel and the dromedary for the scorching sands and deserts of Arabia and India. There is no part of the deer

its bones and horns are manufactured into furniture or ornaments.

Mr. Bullock, regretting that so noble an animal as the Rein-deer should so long remain unknown to us, determined to try and introduce it to this country; and, after three successful attempts, he at length succeeded in bringing over not only a herd of Rein-deer, but also a Lapland family, with their summer and winter residences, furniture, &c. and thus exhibit the Rein-deer as if in their native clime.

The man, Jans Holm, and his wife, Karina Christian, are about four feet eight inches high, which, in Lapland, is not beneath the usual height; on the contrary, Karina is considered a tall woman: their son, four years and a half old, is not likely to be so tall a man as his father; they understand the Norwegian language, and an interpreter attends to answer any question that may be put to them.

They exhibit the deer decorated in the manner of their country, and drawing light carriages and sledges.

Nothing can exceed the extraordinary appearance of these noble quadrupeds; in size they excel the red deer, or stag: the enormous horns in some almost exceed belief. A cord passed round those of a fine male measures thirty feet; in some they appear like the branches of an aged oak, stripped of its foliage. The immense brow antlers vary in some individuals, from two to four feet.

They are sleek in summer, but in winter clothed with a thick impenetrable coat of long hair of a dry husky appearance: their feet are large and wide, extending considerably whilst resting on the ground, and covering a space sixteen inches in circumference. Every time each foot is removed, a loud clicking noise is heard, occasioned by one of the hoofs striking against the other.

In Lapland, the herds of Rein-deer are extremely numerous: the poor have from fifty to two hundred; the middle classes from three to seven hundred; and the rich above a thousand. Their greatest enemy is the wolf, which sometimes breaks into the fold, and destroys thirty or forty at a time. The Laplander holds the wolf in the greatest detestation, and is almost in a rage when the name is mentioned. Bears sometimes destroy the deer, seizing them by surprise; but this is rather a rare occurrence.

The female deer produce the young about the end of May, and soon after cast their horns, which, in a short space of time are reproduced of the full size, but are covered with hair, during which time they are soft and very susceptible of injury. They have always a leader or captain, whose order they scrupulously obey, and in whose experience they seem to place the most unlimited confidence.

The Laplanders are exhibited in the full costume of their own country, with their residences and furniture.

The *Kodda*, or hut, is formed of double timbers, lying one upon another, and has mostly six sides, rarely but four. It is supported within by four inclining posts, as thick as one's arm, crossing each other in pairs at the top, upon which is laid a transverse beam, four ells in length. On each side lower down is another cross piece of wood, serving to hang pipes on. The walls are formed of beams of a similar thickness, but differing in length, leaving a hole at the top to serve as a chimney, and a door at the side. These are covered with a layer of bark, either of spruce, fir, or birch, and over that is another layer of wood like the first.—In the centre the fire is made on the ground, and the inhabitants lie round it. In the middle of the chimney hangs a pole, on which the pot is suspended over the fire.

The height of the hut is three ells, its greatest breadth at the base two fathoms.

They always construct their huts in places where they have ready access to clear cold springs.

The inhabitants sleep quite naked on skins of Rein-deer, spread over a layer of branches of dwarf birch *(betula nana)*, with similar skins spread over them. The sexes rise from this simple couch, and dress themselves promiscuously without any shame or concealment.

Having thus given an account of the Laplanders and Rein-deer as they appear at Mr. Bullock's attractive and interesting Museum; we shall, in our next, give some interesting anecdotes relative to the Laplanders, derived from various authentic sources.

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## ANGLO-NORMAN CAROL,

*Translated from a Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century, in the British Museum.* By Francis Douce, Esq.

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care.

In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassell keeps to-day;
And, as the King of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrouled sway.

Lordings, in these realms of pleasure,
Father Christmas early dwells;
Deals out joy with liberal measure,
Gloomy sorrow soon dispels;
Numerous guests, and viands dainty,
Fill the hall and grace the board;
Mirth and beauty, peace and plenty,
Solid pleasures here afford.

Lordings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
That on the needy much bestows,
From Heav'n a sure reward shall find,
From Heav'n whence every blessing flows.
Who largely gives the willing hand,
Or quickly gives with willing heart,
His fame shall spread throughout the land,
His mem'ry thence shall ne'er depart.

Lordings, grant not your protection,
To a base unworthy crew;
But cherish, with a kind affection,
Men that are loyal, good, and true.
Chase from your hospitable dwelling,
Swinish souls that ever crave;
Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
Gluttons never can be brave.

Lordings, Christmas loves good drinking,
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou;*
English ale, that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors old or new.
Every neighbour shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep,
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep.

And now, by Christmas, jolly soul!
By this mansion's generous sire!
By the wine and by the bowl,
And all the joys they both inspire!
Here I'll drink a health to all;
The glorious task shall first be mine,
And ever may foul luck befall
Him that to pledge me shall decline!

THE CHORUS.

Hail, Father Christmas; hail to thee!
Honour'd ever shalt thou be!
All the sweets that love bestows,
Endless pleasure wait on those,
Who, like vassals, brave and true,
Give to Christmas homage due.

* Gascoigne and Anjou being, at this time, under the dominion of the English sovereigns, were not regarded as part of France.

## ON PANTOMIME.

At the present season of the year, when the exhibition of Pantomime is one of the most fashionable and amusing features of the drama, it may not be improper or uninteresting to give our readers some little account of its origin, influence and general nature.

Pantomime is a dumb representation of some of the scenes of life, but more of the scenes of fancy— a mimicry of the actions of mankind, and in a moral point of view a general satire on the follies of the world; by uniting the most absurd fictions to the plainest truths, it is strongly calculated to please; and by exhibiting *in fact* the tendency of good or evil passions, is certain to do good.

The inventors of this art were two hitherto obscure Romans, named Pylades and Bathyllus, who, as we are told by Zozimus, were rivals in its profession in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Pantomime was a name given to the performer, not to the piece; and the admiration bestowed on this rank and species of comedian was at one time carried beyond that given to any other performer. Cassidorus indeeed has thus designated them: "Men whose eloquent hands had a tongue as it were on the top of each finger—men who spoke while they were silent, and knew how to make an entire recital without opening their mouths—men, in short, whom Polyhymnia had formed, in order to shew there was no necessity for articulating in order to convey our thoughts." Nor was the opinion confined; for we find some of the most eminent characters of this era so devoted to their performance, as to prefer them to all the tragedies and comedies of the most distinguished writers. Lucian, for instance, has declared himself a most zealous partizan of these comedians, and took the greatest pleasure in relating such facts as might be an honour to their profession. There is a fund of anecdote on record, handed down by him and other writers, to impress our minds with the favourable opinions entertained of them in their earliest days; but if they be true, they must have had more influence and power than those of this present moment. It appears to be one of the properties of a pantomime, to give an intelligible description of an action, and signify by its gesture the words taken in their proper sense; but it would seem by the authorities before us, that the Romans presumed even to inter-

pret metaphors, and words taken in a figurative sense; for we are told that Hilas, a disciple of Pylades, was executing a monologue after his method, which terminated with the words, "The Great Agamemnon;" and in order to give full and intelligible expression to them, made all the gestures of a man that wants to measure another bigger than himself, which Pylades censured by observing, that he appeared to make Agamemnon a *big* man, and not a *great* man: however, be their powers what they may, we should vastly like to have heard them express by signs, or any thing else but words, this sentence, "a beastly morning," a metaphorical expression very common in England, particularly at the pantomime season. As we cannot, however, bring any thing but traditionary testimony to the representations of these pantomimes, we are little capable to decide on the positive merits of the art, or in what manner it was possible to be executed with such astonishing and singular success. From this time of the Roman greatness, the art flourished for two centuries with very great success, and finally sunk in the general annihilation of the sciences and literature in general in that country. It lingered, however, and still does in Italy; in this country it has arrived at a state of perfection we should conceive much superior to that of the ancients, if we except the method of finger-speaking before alluded to, and for it we are indebted to the indefatigability of the late Mr. John Rich,* the original patentee and manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who, during a life of great industry, rendered pantomime the most fashionable entertainment of a Theatre Royal. Mr. R. was possessed of the greatest taste in that particular department, and spared no expense in their production. He had acquired considerable reputation by his own performance of the motley hero, under the assumed name of *Lun, junior* (being so designated in the bills of the day, and in the titles of the pantomimes which he published); and it is most probable, that the great reputation he obtained as *Harlequin* might have arisen in some measure from the splendour with which he produced these pieces, and from his being the first performer who had rendered the character at all intelligible in this country. To the strenuous exertions of Mr. Rich then we are altogether indebted for the rank which this species of entertainment has at length assumed in the dramatic amusements of the day. By comparison of our style of pantomime with that of the ancients, we may perhaps draw a very unfavourable conclusion for ourselves, and account in some sort for the preference shewn to it by them before tragedy or comedy; for their's was evidently a composition of fable taken from history, and made up of regular parts, by which means it became a considerable feature of the drama, and full of instruction and entertainment; while our's is an explosion of fidgetting, skipping and leaping, the fable of which is substituted by a jumble of mechanical deceptions, obviously calculated for no other purpose than to draw together the great and the little vulgar, at the expense of all taste and judgment: in some respects still we are like the ancients, for we prefer pantomimes to tragedy and comedy; but then the balance is in our favour, for we are made up of buffoonery, and that they never thought of. That the lovers of this art may not think us too severe with their understanding, we can tell them, that once or twice a season we quite agree with them in thinking a pantomime really a treat—*one fool they say*——!

* Mrs. Beard, daughter of Mr. Rich, and relict of J. Beard, Esq. patentee of Covent-Garden Theatre, died on 25th August, 1816, at Hampton, aged 92 years.

## LIGHT BREAD:

### A MORAL TALE!

A baker once—we'll say 'twas twice—
(For bakers are not over nice)
Sold bread far short of weight.
Injustice never triumphs long—
Attend the moral of my song,
And learn the baker's fate.

The officers of justice come,
Weigh all the bread, search every room,
And cause for blame find none;
But lingering ere they leave the shop,
(So gossips, when they meet, will stop
To talk: their duty done),

A magpie (let a bird for once
Disclaim the title of a dunce),
Cries out, "the faulty bread
Is in the cellar; trust my word,
And just for once believe a bird.
They did; as search was made,

The bread is found: but maggy's neck
Pays (a sad tribute) for the trick—
  The tell-tale dies that hour.
Stretch'd on the dunghill maggy lies,
Till life not yet extinct, supplies
  A momentary power.

Mag gains her legs, and looks around,
Where cold and dead upon the ground,
  A hapless piggy lay;
And thinking that a kindred fate
A kindred crime must indicate,
  To piggy posts away.

Mag raised her ear, and spent for breath,
(The pig, poor soul, was starved to death)
  In fault'ring accents said,
"What brings you here—a fellow fault?
What brings you here—have you said aught
  Of master's faulty bread?"

First learn from this, that when we stray
From wisdom's safe and pleasant way,
  And think our crimes are hid,
That still a little bird's at hand,
Which publishes to all the land
  The mercenary deed.

Next from the source of either fate
Learn like effects, don't indicate
  A same, a common cause.
See! poverty in irons swing,
Whilst kindred crimes obtain a king
  The thunders of applause. S. T.

## THROWING THE HATCHET.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—Observing in your amusing paper of last week an article on the Long-bow family, I beg to state to you a circumstance which fell within my own observation. I need not observe, that "throwing the hatchet," and "drawing a long-bow," are synonimous terms.

A gentleman lately died, who for many years frequented the parlour of the Cheshire-Cheese Tavern, Russell-court, carried in his waistcoat pocket a large card, on which was well delineated a large hatchet. When any person in the room was telling any story at all improbable, he used quietly to take out his card and hold it up to the company. The gentleman never speaking but when spoken to, and then only in monosyllables, you may judge what good effect it had. It was at last so well understood, that if any gentleman was *romancing*, the company used to call for the hatchet, which never failed to appear.

Yours, &c. C. J.

## THE MENDICANT ROBBER OF ORLEANS.

In 1747, a man was broke alive upon the wheel, at Orleans, for a highway robbery, and not having friends to take care of his body, when the executioner concluded he was dead, he gave him to a surgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theatre; as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms of this unhappy wretch had been broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him, he found life reviving, and by the application of proper cordials, he was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitation of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled that his two thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and loss of blood, he recovered, and in this situation the surgeon, by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart fifty leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the road side, close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier, who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot.

A drover returning from market, where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity, and being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver. "Alas," said the robber, "I cannot reach it—you see I have neither arms nor legs," (for he had concealed his arm which had been preserved behind his back) "so for the sake of heaven put your charitable donation into my pouch."

The drover approached him, and as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun being shining, he saw a shadow on the ground which caused him to look up, when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent, and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town, which was very near, and brought him prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him a whistle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a suspicion that he had accomplices in the wood; the magistrate, therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized, and

they arrived there within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud: and another whistle was heard from under ground, three men at the same instant rising from the midst of a bushy clump of brambles, and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants, and purposes of lust; the boy, scarcely twelve years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls in giving evidence deposed, that they had lived nearly three years in the cave, had been carried there by force from the high road, having never seen daylight from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day, and sat by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broken by several strokes, in several places, and the *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in torture nearly five days. When dead, his body was burnt to ashes, and strewed before the winds of heaven.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### A SPANISH INTERLUDE.

In the old popular anecdotes of most countries, there is to be found one of a woman, who, not willing to obey the commands of her husband, pretends to be dead, and yields not until she is upon the point of being buried. This trait of female obstinacy forms the subject of an old Spanish *entramese*, entitled, *Los Huebos*, "The Eggs." The obstinate couple are called Bendito and Merga: the scene is in a village. Bendito wishes to have some fried eggs for breakfast, but his wife refuses to fry them, as she is occupied in preparing a dress in which she is to appear at the procession of Corpus Christi, which is to take place the next morning at Seville. Bendito, nevertheless persists in his intention of breakfasting upon fried eggs.—Merga, "But I shan't fry any for you." Bendito, threatening to strike her. "Will you fry them?" Merga. "No, I shan't fry them." Bendito. "I insist upon it." At this critical moment a neighbour enters, and endeavours to put an end to the dispute, by offering to fry the eggs for Bendito; but the mulish husband will not allow any one but his wife to cook the eggs, and upon her still refusing, he proceeds to lay violent hands upon her: they are separated, and Merga escapes from the house. One of the neighbours reproaches Bendito with his brutality. "Fye, gossip," he says to him, "what a man you are; a box with the right hand, and another with the left, might have passed, but thus to continue beating your wife is not creditable:" he concludes by inviting him and his wife to breakfast. They depart together. The scene then changes to the interior of the church opposite the door of the sacristy. The curate calls the sacristan, who enters half-dressed in his ecclesiastical robes: they rehearse the ceremony of the *Fête Dieu*; that is, they execute a chorus and dance in honour of the holy sacrament. They are interrupted by a knocking at the door, and a villager called Llorente rushes in to say that Merga is at the point of death, in consequence of the ill treatment of her husband. They were both at table with Llorente, when the wife all of a sudden took into her head not to eat of the eggs that were prepared for breakfast. The husband put a plate of them before her, and said, "You shall eat them." Merga. "I will not eat them." Bendito. "By G— you shall eat them." On hearing which, the wife, without farther ceremony, took the plate and dashed it on the ground. The husband became furious, and recommenced beating his wife, who cried out so bravely, that she drew a crowd round the house; but Bendito still continued to beat her, swearing that she should eat them, or he would kill her. Merga then exclaimed, that she was dying, and Llorente came off for the priest and the doctor. The scene again changes, or rather it is supposed to change, for in those times there was but one decoration, which remained during the entire representation. We are now in Merga's bedchamber: the doctor arrives, feels the pulse of the castigated wife, and prescribes her a dose of fresh eggs! a singular remedy certainly for black eyes and bruises; but the author had need of the eggs, and the audiences of those days were not very

fastidious, provided they were made to laugh. "At present," said Bendito, "my wife will not refuse to eat the eggs." "Yes, but I will," replies Merga; "eat them I will not." Bendito again falls to beating her, saying, "The doctor orders you." One of the bye-standers interposes, and says, "She will eat them, if I offer them to her." Merga. "No, if the devil should offer them to me, I should not eat them." The husband quits the room; and Merga says to one of her female neighbours, "I shall pretend to be dead, and I hope that when my husband sees me borne out to be buried, he will repent of his obstinacy." The expedient is approved of, and Merga affects to be dead. The neighbour utters a cry of distress, which brings in the husband.—Bendito. "What's the matter?"—"Your wife is dead."—"And the eggs, has she eaten them?"—"No, she refused to the last moment."—Bendito (aside) "She pretends to be dead, in order not to eat them; (aloud) I must go out, and prepare her funeral." He goes out. The Neighbour. "Oh God! he is gone for the priest and the bearers." Merga. "No matter, let him do so." The sacristan and the priests in their surplices arrive, followed by Bendito in mourning, and the musicians. Whilst they are singing a *requiescat*, Bendito approaches his wife with an egg in his hand, and says, in a whisper to her, "Will you eat it?" "No." To which she replies, "No, I will allow myself to be buried first." They repeat the prayers for the dead, and at the word *Amen*, Bendito reiterates his demand—"Will you eat it?" "No." The sacristan orders the bearers to lift up the body; the priests and musicians recommence chaunting, and the procession sets forward; when, on a sudden, Merga starts up and cries, "Stop, stop, I'll eat the eggs." The priests, the sacristan, the musicians, and the crowd, all scamper away in a panic, making the sign of the cross, and crying, "Oh Jesus save us?" Bendito goes up to his wife, and says, "Will you eat the eggs?" "Oh yes, yes, yes." "How many?"—"A whole basket full, if you require it."—Certainly, there is more of puerility than art in this manner of treating a dramatic subject; yet it cannot be altogether denied, but that the predominant idea is a comic one, and which, if managed with more skill and tact, might even at the present day be made eminently pleasant upon the stage.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS.

The conversation of authors is not so good as might be expected; but, such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other. The proof of which is, that, when you are used to it, you cannot put up with any other. That of mixed company becomes utterly intolerable—you cannot sit out a common tea and card party, at least, if they pretend to talk at all. You are obliged in despair to cut all your old acquaintance who are not *au fait* on the prevailing and most smartly contested topics, who are not imbrued with the high gusto of criticism and *virtu*. You cannot bear to hear a friend whom you have not seen for many years, tell at how much a yard he sells his laces and tapes, when he means to move into his next house, when he heard last from his relations in the country, whether trade is alive or dead, or whether Mr. Such-a-one gets to look old. This sort of neighbourly gossip will not go down after the high-raised tone of literary conversation. The last may be very absurd, very unsatisfactory, and full of turbulence and heart-burnings; but it has a zest in it which more ordinary topics of news or family affairs do not supply. Neither will the conversation of what we understand by *gentlemen* and men of fashion, do after that of men of letters. It is flat, insipid, stale, and unprofitable, in the comparison. They talk about much the same things, pictures, poetry, politics, plays; but they do it worse, and at a sort of vapid second hand. They, in fact, talk out of newspapers and magazines, what *we write there*. They do not feel the same interest in the subjects they affect to handle with an air of fashionable condescension; nor have they the same knowledge of them, if they were ever so much in earnest in displaying it. If it were not for the wine and the dessert, no author in his senses would accept an invitation to a well-dressed dinner-party, except out of pure good-nature and unwillingness to disoblige by his refusal. Persons in high life talk almost entirely by rote. There are certain established modes of address, and certain answers to them expected as a matter of course, as a point of etiquette. The studied forms of politeness do not give the greatest possible scope to an exuberance of wit or fancy. The fear of giving offence destroys sincerity, and without sincerity there can be no true enjoyment of society, nor unfettered

exertion of intellectual activity. Those who have been accustomed to live with the great are hardly considered as conversible persons in literary society. They are not to be talked with, any more than puppets or echoes. They have no opinions but what will please; and you naturally turn away, as a waste of time and words, from attending to a person who just before assented to what you said, and whom you find, the moment after, from something that unexpectedly or perhaps by design drops from him, to be of a totally different way of thinking. This *bush-fighting* is not regarded as fair play among scientific men. As fashionable conversation is a sacrifice to politeness, so the conversation of low life is nothing but rudeness. They contradict you without giving a reason, or, if they do, it is a very bad one—swear, talk loud, repeat the same thing fifty times over, get to calling names, and from words proceed to blows. You cannot make companions of servants, or persons in an inferior station in life. You may talk to them on matters of business, and what they have to do for you (as Lords talk to bruisers on subjects of *fancy*, or country squires to their grooms on horse-racing), but out of that narrow sphere, to any general topic you cannot lead them; the conversation soon flags, and you go back to the old question, or are obliged to break up the sitting for want of ideas in common. The conversation of authors is better than that of most professions. It is better than that of lawyers, who talk nothing but *double entendres*—than that of physicians, who talk of the approaching deaths of the College, or the marriage of some new practitioner with some rich widow—than that of divines, who talk of the last place they dined at—than that of University-men, who make stale puns, repeat the refuse of the London newspapers, and affect an ignorance of Greek and mathematics—it is better than that of players, who talk of nothing but the Green-room, and rehearse the scholar, the wit, or the fine gentleman, like a part on the stage—or than that of ladies, who, whatever you talk of, think of nothing, and expect you to think of nothing, but themselves. It is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company; it is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say. You are afraid of pressing too hard upon them: but where you cannot differ openly and unreservedly, you cannot heartily agree. It is not so in France. There the women talk of things in general, and reason better than the men in this country. They are mistresses of the intellectual foils. They are adepts in all the topics. They know what is to be said for and against all sorts of questions, and are lively and full of mischief into the bargain. They are very subtle. They put you to your trumps immediately. Your logic is more in requisition even than your gallantry. You must argue as well as bow yourself into the good graces of these modern Amazons. What a situation for an Englishman to be placed in!*—*Ibid.*

# The Novelist.

## No. VII.

### THE WOODEN LEG.

*From the German of Gessner.*

On the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gaily from the hollow rocks, and Echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanch'd his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. "My son," said the old man, smiling, "do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me than are many to the most straight and active." "I don't doubt, father," replied the shepherd, "but it is very honourable to you, though I dare say another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you

* The topics of metaphysical argument having got into female society in France, is a proof how much they must have been discussed there generally, and how unfounded the charge is which we bring against them of excessive thoughtlessness and frivolity. The French (taken all together) are a more sensible, reflecting, and better-informed people than the English.

drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock."

*Old Man.* I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, "Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered o'er with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of harvest is with us rejoicing days."

*Young Shepherd.* He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

*Old Man.* But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses' hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of his standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'erleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: so we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but always forced to retire to the shelter of those hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still further. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought the nearest to me seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A Holy Father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring Heaven to aid us.—'Take care, good Father, of this warrior,' my deliverer cried, 'he has fought like a son of liberty!' He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some Saint of Paradise, or some Angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude.—The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior with tears in his eyes, said, "No, father; in this life you can never shew him you gratitude." The old man surprised, cried, "Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?"

*Young Shepherd.* I am much deceived if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

*Old Man.* Oh God! oh Angels of Heaven! was that generous man thy father?

*Young Shepherd.* He had a scar here (pointing to his left cheek); he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

*Old Man.* His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!

*Young Shepherd.* He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said, "Heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats."

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. "My child," he said to her, "he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united!" The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd: and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them, "My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals."

## Miscellanies.

### THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

"Ower true a Tale."

The following singular effusion was written by John Smith, a Greenwich Pensioner. About a fortnight ago the prisoner sent for a Gentleman, of Maidstone, on whom he laid a strong injunction to make public what he called a history of his life. The gentleman, on examining the paper, discovered it to be a concise narrative of the place of the prisoner's birth—his habits—and, finally, his motives for committing the murder, all described in doggrel verse. Although the production of an illiterate man, it is astonishing that the mind of a man nearly fourscore years old could, by any possibility, under circumstances so peculiarly awful, for a moment be so abstracted from his situation as he appears to have been. The levity of the concluding lines is not the least striking part of this extraordinary effusion.

The following is a literal copy of the original, which is in the hands of Mr. Agar:—

Lines dictated by John Smith, aged 78 years, who was executed on Pennenden Heath, on Monday, December 23, 1822, for the Wilful Murder of Catherine Smith, at Greenwich, on the 4th of October last.

In the County of Wicklow I was born'd
but now in Maidstone die in scorn
I once was counted a roving blade
but to my misfortune had no trade
women was always my downfall
but still I liked and loved them all
a hundred I have had in my time
when I was young and in my prime
women was always my delight
but when I got old they did me slight
a woman from London to me came
she said with You I would fain remain
if you will be constant Ill be true
I never want no Man but You—
and on her own Bible a Oath did take
that she never would me forsake
and during the time that I had Life
she would always prove a loving wife
and by that means we did agree
to live together she and Me—
but soon her vews and Oath did break
and to another Man did take
Which she fetch'd home with her to lay
and that prov'd her own destiny
So as Jack Smith lay on his bed
this notion strongly ran in his Head
then he got up with that intent
to find her out was fully bent
swearing if he found out her Oath she'd broke
he stick a knife into her throat
then to the Cricketers he did go
to see if he could find it out or no
not long been there before she come in
with this same fellow to fetch some Gin
then with A Knife himself brought in
immediately stab'd her under the Chin
and in five minutes she was no more
but there laid in her purple gore
Now to conclude and end my song
they are both dead dead and gone
they are both gone I do declare
gone they are but God knows where—

## CORAL REEFS.

The growth of coral reefs is among the most extraordinary operations of nature. It is caused by the agency of several small animals, or, more accurately speaking, insects of various species and sizes, which, at certain times, give an appearance of animation to the surface of the ocean for a considerable space. The reefs are never seen, however, to rise much above the water, but spread literally to a great extent, and that too in equal dimensions from the top downwards, which occasions their sides to be so precipitate, as to cause the approach of vessels, from their inability to take soundings, to be attended with great danger.

## IDOLATRY.

It is one of the common prejudices of the world, that the Greeks and Romans, as well as other nations of antiquity, were idolators. But is this, in strictness, the fact? That they worshipped false gods is, indeed, notorious; but that they worshipped images, which is the true meaning of idolatry*, cannot so easily be proved by any thing that occurs in the heathen writers. The very reverse, indeed, may be inferred from many passages. Such is that of Martial, where he says,

"Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus,
Non facit ille deos."

And again, when Ovid tells us that

—"Colitur pro Jove forma Jovis,"

he seems to allude to a practice that was strange and unknown in the adoration of the figure of Jupiter instead of the original. In short, it does not appear that the Pagans were more chargeable with idolatry in its strict sense than the Roman Catholics, who, even to this day, hold the pictures and images of their saints in peculiar reverence.

* Derived from the Greek words εἰδος, an image, and λαΐρευιεν, to serve.

## ASSASSIN.

The origin of this word, in its modern acceptation, is not generally known. The following brief account, collected from various sources, will supply the necessary explanation. The word assassin, is a corruption of "Hussunees," a tribe of fanatics, who appeared in Persia about the eleventh century, and whose chief was styled the Old Man of the Mountain. Their religion was founded in Mahomedanism, with a mixture of the visionary doctrines of the Sooffees* of Persia; and one of their leading dogmata was the metempsychosis, to which they added a belief in the divine inspiration of their Imans. A blind obedience to their chief was consequently one of their principles of action; and they were accordingly sent by him to foreign courts to murder the objects of his hate; and were also hired by other princes for the same purpose. Hence the modern idea attached to the term "assassin." The oriental historians make frequent mention of the enormities of the Hussunees, as do likewise those of the Crusaders, with whom the adaptation of the word to its present meaning, in all probability, had its origin.

## CHINESE DOCTORS.

It is said to be a custom in China, that the physicians of the Royal Household receive their salaries only during the time that his celestial majesty continues in good health, and consequently that as soon as he happens to be seized with any illness, the payment of salaries is suspended until his recovery. This appears a wiser practice than our own, by which the fees of the sons of Galen increase with the increase of the disorder.

## LEONTIUS PYLATUS.

Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, and was, with the assistance of Boccacio, the first translator of Homer into Latin, is represented to have been of a most hideous appearance. He was born at Thessalonica, and died, according to Petrarch's account, by clinging, during a storm, to the mast of a ship which was struck by a thunderbolt, whereby Pylatus was killed on the spot. Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe, has the following expressions: "This unhappy man left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius could find their way into so gloomy a soul." Such are the words

* The Arabic word *sooffee* means wise, and is thought to be derived from *saaf*, pure. Hence, perhaps, the Greek σοφος; or was it the latter word that was borrowed on this occasion by the Arabians?

of Petrarch. As Pylatus had, however, considerable talents for poetry, and was, moreover, a profound Greek scholar, we may say of him, with Horace, on a similar occasion:—

——"At ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."——

## MONKS AND FRIARS.

These two orders are often confounded by writers, especially writers of novels. Monachism was an old institution for laymen: and friars, or *freres*, were originally established in the thirteenth century, to oppose the Lollards by their preaching; on which account they wandered about as preachers and confessors, while the monks were chiefly confined to their respective houses. Lewis's "Monk" is, in fact, a friar.

## COCQUENAR.

It was a custom in Persia, and may be so still, to drink the juice of boiled poppies, called *Cocquenar*. This beverage made those who drank it at first merry and good-humoured; but its ultimate effect was invariably an extreme melancholy. Such, however, was its nature, that those who left it off after having for some time been habituated to it, generally died in consequence. So when Abbas the Great published an edict to prohibit the use of it, on account of its dismal effects on the constitution, a great mortality followed, which was only stopped at last by restoring the use of the prohibited beverage. And this was brought about by a whimsical stratagem of the king's jester, of which Sir John Chardin gives a very curious account, but it is too long to be inserted here.

## NEGRO ANECDOTES.

Negroes are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young, of Grenada, gave a black butcher, of the name of Caffee, a hog to kill; when the Captain went to see it, Caffee said, "Dis very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no lights." Captain Young—"that is strange, Caffee; let me see in the book." He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, turned over the leaves, and looked very earnest—"I see Caffee go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." Caffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said, "O, Massa, Caffee no go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." He restored them, and trembling, awaited his punishment. Captain Young only laughed, and made him a present of them. There was a black in Grenada, who had been on the Island of St. Kitt's, when Rodney defeated the French fleet; he had seen the action, and was never tired of speaking of it, nor his auditors of listening. He always concluded with this remark, "De French 'tand 'tiffer, but English 'tand far 'tiffer; do all de same as game cock, de die on the pot." The Dahomans (of Dahomy, a kingdom of Africa, on the coast of Guinea), in the beginning of the year 1727, had never seen a white man; and when their victorious prince and his army, in their route through Whidah, first met with some Europeans in the town of Tabi, they were so shocked at their complexion and their dress, that they were afraid to approach them, and could not be persuaded that they were men, till they heard them speak, by the Whidanese that these were the merchants who purchased all the slaves that were sold in Guinea.

## THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

A great deal has been said and written with respect to this celebrated act, but few of our readers, we believe, have a clear idea of the circumstances which led to its introduction. They are as follow:—

The Marchioness of Donegal was Miss May, and was the natural daughter of a gentleman celebrated for assisting persons of fashion with loans of money. Being married to the Marquis, she became the mother of several children, and particularly of the Earl of Belfast, the eldest son of the Marquis and herself, and heir of the titles and estates. The Earl of Belfast being arrived at manhood, was reported to be on the eve of marriage with the daughter of another nobleman. At this juncture, the Hon. Arthur Chichester, younger brother to the Marquis of Donegal, and heir of the titles and estates, should his brother die without lawful issue, came forward, and intimated his intention to dispute the validity of his brother's marriage with Miss May; contending that the lady called and calling herself Marchioness of Donegal, was still Miss May, or, at least, not lawfully married to his brother; and consequently that the Earl of Belfast and the other children were illegitimate; and that, as far as they were concerned, he was himself the actual heir presumptive. In this manner, at an advanced age, the Marquis and Marchioness found their marriage ques-

tioned, and their children described as illegitimate. The ground of this conduct on the part of Mr. Arthur Chichester, was the marriage of the Marquis by *license*, without the *consent* of any person authorized by the act of 1745. It will be observed, that had the marriage taken place by *bans*, this objection could not have been raised. One of the consequences of Mr. Arthur Chichester's intimation, was the postponement of the marriage of the Earl of Belfast; and, in the mean time, the Marquis and Marchioness commenced such proceedings in the spiritual court, as afforded the best chance of establishing the validity of their marriage; though their chance, in course of law, under the act of 1745, appears to have been small. The case of proceeding, then, in the Donegal case, was this, and in all similar cases is equally needful. The Marquis and Marchioness discontinued to live together, while the Marquis commenced a suit against the Marchioness, in the nature of an *amicable suit* in Chancery, for what, in the language of the spiritual courts, is called, "jactitation," or assumption of marriage, thereby requiring the Marchioness to show upon what pretence she called herself his wife, and why she should not be forbidden so to do; and therefore also affording to the Marchioness an opportunity to establish, if possible, the validity of the marriage by legal evidence, which evidence would then become matter of record for posterity, and demonstrate the legitimacy of the children.—This, it appears, could not be accomplished, and the act was introduced, in order that its retrospective clauses might succeed where a straight-forward course had failed.

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## DIALOGUE

*Between an English Gentleman on his Arrival in Ireland, and Terence, his Servant, a Native of that Country.*

*Master.* Does it rain?

*Terry.* No, Sir.

*Master.* I see the sun shines—*Post nubila Phœbus.*

*Terry.* The *post* has not come in yet.

*Master.* How long did you live with Mr. T.?

*Terry.* In troth, Sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life, and a great deal longer, if I pleased.

*Master.* What made you leave him?

*Terry.* My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, &c.

*Master.* Was not your master a proud man?

*Terry.* The proudest man in the kingdom; for he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

*Master.* What age are you now?

*Terry.* I am just the same age of Paddy Lahy: he and I were born in a week of each other.

*Master.* How old is he?

*Terry.* I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself.

*Master.* Were you born in Dublin?

*Terry.* No, Sir, I might if I had a mind; but I preferred the country. And, please God, if I live and do well I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

*Master.* You can write, I suppose?

*Terry.* Yes, Sir, as fast as a dog can trot.

*Master.* Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

*Terry.* Why, Sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat. And if you travel by land, either in a chaise, or on horseback; and those that can't afford either one or t'other, are obliged to trudge it on foot.

*Master.* Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

*Terry.* Faith, Sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

*Master.* I believe your roads are passably good.

*Terry.* They are all passable, Sir, if you pay the turnpike.

*Master.* I am told you have an immense number of horned cattle in this country.

*Terry.* Do you mean cuckolds, Sir?

*Master.* No, no: I mean black cattle.

*Terry.* Faith, we have, Sir, plenty of every colour.

*Master.* But I think it rains too much in Ireland.

*Terry.* So every one says: but Sir Boyle says, he will bring in an Act of Parliament in favour of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. God bless him: it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

*Master.* As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have abundance of fish.

*Servant.* The best ever water wet. The first fish in the world, except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you

a lie; if you were at the Boyne, you could get salmon and trout for nothing, and if you were at Ballyshanny, you'd get them for less.

*Master.* Were you ever in England?

*Servant.* No, Sir, but I'd like very much to see that fine country.

*Master.* Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea.

*Servant.* Faith, master, I'd rather walk it than pay half of the money.

## BURNING OF HINDOO WIDOWS.

The following account of the still prevalent performance of this horrid rite is contained in a letter from Calcutta, dated July 13, 1822:—"Much has been said here respecting the paragraphs in the English newspapers, recommending the Government to interfere and put a stop to the practice of Hindoo widows immolating themselves on the death of their husbands. In many of these it was stated that force had been used, and that at the time of the firing of the pile the women have been in a state of intoxication. I am induced to believe that force was never used, nor inebriety ever resorted to, to induce the widows to burn themselves with their deceased husbands; on the contrary, endeavours are exerted to the utmost by the family, relations, and neighbours, to restrain the unfortunate suttees from such abominable practice and inhuman conduct, but without effect. If a widow were ever seen to escape from her husband's funeral pile, as stated in some of your papers, she might not possibly be a real suttee, but a common woman, who had attempted to immolate herself through affectedness or emulation, but could not suffer the flame, while a suttee is never taught to fear the fire, but cheerfully throws herself into the flame. It is no doubt a voluntary act that proceeds from religious faith. I, being a native, have witnessed myself some cases of this nature.—About two years ago, a daughter of Ramlochur Roy, of Chukrubar (near Calcutta, under the jurisdiction of twenty-four Pergunnahs) had been brought to bed of a child. When it was twenty days old, her husband died in this city, and after the performance of his funeral ceremony, her father returned home. On receiving this unhappy intelligence, the mother of the deceased began to lament the loss of her son. The widow seemed not concerned in the least, but began to soothe the mother, telling her to recollect what she must do at the demise of her husband, and the unfortunate widow concluded by requesting her father to conduct her to her husband's house in the city, informing him that she had resolved to burn herself after the Ushochu, or thirty days from child-birth. Her father, as well as many other persons, endeavoured to persuade her from such a cruel intention, telling her that she was not permitted by the Shastra to do so, but all their persuasions were vain. She at last proceeded to Calcutta, and delivered her child to her husband's brother, telling him at the same time that she was no longer the mother of that child, and that he might preserve it in any way he pleased. From the moment she heard the news of her husband's death she declined taking any necessary food for life, but frequently solicited all persons in the family to procure a pass from the Police and the Magistrates of the 24 Pergunnahs. In short, the pass was obtained with great difficulty, after the trouble of a week, during which she grew so feeble that she could not stir without assistance, but on the receipt of the news of the pass, she appeared quite gay, proceeded to Kaleeghat in a palankin, and burned herself with a pillow of her deceased husband. Another event of a similar nature occurred also in this city. Deewan Ubhoy Churan Mitre, a respectable native of this place, happened to die at Furrokahad; his widow, at Calcutta, on receipt of this intelligence, expressed her intention to burn herself with something belonging to her husband. Her children now became alarmed, and some of them threw themselves at her feet, and earnestly entreated her not to do so, but she paid no regard to their words, but immolated herself.—Thousands of cases of the like nature are known to have occurred in all the provinces, and even sanctioned by the Magistrates of the respective places, who never suffered them to burn until they were fully satisfied nothing could swerve them from their determination.

## THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

Among the numerous buildings which raised Rome to its zenith of architectural splendour, none ever held a more distinguished place than the now sublime and stupendous ruins of the Coliseum. For whether we survey for a moment the beauty of the workmanship, the outlines of the materials, or the high soaring mind that designed such a glorious edifice, we consider it as a splendour alone befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the mu-

nificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. It was built under the favourable auspices of Vespasian, the tenth Emperor, who employed in the construction of it alone, thirty thousand Jewish captives, who certainly did not deteriorate in the smallest degree from their ancestors in the building of Solomon's temple.—Its lofty wall, towering in sublime grandeur above the circumjacent buildings, consisted of four arcades, supported by polished pillars of the Corinthian, Ionic, Composite, and Doric orders; and, however astonished the mind might have been on viewing the exterior, yet the imagination became lost, the eye fixed upon entering. Its marble walls, its innumerable statues of gods and heroes, the spacious arena, the motley multitude, above, below, and on every side; from the lordly senators reclining on their silken couches, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads that skirted the horizon. The Amphitheatre was calculated to hold eighty-five thousand sitting, and twenty-five thousand standing, and when any motion went simultaneously through their assembly, such as rising up, or sitting down, it could be compared to nothing else but the sullen roaring of the unfathomable sea, or the rushing of a mighty wind through the forest. Such a scene could no where be contemplated without inspiring a certain degree of pleasurable awe, surrounded as they were with every circumstance of pomp and splendour. But for what purpose was this mighty edifice built? Why, to exhibit horrible combats of the gladiators, one of the foulest blots of paganism, and the hunting of wild beasts. When the name of a Roman struck their enemies with terror, and her citizens lived in a republican purity, the gladiators were chosen from among the criminals, and the lower class of plebeians; but her proud senators, enervated by luxury, were destined to see the time when one of her kings should enter the lists, and become ambitious of a gladiator's fame. Elated by the praises of those around him, Commodus resolved to exhibit before the Roman people his skill in the gymnastic exercises. On the appointed day the motives of fear and flattery attracted to the theatre an innumerable multitude of spectators: and some degree of applause was deservedly bestowed on the imperial performer. With arrows whose points were in the form of a crescent, Commodus intercepted the rapid career, and cut asunder the long neck of the ostrich, the dens of the amphitheatre disgorged at once a hundred lions, a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead as they ran raging round the arena; the rarest beasts of Asia and Africa by turns were let loose and slain. But the meanest of the people were filled with shame and indignation when they beheld their sovereign enter the lists as a gladiator. He chose the habit and accoutrements of the Secutor, who was armed with a helmet, sword, and buckler; his naked antagonist had only a large net and a trident, with the one he tried to entangle, with the other to despatch his adversary: in this character the emperor fought seven hundred and thirty-five several times. But changed is now the scene; no longer do the walls resound with the deafening peals of tumultuous applause, the triumphant shouts of the conquering, or the groans of the dying gladiator. The Goths, Vandals, and other barbarians of the north, when they inundated Rome, were content with despoiling it of its statues and ornaments, and left the building a lasting monument of fallen greatness. But more barbarous christians, from a desire to perpetuate their names by the richness of their palaces, have by degrees destroyed the principal part. Yet even in its present state of desolation and ruin it will last for ages yet unborn, till at last, in the general wreck of matter, it will lie buried amidst the chaotic mass of the world.

T. L.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury attended the Queen in her last moments; he endeavoured to console her by saying she had every thing to hope from the mercy of the Almighty, for her piety, her zeal, and the admirable reformation she had so happily established. The Queen, who had turned to the other side of the bed, interrupted the Archbishop by saying, "My Lord, the crown which I wore for so many years, made me sufficiently vain while I lived, I beg you will not now increase my vanity, when I am so near death." After this her respiration failed, and she fell into an agony which lasted eighteen hours, and then expired.

IRISH LAW.—The following extract from an affidavit read in the Court of Common Pleas, in Dublin, is alike illustrative of the manner in which legal process is executed in the sister Island, and of the *precision* with which legal instruments are drawn :—

"And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance ; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent hath since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) *soul to hell*,' which this deponent verily *believes he would have done*, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

ROPE DANCER.—At the entrance of Isabel of Bavaria into Paris, wife of Charles VI. a Bavarian fastened a rope from the top of the tower of Notre Dame, to one of the houses within the 'Change Bridge. He descended, dancing upon the rope, with a lighted flambeau in each hand; he passed between the blue taffety curtains, ornamented with large golden *fleur-de-lis*, which covered the bridge; he fixed a crown upon Isabel's head, and re-ascended upon his rope into the air. The chronicle adds, as this was done in the night, he was seen in all parts of Paris and its environs.

A King of France inquired of one of his Ministers the difference between a Whig and a Tory. "Please your Majesty, I conceive the difference to be merely nominal. The Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs Tories when they have got them."

GEORGE I.—When some one reminded this monarch how happy he was to be King of England and Elector of Hanover at the same time, he very nobly replied, "I am prouder of being able to say that I have two such subjects as Newton and Leibnitz in my dominions, than to say I reign over the

ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING POULTRY.—In the early part of this year, a person, then residing at Brayton, purchased a hen for which was paid 1*s*. During the summer she sat upon eleven duck eggs, out of which she hatched and reared ten; these were sold for 1*s*. each.—She afterwards brought up thirteen chickens (three of her eggs having been destroyed) which were sold for 6*d*. a-piece. This prolific bird was at last sold for her original cost, having thus produced 16*s*. 6*d*. in little more than six months.

THEATRICAL BON MOT.—When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of Bellamira was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, that there was so much fire in his play, that it blew up poet, house, and all. "No (replied the good-natured author) the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

M. DURAND, in his *Voyage to Senegal*, relates that the crew of a French vessel, which had arrived in the river of St. Domingo, on the coast of Africa, observed an elephant sticking in the mud in such a manner that he could not disengage himself. The sailors thought that it would be easy to take him, and accordingly fired muskets at him, which did not kill him, but put him in a rage. They could not get near enough to spear him; and being little accustomed to this sort of hunting, they did not know the parts where he might be wounded with the greatest effect. The elephant could neither run away from nor approach his assailants; he therefore, in despair, took up the mud with his trunk, and threw it in such quantities into the ship, that the sailors were obliged to tow their vessel off. As the tide set in, they observed the elephant disengage himself and swim to shore.


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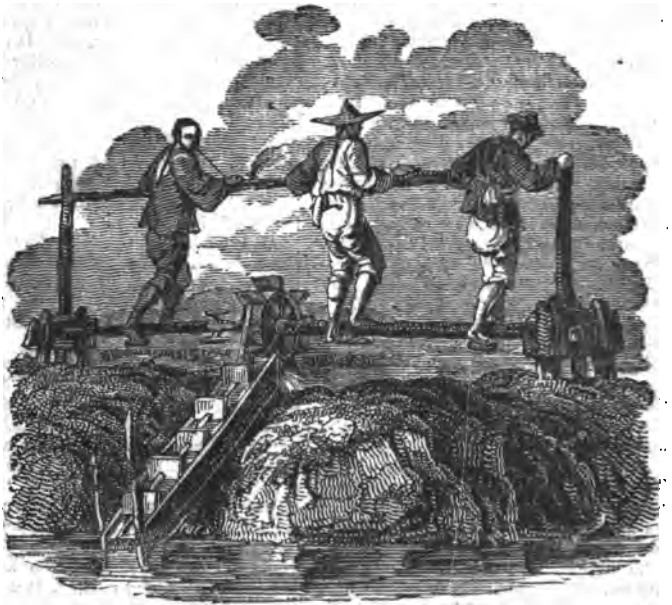
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. X.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1823. [Price 2d.


## The Chinese Tread-Wheel.



"There is nothing new under the Sun," said Solomon; but if 'the wisest man the world e'er saw,' had lived in the nineteenth century, and beheld men diving to the bottom of the ocean or ascending in the air: if he had seen vessels crossing the Atlantic propelled by steam, and regardless of wind or tide, and had his splendid Temple lighted with gas: or, last not least, if he could have got our two-and-thirty columns of "Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," and an Engraving to boot, for two-pence, he would, perhaps, have qualified the assertion. There is, however, no doubt that the proverb is good in a general sense, and that many inventions which are deemed original, are but improvements on former suggestions: and the public will, perhaps, be surprised to learn, that the much-talked-of tread-mill, of which we have so accurate an engraving and description, in the First Number of the Mirror, is borrowed from the Chinese.

We would not have our readers to mistake us, or to suppose that the Chinese are so depraved as to require such steps as those of a tread-mill to be taken for the reformation of offenders. To cast such an imputation on this singular people, would be enough to make them refuse sending us another pound of tea, or at least to require that we should be sent to the Emperor to expiate our offence by the kouto, or some much worse humiliation. In saying that the tread-mill is borrowed from the Chinese, we allude to the mechanical principle on which it is constructed. This principle is applied by the Chinese to a chain pump, and is one of the modes used for raising water from rivers for irrigating their lands.

The Chinese, ignorant of the principle of the common pump, raise water either by a machine resembling the Persian wheel, or by a chain pump, the chambers of which, instead of being cylindrical, are universally square. Of this pump, the Engraving in our present number is a correct representation, and the slightest glance will show its similarity to the Tread-Mill.

In the Chinese Tread-Mill or Tread-

Pump, the inside of a hollow wooden trunk is divided in the middle by a board into two compartments; a chain made to turn over a small wheel or roller at each extremity of the trunk, is fastened to flat and square pieces of wood, nicely fitted to the capacity of the cavity. These, called lifters, move with the chain round the rollers, and raise a volume of water proportionate to the dimensions of the hollow trunk. The power to work this machine may be applied different ways. When it is intended to raise a great quantity, sets of wooden arms, in the form of the letter T, are affixed to the lengthened axis of the rollers, and smoothed for the foot to rest upon. The axis is made to turn upon two wooden uprights, rendered steady by a piece of timber stretched across them. Men, by treading upon the projecting parts of the wooden arms, supporting themselves at the same time by a cross beam, give a rotary motion to the chain, and the lifters, being attached to it, raise up a constant and abundant stream of water.

Having thus stated the origin of the Tread-Mill, which is evidently Chinese, we have to notice a new application of its powers, by Mr. Van Heythuysen, to the propelling of barges on canals. The object is to obviate the use of horses. The apparatus is made light, and separable from the barge; and it is found that two men can propel a barge by it, at the rate of five miles an hour. The saving of the expense of horses and track roads promises to make this application of human power very valuable.

## THE LAPLANDERS.

In our last we gave a description and engraving of the Rein-deer, and we now proceed to give a brief notice of the Laplanders. These innocent people devote their whole care to the management of the rein-deer, occasionally housing and herding their herds in winter, and attending them, during the summer, to the tops of the mountains. They understand all the arts of the dairy, and from the milk of their deer prepare many of their most nourishing and agreeable repasts. In their houses the Laplanders make the fire in the centre of the floor, and round it are spread the rein-deer skins on a few birch twigs, on which they sit in the day and sleep at night.

The Laplanders wear on their head a small cap, made with eight seams, covered with strips of brown cloth, the cap itself being of a greyish colour. This reaches no lower than the tips of the ears. Their outer garment, or jacket, is open in front half way down the bosom, below which part it is fastened with hooks. The jacket, when loose, reaches below the knees; but as it is usually tied up with a girdle, it scarcely reaches so far, and is sloped off at the bottom. The collar is of four fingers' breadth, thick, and stitched with thread. They wear no stockings. Their breeches, made of the coarse and slight woollen cloth of the country, called *malmal*, reach down to their feet, tapering gradually to the bottom, and are tied with a bandage over their half-boots.

All the needle-work is performed by the women. They make their thread of the sinews in the legs of the rein-deer, separating them, while fresh, with their teeth, into slender strings, which they twist together.

The Laplander is said to consume ten times more flesh than a Swedish peasant; a family of four persons devour a deer in a week: they eat the glutton, squirrel, bear, martin, beaver, and, in short, every living creature they can catch, except wolves and foxes. "Every day (says Von Buch), I have seen rein-deer flesh cooked in their huts for the whole family, and generally of young fawns, in large iron kettles. When the flesh was cooked, it was immediately torn asunder by the master of the house with his fingers, and divided among the family; and the eagerness with which each person received his allowance, and the rapidity with which they strove, as for a wager, to tear it with their teeth and fingers, are almost incredible. In the meantime the broth remains in the kettle, and is boiled up with thick rein-deer milk, with rye or oatmeal, and sometimes, though seldom, with a little salt. This broth is then distributed, and devoured with the same hungry avidity. The Sea-Laplander, on the other hand, has only fish, or fish livers with train oil, and never has either the means or opportunity of preparing such costly soups. The former not only relishes his flesh, but finds in it a strong nourishment. In fact, how few boors in Norway or Sweden, or even in Germany, can compare their meals, in point of nutrition, with this! In winter, the food of the Laplanders is more multifarious. They then catch an incredible number of ptarmigans, wood grouse, and a number of other wild birds, partly to eat, and partly to sell. They not unfrequently also shoot a bear, which they eat like the Norwegian peasants. They

love with Rowena, the niece of Hengist, the Saxon warrior. She presented the Prince with a bowl of spiced wine, saying in Saxon, "*Waes Heal Hlaford Cyning*," which signified, "Be of health, Lord King." Vortigern married her, and thus his kingdom fell to the Saxons. Waes-heil thus became the name of the drinking cup of the Anglo-Saxons, and those cups were afterwards constantly used at public entertainments.

In parts of the country remote from the metropolis, the singing of Christmas carols yet usher in the morning. After breakfast the busy housewife prepares her plum-puddings, mince-pies, and confectionary, which she decorates with the emblems of the time; a scratch in the dough in the shape of a hay-rack, denoting the manger of the infant Saviour, is one of those emblems most commonly in use. The younger part of the household hunt the garden for evergreens to decorate the interior of the apartments; and the woods are sought to bring home the misletoe, which is to be suspended in the room where the pleasures of the evening are to take place, and beneath which the "sighing lips," as Moore calls them, of many a lovely girl still continue to be pressed, despite of that coy resistance and those blushes that so much heighten the charms of beauty. They also paint candles of different colours to be lighted up in the evening; a custom, perhaps, borrowed from ancient Romish practice; though some imagine that lighting up houses formed a part of the worship of the Teutonic God, Thor, being one of the ceremonies observed at Juultide, or the feast of Thor, from which it was introduced into the Christian feast of Christmas. Thus, if some part of our Christmas ceremonies was derived from the Saturnalia, another was evidently of Northern origin. The misletoe was a plant held sacred by the Druids.—The Christmas carols also were, it is probable, Juul or Ule-songs first sung in honour of the heathen deity; and the use of evergreens may be ascribed to the same origin. In the evening, the Ule-log, or Christmas-stock, as at present denominated, is placed on the fire in the principal apartments of the house. The company seat themselves round it, and the cheerful cup is yet handed about, which often contains nothing more than ale in the cottages of the peasantry.

What remains to modern times of Christmas gambols then commences, and ancient Christian plays are even still plainly to be traced among them. Blindman's-buff, hunt the slipper, the game of the goose, snap-dragon, push-pin, and dancing, form the amusements of the younger part of the assemblage, and cards the elder; though among the more substantial people, as they are denominated in the language of the country-folks, the simpler amusements begin to lose their value. But their very simplicity recalls the memory of past-times; they have a certain charm about them worth all that is artificial, and they would not be bereft of attraction to minds of sensibility, if they were wholly abandoned to the lowly: for they have that in them which is far more endearing than the sordid heartlessness of fashionable entertainments, and the formality of high life. Bereft of superstition, Christmas is then a season of innocent mirth—a pleasing interlude to lighten and beguile the horrors of our inclement winters. It affords a period for the exhibition of hospitable greetings, and the pleasing interchange of good offices, of which, in the country, opportunities are rare. How many innocent hearts rejoice there at anticipating the season and its festivities, whose feelings have never been chilled by the artificial, circulating, and calculating civilities of Metropolitan intercourse. But the humbler ranks have been accused of superstition because the stocking is still thrown, the pod with nine peas hid over the door, and all the little ceremonies so admirably depicted by Burns in his Hallowe'en still practised. These, however, are now generally looked upon as a diversion, and few have faith in their efficacy; for in our days the poor have as good common sense as their superiors. These diversions come to them but once a year, and it is to be hoped that they may long continue to practise them. There is not, perhaps, any part of Great Britain in which Christmas is kept so splendidly as in Yorkshire. The din of preparation commences for some weeks before, and its sports and festivities continue beyond the first month of the new year. The first intimation of Christmas, in Yorkshire, is by what are there called the *vessel-cup singers*, generally poor old women, who, about three weeks before Christmas, go from house to house, with a waxen or wooden doll fantastically dressed, and sometimes adorned with an orange, or a fine rosy-tinged apple. With this in their hands, they sing or chaunt an old carol, of which the following homely stanza forms a part:—

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

The image of the child is, no doubt, intended to represent the infant Saviour; and the vessel-cup is, most probably, the remains of the *wassail-bowl*, which anciently formed a part of the festivities of this season of the year.

Another custom, which commences at the same time as the vessel-cup singing, is that of the poor of the parish visiting all the neighbouring farmers to beg corn, which is invariably given to them, in the quantity of a full pint, at least to each. This is called *mumping*, as is the custom which exists in Bedfordshire, of the poor begging the broken victuals the day after Christmas-day.

Christmas-eve is, in Yorkshire, celebrated in a peculiar manner: at eight o'clock in the evening the bells greet "old father Christmas" with a merry peal, the children parade the streets with drums, trumpets, bells, or perhaps, in their absence, with the poker and shovel, taken from their humble cottage fire; the yule candle is lighted, and

High on the cheerful fire
Is blazing seen th' enormous Christmas brand.

Supper is served, of which one dish, from the lordly mansion to the humblest shed, is, invariably, furmety*; yule cake, one of which is always made for each individual in the family, and other more substantial viands, are also added. Poor Robin, in his Almanack for the year 1676 (speaking of the winter quarter), says, "and lastly, who would but praise it, because of Christmas, when good cheer doth so abound, as if all the world were made of mince-pies, plum-pudding, and fermety."—And Brand says, "on the night of this eve our ancestors were wont to light candles of an enormous size, called Christmas candles."

To enumerate all the good cheer which is prepared at this festival, is by no means necessary. In Yorkshire, the *Christmas pie* is still a regular dish, and is regularly served to the higher class of visitants, while the more humble ones are tendered yule cake, or bread and cheese, in every house they enter during the twelve days of Christmas. The Christmas pie is one of the good old dishes still retained at a Yorkshire table; it is not of modern invention. Allan Ramsay, in his Poems, tells us, that among other baits by which the good ale-wife drew customers to her house, that she never failed to tempt them—

Ay at *yule* whene'er they came,
*A bra' goose-pie.*

The Christmas pie of the present day is like that described by Allan Ramsay, and generally consists of a goose, sometimes two, and that with the addition of half-a-dozen fowls.—Such is the existing celebration of Christmas in Yorkshire, and, we believe, in some other parts of England; but these venerable customs are becoming every year less common: the *sending of presents* also, from friends in the country to friends in town at this once cheerful season, is, in a great measure, obsolete: "nothing is to be had for nothing" now; and, without the customary bribe of a *barrel of oysters*, or a basket of fish, we may look in vain for arrivals by the York Fly, or the Norwich Expedition:—

*Few presents* now to friends are sent,
Few hours in merry-making spent;
Old-fashioned folks there are, indeed,
Whose hogs and pigs at Christmas bleed,
Whose honest hearts no modes refine,
They send their *puddings* and their *chine.*
No Norfolk *turkeys* load the waggon,
Which once the horses scarce could drag on;
And, to increase the weight with these,
Came their attendant *sausages.*
Should we not then, as men of *taste*,
Revive old customs gone and past?
And (fie for shame!) without reproach,
Stuff, as we ought, the *Bury* coach?
With strange old kindness, send up presents,
Of *partridges* and dainty *pheasants.*

---

* Furmety, from *frumentum*, wheat. It is made of "creed wheat, or wheat which, after being beaten for some time with a wooden mallet, is then boiled and eaten with milk, sugar, nutmeg, &c.

## GIN-TWIST.

Scott, Byron, and Campbell, Crabbe,
Rogers, and Moore,
With of *Cockneys* and *Lakeites* a list
I've printed; but, alas! their productions are poor,
Compared with the lines on gin-twist.

The *spirit* that breathes through those verses admired,
Dispersing of dulness the mist,
Evinces that their author was truly inspired
By his glorious subject, gin-twist,

With rapture I read when they first met my sight,
Nor once felt inclined to desist
Till I'd swallowed (in fancy, I mean,) with delight,
A full alehouse quart of gin-twist.

'Twas a vision, and soon I awoke all forlorn,
And exclaimed (with raised eye and clenched fist),
Ah! where have I lived? and oh! why was I born?
Since I can't make a jug of gin-twist.

Now Christmas is coming, when care turns his back,
And frolicsome lasses are kissed;
How loud were each laugh, and how hearty each smack,
If I knew how to make this gin-twist.

On the brow of a friend should a frown but arise,
How easily then 'twere dismissed
With "cast off all clouds, pleasure seize as it flies,
And here take a drop of gin-twist."

Then should some good fellow the secret possess,
And me with his knowledge assist,
May he never experience the cutting distress,
Of longing in vain for gin-twist.

H. L. B.

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## JANE SHORE.

Jane Shore was daughter of a citizen of London; her youth and beauty being her chief portion, she was induced to marry, much against her inclination, Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldsmith, in Lombard-street, a person extremely rich, but much advanced in years. The fame of this lady, far from being confined within the limits of the city, soon reached the ears of his Majesty; for Edward IV. made his addresses to her and won her. Her husband left England, she repaired to Court, and shone with splendour in the sphere of gaiety and festivity. Historians represent her as extremely beautiful, remarkably cheerful, and of most uncommon generosity. The King, they further tell us, was not less captivated with her temper than her person, for that she never spoke ill of, nor endeavoured to prejudice him against, any one. She often indeed importuned him, but it was ever in behalf of the unfortunate. She scorned to be rewarded for her good offices, and her riches were therefore trifling, when she came to fall into misfortune. By all the accounts we have of this lady, she had as many excuses for frailty as ever fell to any woman's share. Her mind was formed for magnificence, as her heart was for virtue; both could not be gratified, and virtue sunk in the unequal struggle: yet with so much modesty did she employ the ascendancy she got over Edward, that even the pride of his Queen, the most sensible sufferer, was never offended at their intimacy. The friendship she had gained by her munificence, her benevolence, and affability, had made her considerable, even in the beginning of this reign. Upon the death of Edward it was that her scene of adversity began to shew itself. With the amiable Lord Hastings she continued her unlawful intercourse. But so much was this Nobleman devoted to the love of his Royal master, that never till the death of the King did he discover his passion for the favourite mistress. And now, both she and her Noble Lord began to shew themselves so unalterably devoted to the young King and his brother, as to render themselves objects of hatred to the protector, Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. who looked upon them as the main obstacles of his deep-laid ambition. To give some colour to his proceedings against Hastings, whom he caused suddenly to be beheaded, he directed the Sheriff of London to arrest Mrs. Shore as his accomplice, and sent her to the Tower for examination. But nothing, except her unlawful connection with Edward and Hastings, appearing against her, it was matter of indignation and ridicule to the people, to see the formidable charge of treason and witchcraft terminate in a single penance. This, however, she was obliged to perform on the Sunday morning next following; being brought clothed in a white sheet, by way of procession, from the Bishop of London's palace to St. Paul's church, with the cross carried before her, and a wax-taper in her hand. This sentence she underwent with a behaviour so graceful, but so resigned, that the penalty of her crime became as it were a triumph over her beholders hearts. Nor was her punishment confined to her person only; for the Protector seized the little fortune she had made, about two or three thousand marks, and ordered her house to be rifled. It has been said also, that his hatred pursued her to such extremity, that it was dangerous after this for any one to accommodate her with lodging, or the common necessaries of life. Thus

far the generality of historians. There have not been wanting some, however, of a very different opinion, who will not allow Richard to have been the tyrant he is generally represented. They urge that the nation was overwhelmed with ignorance, so that scarce a man in it was able to write except the monks; that these men therefore had it in their power to represent people just as they pleased; that neither Richard II. nor III. were friends to churchmen; that therefore the accounts of such writers cannot strictly be considered as authentic, inasmuch as they may be grounded upon resentment and malice rather than direct fact. It is added, that some of the monks, taking occasion to cry out against the sin of adultery, and exclaiming against Jane Shore, she was delivered over to the spiritual power, and that they laid their own usage to the charge of Richard. Mr. Rowe seems to have built his tragedy upon the foundation of an old historical ballad, which not only adopts the cruel order of Richard, but that she perished with hunger in a loathsome place, since called Shoreditch. Whatever the severity might be that was exercised against her, certain it is she found support, and was alive (and sufficiently wretched) under the reign of Henry VIII. It appears that Sir Thomas More knew her, but, alas! without the least remains of her former beauty. "Proper she was," says this great man, "and fair, nothing in her body you would have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Albeit some that now see her, deem her never to have been well visaged. Whose judgment seemeth to me somewhat like, as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house: for now she is old, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin and hard bone. At this day," says he, "she begged of many, at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not bene."

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ON SHOOTING WITH A LONG BOW.

Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
*To see ourse'l's as others see us,*
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—BURNS.

"Shooting with a long bow" is a figurative expression for a very prevalent, but contemptible practice, which I should find it difficult to define in terms more significant or concise than those I have just used. Allow me, however, without a figure, and in plain parlance, to state more at length what is included in the phrase, "Shooting with a long bow." The simple meaning then, is nothing more or less than telling what is not true, and, in consequence, the narrator is a LIAR! Truth is the mark at which he should aim; but the farther he shoots beyond it, or the wider the aim he takes, the longer is the bow which he draws. In the application of this phrase there is, however, one, and only one peculiarity, which, in some degree, may claim the privilege of a saving point, and which it is but fair to mention. The man to whom so odious a description is usually applied, is not a deliberate liar. He would scorn to frame, utter, and circulate, a falsehood which would either directly or indirectly injure the life, the property, or the good name of any individual. It is quite probable that the shooter with the long bow may be free of all malice, or of any tincture of envy, or the spirit of detraction. The sin which so easily besets him is not that of a wicked tongue, seeking to injure and degrade the character or talents of another person, but that of a vain tongue, seeking to exalt himself in his own, and in the opinion of others. At one time, he adds to the truth, at another, he takes from it; now, his statement is founded on fact—now, it is all fiction; but he is at all times, and upon all such occasions, simply burning incense at the shrine of his own vanity, and just mixing truth with falsehood, and facts with fancy, in such proportions as he thinks will best serve to make his acquaintances stare with admiration and astonishment, and think more highly of him than sober truth would warrant. But a question naturally suggests itself here—does he succeed in this? He does not—and let him mark the consequence. After deceiving himself for a long time (his friends being undeceived in a very short time), he finds, to his mortification, that he has deceived nobody but himself, and that the higher he has endeavoured to exalt his character and talents above their *true* standard, the lower he has sunk them in the estimation of those who have discovered at once his want of modesty and veracity. Making this unpleasant discovery, he begins, when perhaps it is too late, to endeavour to establish

his character upon a better foundation, and to assert his right to what is really his due; but here again he labours under a great disadvantage, for "even if he speak the truth," his statements are received with hesitation and distrust, and he feels, to his cost, the bitter truth contained in the words of the ancient fabulist:—

Quicunque turpi fraude semel innotuit,
Etiamsi vera dicit, amittit fidem.

It is probable enough, that associates, tired of him at last, and disgusted at his narrations, either become shy of his company, or shun him altogether, as they would shun the society of one addicted to habitual intoxication. In the one case, as in the other, Major Longbow has only the alternative of forming a new, but an inferior set of acquaintance. Here, however, old habits return with all the virulence of a relapse in a physical disease. The pampered palate still recurs to the same over-seasoned dainties, for the support of its vanity, as a return to the stimulating liquor affords a temporary freshness and vigour to the parched veins and shattered nerves of the drunkard.

One great misfortune under which the drawer of a long-bow always labours, is, that amongst all his acquaintances, who are of course well aware of his foible, there is in general not one faithful friend to bring the system of self-delusion to an end, by an honest and candid exposure of the folly of feeding his vanity at the expense of sacrificing his character for truth. In such a case, advice would often, perhaps, be well received, if it were faithfully and kindly administered; but it is seldom offered at all, partly through fear of offending, and partly from the pleasure acquaintances feel in enjoying the joke which such a despicable foible affords them. Acquaintances look on, and relish it as a kind of amusement, just as the Philistines made sport of Sampson, or as little urchins amuse themselves with the tipsy citizen, who imagines that he is walking steadily, and straight forward to his home, when, in fact, he is mistaking the breadth of the street for the length of it, and reeling and swaggering at every step.

The test of ridicule I have known applied with effect to stop, at least for the time being, the long-bow-exercise of its pitiable hero, and compel him to shrink within himself, in all the bitter consciousness of detected falsehood; but the ministration of this test requires a degree of readiness, confidence, and power of imagination, possessed by few, and cannot, therefore, be recommended as a general remedy for this mental, or rather moral disease. The plan is, to give the bow a still stronger pull, or, in plain terms, to narrate a tale in the same strain, but abundantly more extravagant and ridiculous, which is perfectly equivalent to, although it saves one the pain of telling Major Longbow to his face, that he is a fabricator and a liar, and that others, were they so inclined, could fight him with his own weapons, and perhaps surpass him in this dishonourable warfare.

Such a deplorable instance of self-infatuation, as that of the long-bow, demands our sympathy, and calls for remonstrance. The fabricator of a story whose origin is nowhere to be found except in his own imagination, becoming much in love with the ingenious fabrication, he, by some unaccountable process of mental infatuation, actually believes it true, and hence the most unwarrantable prepossessions or prejudices are founded and acted upon, by the victim of this disease, as if they were lightened up into actual existence by the sun-beams of truth.

Another unfortunate case in which the long-bow hero often betrays himself, is a want of consistency and keeping, in many of his fabrications, too precious in his sight to be withheld from his apparently gratified hearers; but it is frequently discovered that memory, not keeping pace with imagination, plays him now and then a slippery trick, and leads him, on one occasion, to relate what happened over three bottles of Madeira with Sir John, and which, at another time, was over five bottles of Claret with My Lord; and what is equally probable, since the former narration, his fertile powers have either supplied a preface, or subjoined an addendum, in which former editions were deficient; all giving ample proof of the force of Tillotson's remark, that "a liar has need of a good memory." Shakspeare has given a felicitous illustration of the case, in Falstaff's "men in buckram."

When a man has thus no friends to inform him of his failings, and is on the brink of ruin, from not knowing their effects on his character and condition, the public is in some measure bound to find friends for him, and to provide for the blindness of his vanity, just as the parish to which he belongs is in duty bound to provide for him in the case of

his becoming a pauper, and being deprived of the means of taking care of, or providing for himself. Who knows what poor infatuated self-approving wight may cast his eyes upon this, and save himself, in future, the degrading appellation of "shooting with a long bow;" amusing some, pitied and despised by others, and degrading himself in the opinion of all,

"To make himself in well-bred tongue prevail,
And *little I* the hero of each tale!"

As already hinted, I know nothing so effectual as ridicule for curing this moral malady. Remarks so general as the above may not have the desired effect. Should you be pleased, however, to insert these, such as they are, and as a mere opening of the case, I purpose, with your permission, in an early number, to give some specimens of the folly to which I allude; specimens, some of them drawn, and some of them not drawn, from life, but all of them applicable to life, and such as may be useful, without being personally offensive to any one. In pursuance of this plan, I am to write of Fortune's favours showered down in abundance upon the mercantile long-bow drawer;—of ladies favours bestowed upon the all-successful lover;—of the great qualities, riches, personal and political influence, of the friends of the honest plebeian bowman; which shall prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he is no plebeian at all;—of the marvellous adventures by flood and field, and strange crosses and accidents which have befallen the traveller in his journeys through regions unprofaned by the foot of adventure;—in the case of the warrior,

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the eminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery;

—of the singular discoveries of the author and critic, to whom the true honour belongs of having written some of the ablest papers in the Reviews and Magazines of the day, and some of the best anonymous effusions in our "floating literature;"—and of the extraordinary precocity of talent in the childhood of others, and their no less astonishing prowess after arriving at the years of discretion. Such are my honest intentions, and

"If *I one* soul improve, I have not wrote in vain."

SIMON SHORT-BOW.

*Edinburgh Magazine.*

## THE OLD SEAMAN,

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I like a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket; frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing: but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drub them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of "our Wives and Liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it, he would rather win rolls of pig-tail; and as for palms—"Palmam qui meruit ferat,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim: but he is a Dryad up to the knees; and, so far, he will not die like "*all flesh.*" Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded, but not watered, for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top; you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines—he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms too is a fin: and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half dead and half blind; one window, as he said, was as dark as night; but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him: one, indeed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg. Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher: he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches, and plaister their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, "Talk not to me of *seams!*"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. "He is," says Sir T. Overbury, "a pitcht peece

of reason, baffled and tackled, and nobly studied to dispute with tempests."—He has encountered shrieking hurricanes—billows, like mountains with the white sheep a-top—and rocks, like the door-posts of death! He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep! Wind, wave, rock, showers of shot, bayonet and cutlass, he has withstood them all, either by force or skill. What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood too)—is he of various victory! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon—his old adversaries—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured? We "love him for the dangers he has passed;" as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him: but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius, or Ætna, as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you; for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the seas bottom, with the best bower anchor; and he has seen the Sea-Serpent and the Mermaid. Some at least of his wonders he can show you: he has a flying-fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cockroaches, which eat up one's linen in the West Indies; but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot too he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased with the gift; but the bird, it turned out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and above all, his residence amongst the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, d——d good ones too! On this matter he is frequent; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court paid him by the great king, Hee Tee, and the pearly smiles of the black princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent:—HIS SHIP! There he luxuriates: there he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close-hauled, or under bare polls, there is none can compare with her. To see her in full dress—sky-scrapers, and royals, and stud-sails, is to fancy one of those lady-ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs;—

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our mariner has only been made a gunner's mate; but "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea; for he was born on board ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid; but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure-head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the Agamemnon: at fourteen he was taken in the Vengeur; and at thirty he was blown up in the Spitfire. What a sea-fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his good mother sometimes advised him—*threw up the sea*. He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot; but, binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age: "it is through going to the North Pole," he says, "for there the hares turn white in Winter." Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital at Greenwich—but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country; he preferred it. It was at a farmhouse in Berkshire that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked, as they will do at a beggar; the people of the house said "There comes old Bill!" and in came this Aun-

cient Mariners, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin were sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance; and he thought it hard he could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—aye to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking where he pleases." "But they will relieve you."—"Aye, aye, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shilling a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better." "But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel"—"Soup and gruel," said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths: "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in."—*London Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. VI.

### THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for any thing?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch; do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Has sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage. "Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlour, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a court-yard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Every thing went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and

tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly; go along, and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm, and he went close to it and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home then," said the fish, "she is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the court-yard were stables and cow-houses. "Well!" said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife, "but let us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds:" so they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Alice awoke, it was broad day-light, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "Why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said Alice. "But wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try; I will be king!" So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. The sea looked a dark grey colour, and was covered with foam as he cried out,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. "Alas!" said the man, "my wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have any thing more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she, "never is a long time. I am king, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am king," said Alice, "and you are my slave, so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask, the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore, and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah," said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; "she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and her attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes,

and earls: and the fisherman went up to her and said, "wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being emperor; I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope, go and try him." So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress and danced upon the waves most fearfully; in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled, so that his knees knocked together: but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ay!" said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high; and she had three great crowns on her head, and around stood all the pomp and power of the Church; and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rush-light. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "Are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope," "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Alice could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and she awakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half a sleep, but the thought frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you content to be pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea!
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now," said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!" And there they live to this very day.

## Miscellanies.

### THE SHAKERS.

Among the numerous sects in the United States, there is one which for extravagance of action, during their orisons, is certainly pre-eminent. These people are called *Shakers*. The first society was formed at Harvard, in the state of Massachusets, by Ann Lesse, who denominated herself their *mother*; and she associated herself with William Leese, her *natural* brother as her second; John Parkinson, who had formerly been a baptist preacher in England, the chief speaker; and James Whittaker, second speaker.

These people had converts in numbers, and from distant parts, who laid up stores of provisions for such as tarried at Harvard. Their meetings, which continued day and night for a considerable time, consisted of preaching, singing, and dancing: the men in one apartment, the women in another. These meetings were attended by converts from a great distance, who stayed from two to twenty days. They had missionaries in the country making proselytes, and con-

firming others in this fancied millenium state. Those were taught to be very industrious at home, that they might be able to contribute to the general fund, and many devoted their whole substance to the society. They vary their exercises of devotion. Sometimes they dance, or rather jump up and down in a heavy manner till they are exhausted by the violence of the exercise. The chief speaker will sometimes begin to pray, they then desist to listen to him, and when he has finished, immediately renew their dancing with increased vigour. Then generally follows the shaking, as if shuddering under an ague, from which they have received the name of shakers. They sing praises to David during the dancing; but I could not learn what holy man or saint they invoke in their shaking fits. The women are equally employed in the fatigues of these exercises under the eye of the mother in another apartment, where they jump and scream in dreadful concert. Sometimes there will be short intermissions, but in a minute or two, one of the chiefs will spring up, crying, "as David danced, so will we before God;" the others follow this signal; and thus, alternately dancing, praying, and singing, they pass night after night, and often until morning. Mother Leese's followers have formed societies at New Lebanon and Hancock, in the state of New York and in other parts. The shakers who call themselves believers, are spreading with enthusiastic rapidity.

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## THE TREAD MILL.

This Brixton Mill's a fearful ill,
And he who brought the Bill in,
Is threaten'd by the *cribbing* coves,
That he shall have a *milling*.

They say he shew'd a simple pate,
To think of felons mending:
As every *step* which here they take,
They're still in crime *ascending*.

And when releas'd and in the streets,
Their former snares they're spreading,
They swear 'tis Parliament, which wills
They must their old ways *tread in*.

The Radicals begin to think
'Twill touch the Constitution,
For as the *wheel* moves round and round,
It brings a *Revolution*.

But though these snarlers shew their teeth,
And try to vex the nation,
Their actions soon are *tried* and *judg'd*,
And *grinding* is their station.

The *Gambling-smells*, who near St. James'
Have *play'd* their double dealings,
Say 'tis not fair that Bow-street should
Thus *work* upon their feelings.

Tom, Jerry, Logic, three prime sprigs,
Find here they cannot *come* it;
For though their *fancy* soars aloft,
They ne'er will reach the *summit*.

Corinthian Kate and buxom Sue
Must change their *warm* direction,
For if they make one *false step* more
They'll have *Cold Bath Correction*.

The moon-struck youths who haunt the stage,
And spend their masters' siller,
Must here play to another tune,
'Tis called the *Dusty Miller*.

Ye bits of blood, (the watchman's dread)
Who love to floor a *charley*,
As you delight to strip and fight,
Come forth and *mill* the *barley*.

John Barleycorn's a stout old blade,
As ever man put trust in,
And you will make no *meal* of him,
But he'll give you a *dusting*.

But here we'll stay, for *puns*, they say,
Are bad as stealing purses,
And I to Brixton may be sent,
To *grind* some *floury* verses.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

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## RECIPE FOR MAKING A PHYSICIAN.

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the ingenious Paul Whitehead to his friend Dr. Thompson, at that time Physician to Frederick Prince of Wales—a man of wit, learning, liberality; but so great a sloven that he seldom had his shoes cleaned, which he generally bought at a Yorkshire warehouse, wore them till his feet came through the leather, then shook them off at the same place, and purchased a new pair. And thus he did with all his other habiliments:—

"Let not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen on your linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, than to any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

"Let not father Time's dilapidations be discovered in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your stockings than the weaver intended; that your shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels; and that your galligaskins betray no poetical insignia; for it will be generally concluded that

he has very little to do with the repair of others' constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own apparel.

"Let your wig always swell to the true college dimensions; and as frequently as possible let the Apothecary bob give way to the Graduate tie; for, what notable recommendation the head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable full-bottoms of the bench may determine.

"Thus dressed, let your chariot be always ready to receive you; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an Herculean oak, and bemired to the knees; since an equipage so unsuitable to a sick lady's chamber, will be apt to induce a belief that you have no summons thither.

"Forbear to haunt cook-shops, hedge-alehouses, cyder-cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in those inferior regions; for, however this may agree with your philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your physical one.

"Never stay telling a long story in a coffee-house, when you may be writing a short recipe in a patient's chamber; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you sixpence, while the last will gain you a guinea.

"Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with at noon; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient; and remember that suffering a patient to want you is the ready way for you to want a patient.

"Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities: then shall your physical persecutors become abashed, and the legions of Warwick-Lane and Blackfriars shall not be able to prevail against you."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

SINGULAR ROBBERY.—The coins deposited by the hand of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Chester within the foundation-stone of the new church at Ashton-under-Line, were a few months since very ingeniously extracted from the cavity of the stone, and a scrap of paper, containing the following lines, was found in the place of them:—

"This stone the curious fact revealed,
"That various coins were here concealed;
"And told the world in language fair,
"A Bishop's hand had placed them there!
"To make such information known,
"It must have been a clever stone;
"So clever—that it p'rhaps can say,
"Who 'twas that stole the coins away."

AMERICAN JEU D'ESPRIT.—A gentleman, by the name of Wellesley (according to the English Papers), has unfortunately been so simple as to lose at *sport* the trifling estate of 60,000*l.* per annum; and, what is still more distressing, has been obliged to retire to Paris, to struggle for a livelihood, on his wife's miserable jointure of 7,000*l.* or 31,000 dollars per annum—not above 6,000 dollars more than our President receives. To add still further to his distress and mortification, some of his creditors have been ruthless and unfeeling enough to seize upon a few moveables found at his country residence, among which articles they had the meanness to expose to public sale a mahogany *boot-jack*, which only brought the paltry sum of 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; besides stripping his windows of their curtains, a pair of which sold for no more than 94*l.* 10*s.*! —Hard as adamant must be that heart which refuses to bleed at the bare recital of the above distresses! The sufferings among the poor in Ireland, in contrast, may be considered as a mere flea-bite.

ANECDOTE.

The Mother has forgot her first-born pledge
To dream of one beneath a distant sky;
When, lo! the child has gain'd the cliff's loose edge!
Oh, stir not!—speak not!—or the boy must die!
With all a mother's love, she bar'd her panting breast,
The Infant saw it—sought it—and was saved and blest!

Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think, (said Garrick) I could make his face," which he did accordingly. "For Heaven's sake hold, David, (said Hogarth) remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection, and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of Tom Jones.

France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was nearly sinking under it.

## THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

Near Quebec, in Canada, are the magnificent falls of the Montmorenci, a river which empties itself into the St. Lawrence. It is precipitated in an almost perpendicular direction, over a rock of the height of two hundred and forty-six feet, falling, where it touches the rock, in white clouds of rolling foam, and underneath, where it is propelled with uninterrupted gravitation, in numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are gradually protracted in their descent, until they are received into the boiling, profound abyss, below.

Viewed from the summit of the cliff, from whence they are thrown, the waters, with every concomitant circumstance, produce an effect awfully grand, and wonderfully sublime. The prodigious depth of their descent, the brightness and volubility of their course, the swiftness of their movement through the air, and the loud and hollow noise emitted from the basin, swelling with incessant agitation from the weight of the dashing waters, forcibly combine to attract the attention, and to impress with sentiments of grandeur and elevation, the mind of the spectator. The clouds of vapour arising, and assuming the prismatic colours, contribute to enliven the scene. They fly off from the fall in the form of a revolving sphere, emitting with velocity, pointed flakes of spray, which spread in receding, until intercepted by neighbouring banks, or dissolved in the atmosphere.

## SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN SHEBA.

The power of Solomon having spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world, Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court. There, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne, in each of her hands she held a wreath of flowers—one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art.—The sagacity of Solomon seemed perplexed — yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions, "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed painting!—The honour of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole *Jewish* court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king, and it must be confessed worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened; the bees rushed into the court and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, whilst not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

Such is the story, which would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description and a pleasing moral; that the *bee* only *rests* on the *natural* beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted* flowers, however inimitably the colour may be laid on. Applied to ladies, this would give it a pungency.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

EPIGRAM.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
(Though for breakfast too savoury, I ween,)
He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
"What a breakfast of learning is mine!"

"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cried,
And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;
"Why what is it else," the sage quickly replied,
"When I'm making large extracts from Bacon?"

A PROTESTANT—Cardinal Polignac, passing through Rotterdam, desired to see Bayle. And are you a Lutheran, or a Zuinglian, or a Calvanist? inquired his eminence. I am a protestant, replied Bayle, for I protest against them all.

*Lines on the Statue of the Negro in St. Clement's Inn, supporting a Dial.*

In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st a tender ear;
In vain thy tears with anguish flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

From cannibals thou fly'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till your slain,
The last devour you while alive.

A foolish fellow, when addressed by a man of rank, used to answer, "Thank God and your Lordship."—"How many children have you, honest man?" said a Grandee to him: "Four, thank God and your Lordship!"

THE CHASE.—A peasant having killed a wild boar in the vineyards on the estate of M. de Charrolais, was arrested and ordered to the galleys. The poor wretch, overwhelmed by the horrible sentence, threw himself at the feet of the enraged Lord, and exclaimed, "Ah, my Lord! have mercy on me, I beg your pardon; but I thought it was a man, or I would not have killed it." His excuse was admitted, and as he only intended to destroy one of his fellow-creatures, he was pardoned and dismissed.

HERALDS.—These officers had formerly more active and dangerous duties than at present: on the day of battle they bore the royal standard, they ascertained the number of the dead, reclaimed the prisoners, summoned cities and castles to surrender, and assisted at the capitulations. The last instance of a Herald being dispatched to declare war, was in the time of Louis XIII. of France, against the Cardinal Infant Governor of the Low Countries. Since that time, the sovereigns of Europe have contented themselves with declaring war by manifestoes.

SINGULAR PETITION.—About the second year of the late King's reign, a man of the name of George King was convicted in Dublin of a capital felony. He drew up a memorial to the King, which he forwarded with the following lines:—

George King to King George sends his humble petition,
Hoping King George will pity poor George King's condition;
If King George to George King will grant a long day,
George King for King George for ever will pray.

The man was pardoned.

DEATH OF THE YEAR 1822.—Expired, on Tuesday night, at 12 o'clock, the Year 1822. A complication of disorders of morbid tendency brought on her end. The early symptom of disease was *febris carbonari*; Neapolitan *tremor* followed; Spanish and Portuguese agitation then shook her with great violence; Greek *furor* and Ottoman oppression came on in violent paroxysms, whilst the unhappy patient was occasionally subject to cold fits of Russian and British policy. The most celebrated Doctors in Europe met to consult upon the case. They prescribed the principles of Holy Alliance in large doses, but the *nostrum*, like most quack medicines, totally failed.—Spanish and Portuguese agitation baffled all the skill of the doctors; it became primary, and introduced another disorder, called French weakness. The year 1822 was rich—she produced abundance. All the necessaries of life she dispensed with a bountiful hand, but some of her unnatural children reproached her with excess of bounty, and wished for gold instead of bread. The most dutiful of her family blessed her fruitfulness.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A press of temporary matter of interest prevents our inserting several articles intended for the present number.

N.S.Y. W.S.W. and S.T. have our best thanks: their valuable communication shall have insertion in our next.

The favours of several other correspondents are intended for early insertion.

In answer to the note of F.M., we beg leave to state, that at the end of every volume of THE MIRROR, we shall give an engraved Title-page and an Index.

Although we have "no set phrase of speech," like our more ostentatious contemporaries, in which to address our numerous readers at the commencement of the New Year, yet we assure them they have our best wishes, the compliments of the season, and "all that sort of thing," as our facetious friend, Charles Mathews, has it.

All communications intended for THE MIRROR, must be addressed to the Editor, and the postage paid, otherwise they cannot be received.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XI.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1823. [PRICE 2d.


## Shakspeare's House.

WE are sure that there is not one of our readers but will thank us for this week's engraving, which is a correct view of the House in which the immortal Shakspeare was born, at Stratford-upon-Avon. If ever there was a man born for immortality, it was William Shakspeare. He was, indeed, "not for an age, but for all time." The author of thirty-six plays, of which not fewer than twenty-two are still favourites with the age; his dramas, after a lapse of two centuries, are still witnessed with unabated ardour by the people, and are still read with animation by the scholar. They interest the old and the young, the gallery and the pit, the people and the critic. At their representation the appetite is never palled—expectation never disappointed. The changes of fashion have not cast him into the shade; the variations of language have not rendered him obsolete.

"Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast."

Such was the individual whose birth-place the above engraving represents. William Shakspeare was born April 20, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, a small town about 90 miles distant from London; which, according to the census of the population in 1821, contained 590 houses and 3069 inhabitants. This town having lost its woollen trade, for which it was eminent in the time of Shakspeare, and having no manufactory, would be one of the most beggarly in the kingdom, but for the renown of Shakspeare, and the numerous visitors drawn to the place, to view the house of his nativity and his tomb.

The house in which Shakspeare was born is now divided into two; the northern half of which was, a few

years ago, when our drawing was made, a butcher's shop. The window over it belongs to the room in which Shakspeare was born, and which is designated by his initial S. The southern half of the house is now a respectable public-house, bearing the sign of the Swan and Maidenhead; and where many a bumper has been drank with sincere devotion to the memory of its immortal occupant. The father of Shakspeare was a respectable dealer in wool, and a member of the corporation; but it is said that he was unfortunate in business, and afterwards became a butcher.

After the death of Shakspeare's grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, his houses at Stratford-on-Avon reverted to the descendants of, Shakspeare's sister Joan, as heirs at law, and continued in their possession during several generations. About twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Harte, one of those descendants, sold them to the occupier of the Swan and Maidenhead, for 230*l.*; they having been previously so deeply mortgaged, that Mrs. Harte had only 30*l.* to receive.

The house and room in which Shakspeare was born, now occupied by Mrs. Hornby, are visited annually by upwards of a thousand respectable persons, who come to pay their devotions at the shrine of their favorite bard. A few years since, the conductors of the public library at Stratford confided to Mrs. Hornby a blank folio, for the purpose of receiving the signatures of visitors; and it has already received those of British and Foreign Princes, the Duke of Wellington, nearly the whole of the British Peerage, and a variety of persons distinguished by their rank and talents. Some of these signatures are accompanied by original verses, suggested by the scene, and possessing, as may be supposed, various degrees of merit. Most of them, however, are well described in the following lines, which some person has inscribed among the rest:—

"Ah, Shakspeare, when we read the votive scrawls
With which well meaning folks deface these walls;
And while we seek in vain some lucky hit,
Amidst the lines whose nonsense nonsense smothers,
We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit,
Thou art not here the cause of wit in others."

The following is one of the best of these inscriptions;—

"Here gentle Shakspeare, Nature's sweetest child,
First warbled forth his native wood-notes wild;
Beneath this humble roof he first drew breath,
Inclosed within this space he lies in death.
A pleasing fancy still attaches to the place,
A sacred awe—a reverential grace;
A pleasing consciousness, a fond desire,
That almost listens to the poet's lyre,
With searching eye looks round, in hope to find
Some sacred relic of the poet's mind.
Vainly it strives the vision to prolong,
Mute is the eye, and silent Shakspeare's tongue.
A barren list of names supply this place,
The sad memorial of their own disgrace,
That only strike the stranger's eye to note
What fools have lived, and greater fools have wrote.
These the sad relics by these walls supplied,
Deserted by the muse, where her sweet SHAKSPEARE died."

Among the inscriptions on Shakspeare's tomb, there is one which purports to have been written by Sir Wm. Curtis; but on inquiry we find that it was written by a waggish visitor about four years ago, who wished to have a joke on the worthy Baronet; at which we understand the good-natured Alderman laughs heartily. It is as follows:

"Though Shakspeare's bones in *this here* place do lie,
Yet *that there* fame of his shall never die."

The life of Shakspeare is too well known for us to enter into a detailed biography of him. He was educated at the free-school of Stratford, and, after making some progress in Latin, he was called home to assist his father in the business. Before he was nineteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a respectable yeoman of the neighbourhood. It is said, that having broken into the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, for the purpose of taking deer, he was obliged to quit Stratford. The killing of deer was not, however, then considered either disgraceful or criminal. Shakspeare was, however, driven from his native spot by the severity of Sir Tho-

mas Lucy, whom he exasperated by writing a satirical ballad, of which tradition has only preserved the first stanza, as follows:

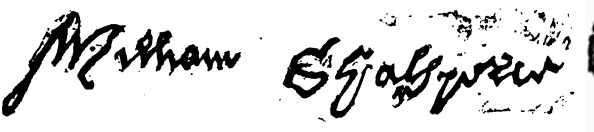
"A Parliamente Member, a Justice of Peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse.
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscal it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it;
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state,
We allow by his ears with asses to mate,
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscal it,
Sing lowsie Lucy whatever befal it."

No matter, however, what cause drove Shakspeare from Stratford, it is sufficient that he came to London, where his fame soon placed him beyond the reach of Sir Thomas Lucy's benevolence. Though he was for some time an actor, yet it is as a dramatic poet that he is only to be considered; and as such he has never been equalled by any age or country.

Shakspeare having acquired a moderate fortune, returned to Stratford-on-Avon, his birth-place, where he lived until his birth-day, the 23d of April, 1616, when he paid the great debt of nature, in the 53d year of his age. He was interred among his ancestors, in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, where his monument still remains. He is represented in a sitting posture; and there are two inscriptions, one in Latin and the other in English. On the grave-stone beneath are three doggrel lines, in an orthography equally barbarous:

"Good Frend for Jesus Sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

We shall conclude our notice of Shakspeare's House, by a correct fac-simile of the hand-writing, and an engraving of the seal, of the immortal bard, copied from his will, which is dated the 25th of March, 1616.



## THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL,

BY MR. PRINGLE.

*Author of the 'Autumnal Excursion.'*

AIR—"My good Lord John."

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu—
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue!

Farewell ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song;
Farewell ye blithsome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell ye bonny Elfin Knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The battle mound—the border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell—
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower,
To each, to all—farewell!

Home of our heart—our father's home—
Land of the brave and free—
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires;
When we or our's forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

## EPITAPH IN ISLINGTON CHURCH-YARD.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—Seeing that you are desirous of inserting any thing curious or interesting in the Mirror, and, amongst other matter, Epitaphs, &c. I take the liberty of sending you the following inscription, which was found in Islington Church, whilst it was being demolished in order to build a new one, about the year 1751. It was written in Gothic characters, on a plate of brass, and placed on the floor in the middle aisle, near the entrance into the chancel. It contains six lines, the end of each thus marked I, and appears to have been laid down during the lifetime of Robert Middleton. Neither the year, day, nor month, are set down, but spaces are left for that purpose. It cannot, however, have been placed there previous to the year 1529, because, until the 2d of December in that year, Sir George Hastings was not created Earl of Huntingdon, I shall now write the Epitaph, with all the marks and contractions.

I am, your's, &c. J. W. L.

I pye the Crysten man that hast gce to see this; to pye for the Soulls of them that here buryed is I
And remember that in Cryst we be bretherne: the wich hath comaunded eu'ry man to pye for other I
This sayth Robert Midleton and Johan his Wyf. Here wrappid in claye. Abiding the m'cy I
Of Almyghty god till domesdaye.

Wch was sutyme s'unt to s'george hasting knyght I

Erle of huntingdunt passed this tascitory lyf. in the yere of our Lord god (m.cccc ·····I
And the ····· day of the moneth of ····· On whose Soull Almyghty god have m'cy amen I

*Note.* For the benefit of such of our readers as may be more profitably employed than in studying antiquarian subjects, we subjoin a modern version of this Epitaph:—

I pray the Christian man that hath grace to see this,
To pray for the souls of them that here buried is.
And remember that in Christ we be brethren, the which hath commanded every man to pray for another. Thi saith Robert Middleton and Joan his wife, here wrapped in clay, abiding the mercy of Almighty God till Doomsday; which was sometimes servant to Sir George Hastings, Knight, Earl of Huntingdon: passed this transitory life in the year of our Lord God 15—, and the —— day of the month of ———. On whose soul Almighty God have mercy. Amen.

## "LEX TALIONIS,"

BY AN IRISH ADVOCATE.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—Accept the following from Your's, A. R.

An Irishman bold (so the story is told)
Was attacked by a dog in the street,
So out of mere fun, Sir, he levell'd his gun, Sir,
And laid him down dead at his feet.

Says a fellow, "you must to the servants of just-
-ice be brought for this cruel affair;"
So he took him before what the folks call a Quor-
-um of Magistrates (no one knows where).

"What! shoot at a dog! why, you harden'd young rogue,
The butt-end would the business have done,"
Said the chief of the quorum, while Pat stood before 'em,
And this pithy jingle begun:

"Don't it *plase* ye to know, that O'Meara Mayo
Has a heart, has a mind that can *fale*—
The butt-end of *ma* gun, Sir, would *shourely* have done,
Had he bit me poor dog with his tail."

## A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

"On the 23d inst. (May, 1917) the first stone of the south abutment of that most stupendous work, the Gravesend Iron Bridge of tenacity, was laid with great solemnity by his Imperial Majesty, who was accompanied on the occasion by 27 of his sons, and a large concourse of nobility. Among the latter we counted 79 dukes, and 315 marquisses. The contractor has undertaken to complete the bridge within the year. Its construction is remarkably elegant, and its span the largest at present in the known world, being upwards of 5,000 feet. It is expected they will begin the north abutment at Tilbury in the course of next month."

"On the 20th, the Edinburgh Royal Charlotte Balloon blew up as it was passing over the Tyne, at the heighth of 703½ feet, from the bursting of the

steam-engine which directed its course. There were 32 passengers on board; but owing to the balloon being furnished with one of Aircastle's improved parachutes, the whole of the party descended in perfect safety, and experienced no other inconvenience than that of being a little wetted by their falling into the river Tyne."

"The subscription of the bridge of three arches between Dover and Calais is filling rapidly. It is intended to be built upon the principle of tenacity, and when completed, will be one of the wonders of the world, as the arches are constructed upon the strongest and most unerring principles, although the span of each will be little less than 7 miles."

"The plan for the amelioration of the human race, which was suggested about a century ago, has, notwithstanding the illiberal opposition to it, completely verified the predictions of the projector. The whole of the county of Kent is now devoted to these establishments, which are as thriving as the most sanguine promoter could desire. It is said, that the gentleman, to whom the world was originally indebted for this most admirable plan, first took the idea from many years of persevering and unwearied attention to a large flock of sheep, in the course of which he discovered that the system of *penning* was beyond all doubt the best system for improving and increasing both the mutton and the wool."

"Mr. Turmerick respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the sale of the pocket-gass-apparatus is removed from his late manufactory in Grosvenor-square to his former residence in Pall-Mall. The retort gasometer, necessary stock of coals, &c. for a month's consumption, are all contained in a moderate sized snuff-box."

"It will be recollected, that in consequence of the discovery of the soap-mine at the Giant's-causeway, about 30 years since, the whale fishery entirely ceased; and such has been the multiplication of that once useful fish, that the North Sea is absolutely impassable; and it is supposed, that in the course of a very few years, it may be possible to establish a turnpike-road upon the backs of these fishes, from Yarmouth to Gottenburgh."

"The discovery of the longitude, so long desired by the nautical world, is at length accomplished. Professor Muggins, of the University of Salisbury-plain, by a series of experiments, has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that the potatoe possesses the quality of increasing in specific gravity in proportion as it is distant from the place of its growth. The experiment is very simple, and consists merely in immersing the potatoe in a bowl of treacle, about 15 inches in depth, when, for every degree, it is found to sink a French line exactly. Mr. Muggins has just received the Parliamentary reward."

"The new tunnel under the Alps is going on rapidly. The workmen are now working under Mont Blanc. It is supposed that this undertaking will throw considerable light upon the internal structure of the globe, and it is not unlikely but it may be a forerunner of a road to the Antipodes."

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## THE LOVER'S ALPHABET.

*A* begins *Amor*, the *Latin* for love,
*B* begins *Beauty*, which that passion does move.
*C* stands for *Cupid*, that wounder of hearts,
*D* for, with which he does mischief, his *Darts*.
*E* begins *Eyes*, which lovers oft name,
*F* what they raise in their heart, a fierce *Flame*.
*G* lovers do use to set forth their *Grief*,
*H* directs you to *Hope*, the poor lover's relief.
*I* tells you great *Joy* bless'd lovers do find,
*K* in *Kissing* their charmers, when once they grow kind.
*L* stands for *Languish* and *Lover*, *Love-letter*;
*M* if you're too *Modest*, you'll be lik'd ne'er the better.
*N* tells you that *Nothing's* oft true love's reward,
*O Oaths*, to which lovers have little regard.
*P* stands for *Pity*, *Pangs*, *Passion* and *Pain*,
*Q Quiet*, which lovers do hope for in vain.
*R* begins *Rapture*, and *Raging* and *Rove*,
*S Sighs*, words much us'd in making of love.
*T* tells us that ladies *Torment* us and *Tease*,
*V* tells us *Variety* always will please.
*W* for *Woman*, *Wounds*, *Wonder*, and *Woe*.
*X* I think is like love, it *crosses* me so.
*Y* ends the love-letter in writing of *Your*,
*Z Z——ds* cries the lover, who his pain can't endure.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ANNUS MIRABILIS; *Or, A Parthian Glance at* 1822.

By James Smith, Esq. Author of the Rejected Addresses.

*January.*—"Cain, a Mystery," published by Lord Byron: preface states his lordship's difficulty in making Lucifer talk like a clergyman. A country vicar proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical court, for swearing that he had a horse that would gallop to hell: not equally difficult, therefore, to make a clergyman talk like Lucifer. Colonel Thornton proved himself alive, by asserting that he was in the daily practice of swallowing six muffins at breakfast, and three pounds of roast or boiled at dinner: this would prove the death of any other man. Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, still acting at the Adelphi Theatre, teaching the rising male generation "that great moral lesson," how to patter slang, mill a lamp-lighter, or box a Charley. Mr. Southey published a reply to Lord Byron, wherein he assaulted that eccentric nobleman with "whip and a branding-iron:" the cause alleged to be the following paragraph in an opposition newspaper, under the head of "Births:"—"At his bookseller's, Mr. Robert Southey, of a still-born Vision of Judgment." The offence lenient: poetical parturitions ought to be commemorated. Nothing *outré* during the present month on the part of Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins; and not a single duel fought in the Phœnix Park by any gentleman with a name commencing with an O or a Mac!

*February.*—Insurgent meeting of White Boys at Doneraile, where the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burnt, except their coals, which we have occasion for." Speech from Mr. Thelwall at an agricultural meeting at Epsom; challenged to show where his landed estate lay; whereupon he quoted the two bow-pots outside his window in Blackfriars-road. Carlile's Temple of Janus closed. Orator Hunt's wife permitted to visit him at Ilchester, on bringing her marriage-certificate in her pocket. Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey off the roll of attorneys and not on that of barristers. Between two bundles of hay; but for ass read fox. Injunction dissolved in Murray *v.* Benbow: Cain a mystery no longer. One John Tye executed at the Old Bailey, for uttering forged notes; and one Simon Shake applauded at Covent-Garden for a similar offence.

*March.*—King of Spain lectured by the Cortes. He promises to do so no more. A fire broke out on the premises of a Bookseller in Paternoster-Row, and over-broiled some beef-steaks at Dolly's Chophouse. Mr. Hume's "total of the whole" much discussed: Cobbett sends him his new Grammar.—Symptoms of downfall in the Navy 5 per cents. A collection of penny-wisdom at the Paul's Head, Cateaton-street, to reimburse Carlile for his pound-foolishness in Fleet-street. Death of Coutts the banker; his will opened in Stratton-street: only 900,000*l.* bequeathed to his poor widow: divers dandies observed to glance a look upward to the drawing-room window in their progress towards the Park. Mr. Wyatt charged with attempting to cram a marble monument of George the Third down the throat of the public: John Bull has a capacious swallow, and the artist was tempted to put it to the proof. Murder of Mrs. Donatty by persons unknown much talked of, and murder of Sir Archy Macsarcasm by Kean not talked of at all.

*April.*—Easter week: all the city at Brighton, to the great annoyance of people of fashion, who went there to avoid them: poney chaises and the Rev. Dr. Pearson. English in Paris estimated at 20,184: marshalled by the Prefect in four divisions, viz. the idle, the sick, the needy, and the disaffected. Nineteen labourers out of employ at Stockbury ordered by the overseers to play at marbles from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Four of them, being widowers, went through the ring a second time, and were asked in church the Sunday following. Constitutional Society, being indicted at the Old Bailey, held up their hands and down their heads. Miss Foote much admired in Cherry and Fair Star. The Tom and Jerry fever extending to all the minor theatres, nineteen watchmen prostrate with their boxes on their backs. Preparations in Hyde Park for the reception of the Achilles of Phidias, on his elopement from the Quirinal Hill at Rome. Literary Fund Committee called upon to interdict Mr. Fitzgerald from spouting at their ensuing anniversary; event doubtful, according to Cobbett, who holds that when a man is smitten with the sound of his own voice, nothing short of a sledge hammer applied to his head will silence him. A countryman at Conna-

ry, county of Donegal, discovered a bottle, and, to his infinite chagrin, in lieu of whiskey, found it to contain a mere memorandum relative to the Arctic expedition. Mr. Owen of Lanark's proposal to clothe all the poor in one uniform, and no religion.

*May.*—Horse Bazaar at King-street Barracks: impossible to say *nay* to any proffered filly, mocking being rude.—Good beer began to trickle into the cellars of public-houses, owing to a stir at St. Stephen's. Agricultural report: patience and water-gruel recommended to country gentlemen. Song, "I love high rents," sung by Sir F. Burdett. Piece of plate presented to Alderman Wood: family arms sought for in vain: surrendered on his assumption of the gown; "cedunt arma togæ." Mr. Yates, in the Law of Java, mistaken for Ramo Samee, the Indian Juggler. Marriage Act Amendment Bill much canvassed: clause proposed by Lord Erskine, contract determinable every seven years, on six months' previous notice. Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund: Chairman's hammer not a sledge one; Mr. Fitzgerald's consequent recitation. Mr. Horatio Orton's dog snatched a hasty repast from the calf of Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins' leg. No women run over in Oxford-street, in consequence of crossing the coachway without looking to the right or left.

*June.*—Expansion of Mr. Baring's new mansion in Piccadilly, to the utter extermination of the Western side of Bolton Row. Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, after being for the ninety-ninth time consigned to the woodman's axe: gardens alleged to unite the varieties of Vauxhall with the elegancies of Ranelagh, like the boy's pennyworth of cheese, which he required to have very long and very thick: new rotatory place of mechanism, entitled Hep-tap-las-ies-op-tron: and a dentist's man in waiting to pick up the broken teeth of the pronouncers. Dinner at the Horns, Kennington; Sir Robert Wilson in the chair: all general reflections consequently avoided. Little Waddington elevated from a blanket in Newgate; and discounts in Threadneedle-street depressed to four per cent. Mrs. Olivia Serres swore an affidavit with a documental appendix in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons.

*July.*—Clara Fisher, at the Lyceum, played Crack, a drunken cobbler, in the Turnpike Gate: "train up a child in the way it should go." Tread-Mill adopted in Cold Bath Fields prison.—Achilles mounted in Hyde Park: several breaches made in the wall, but not one pair made for the statue. Annual regatta of the Funny Club: members rowed in their shirts to the Castle at Richmond in a soaking shower: odd notions of fun. Migration over Westminster-Bridge: Astley's Amphitheatre courted in the dog-days: humour of the horse-clown applauded, and the Antipodean posture-master much admired. Only one man horsewhipped by Barry O'Meara, and he the wrong one.

*August.*—Appearance of Miss Paton in the Marriage of Figaro: critics for once unanimous. Census of London population: one million souls, exclusive of one female infant sworn by Hannah White to Ex-Sheriff Parkins. The King embarked at Greenwich for Scotland; not a Caledonian visible during his absence, even at the India House; all being, or affecting to be, at the Levee at Holyrood House. "Carle now the King's come," highly interesting to those who understand it. Lord Portsmouth, frightened at the advent of Majesty, abruptly quitted Edinburgh. Viscount Newry, aided by his five servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen hours: not a *scull* in the boat. John Paterson, aged fifty, married at St. Anne's, Soho, to Jane Barclay, aged eighteen: no cause assigned for the rash action.

*September.*—Return of the King to London. Scots still insufferable: the swell taking time to abate: plan of erecting a Parthenon on Calton Hill: Auld Reekie to be christened Modern Athens: great demand for fowling-pieces at Mortimer's in Fleet-street: not a cockney, frome Savage Gardens to Skinner-street, that did not talk of bagging his three brace. Statement of a civic dinner given at Norwich in 1516: amount of bill 1*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*: utterly disbelieved by Sir W. Curtis. A man of fashion seen in London, who made no excuse for being there in September: the crowd was immense.

*October.*—Appearance of "The Liberal" from the South: so called by the godfather of the Serpentine River, who gave it that name because it was neither serpentine nor a river. Stoppage of Mr. Bowring at Calais, and his removal to Boulogne: his eulogy as a Russian authologist. Death of Mrs. Garrick at Hampton: extract from Lee Lewes, proving her to be the daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and, consequently, proprietor of the mansion in Picoadilly bearing that name: stated by

one journal to have had but a single maid of all work, and by another to have been possessed of a coachman and footman: scramble among the Dilettani for little David's original Hogarths. Mermaid exhibited in Saint James's Street: said by some to have died of the stitch: and by others to have been produced by Mrs. Salmon in Monkey Island. Alderman Wood seen on the Maidstone Road, riding between two packsaddles, laden with samples of hops. Marriage Act, still much criticised, notwithstanding which seven bachelors were married in one day, at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn. A clergyman attended to give the unhappy wretches the last consolations of religion.

*November.*—Commencement of Michaelmas Term: attornies brandishing their pens: plaintiffs and defendants loitering about Oliver's coffee-house. Congress continued sitting at Verona, with closed doors and plugged keyholes: much conjecture consequently afloat. The Opera-house end of Pall Mall was much alarmed by an explosion of gass. Lord Portsmouth horsewhipped by his lady, to verify the dictum of Orator Hunt, that all the fair sex are reformers. A million bushels of human bones were landed at Hull from the fields of Dresden and Waterloo: human bones best adapted to fertilize land, whence we derive the word *man*-ure. Another new tragedy from Lord Byron, entitled Werner: less obnoxious to church-goers than its predecessor, but more so to criticism. A caution to resurrection-men: one Simon Spade, a body-snatcher, while sounding for subjects in St. Martin's-church-yard, dug up his own wife. The poor man has been inconsolable ever since. Miss F. H. Kelly made her first appearance at Covent-garden theatre, in the character of Juliet: if this young lady's object was secrecy, never did any arrow miss its mark; the whole town has been gazing at her ever since.

*December.*—Lord John Russell's new Tragedy, two editions in one week: and an Episcopal visitation sermon too weak for one edition. Sad sameness of Christmas dinners, "Chine nods at chine, each turkey has a brother:" every table spoon in the house flaming with burnt brandy. Kean and Young in Othello: "The Douglas and the Percy both in arms." Dance of actors from both theatres: foot it and hey "contrary sides:" Mr. Liston and Miss Stephens still only underlined. "The cry is still they come." Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family at breakfast, in Lombard-street, by putting Paine's Age of Reason under the tea-pot: providentially none of the family could read. Growing civility of sweeps, dustmen, and patrols: plainly denoting that the æra of Christmas-boxes is at hand. A great issuing of orders to tailors on the 31st of December, for apparel to be sent home the week following, and this to evade re-appearing in the present year's bill. Awful events, which too plainly denote that that Annus Mirabilis, the year 1822, is hastening to the "Tomb of all the Capulets!"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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## THE COURT OF ALDERMEN

AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Is that dace or perch?
Said Alderman Birch;
I take it for herring,
Said Alderman Perring.
This jack's very good,
Said Alderman Wood;
But its bones might a man slay,
Said Alderman Ansley.
I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Heygate.
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe's dry as pith,
Said Alder*men* Smith.
Don't cut so far down,
Said Alderman Brown;
But nearer the fin,
Said Alderman Glyn.
I've finish'd, i'faith man:
Said Alderman Waithman:
And I too, i'faikins,
Said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod drolly,
Said Alderman Scholey;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
Said Alderman Brydges.
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,
Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by two men,
Said Alderman Venables: Yes, in a box,
Said Alderman Cox.
They care not how *fur 'tis*,
Said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept, and from sun,
Said Alderman Thompson;
Pack'd neatly in straw,
Said Alderman Shaw:
In ice got from Gunter,
Said Alderman Hunter.
This ketchup is sour,
Said Alderman Flower;
Then *steep it in claret*,
Said Alderman Garret. *Ibid.*

## GERMAN HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY.

"An inhabitant of Leipsic," says Madame de Stael, "having planted an apple-tree on the borders of a public walk, affixed a notice to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit." How the wise-acres and "knowing-ones" laugh at the trusting simpleton! But hark! "not an apple was stolen during ten years." So much for a people, all of whom read and think. In England there are not a few who have resisted the instruction of the poor, lest it should corrupt him; but, with the protection of ignorance, what would have been the fate of the apple-tree in the neighbourhood of London? What a contrast between this respected tree with its harmless defence, and the steel-traps and spring-guns of our British Pomona!—*London Magazine.*

## THE CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

In Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, Mary Stuart meets Rizzio, and by way of reconciling him to the violence he had suffered, says to him, "I have honoured thy memory so far as to place thee in the tomb of the Kings of Scotland." "How," says the musician, "my body entombed among the Scottish Kings?" "Nothing more true," replies the queen. "And I," says Rizzio, "I have been so little sensible of that good fortune, that, believe me, this is the first notice I ever had of it."

I have no sympathy with that feeling, which is now-a-days so much in fashion, for picking out snug spots to be buried in. What is the meaning of such fancies? No man thinks or says, that it will be agreeable to his dead body to be resolved into dust under a willow, or with flowers above it. No—it is, that while alive he has pleasure in such anticipations for his coxcomical clay. I do not understand it—there is no *quid pro quo* in the business, to my apprehension. It will not do to reason upon of course? but I can't feel about it. I am to blame, I dare say—but I can only laugh at such under-ground whims.

"A good place" in the church-yard!—the boxes!—a front row! but why? No, I cannot understand it: I cannot feel *particular* on such a subject: any part for me, as a plain man says of a partridge.—*Ibid.*

# The Novelist.

No. IX.

## ISADORE D'EREILLO.

In the church-yard of * * *. * there is a grave covered with a plain slab of white marble with no other inscription than "ISADORE D'EREILLO, aged nineteen." These few words speak histories to the heart; they tell of a beautiful flower withered, far from its accustomed soil, in the spring-day of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign country, remote from every early association, her last moments unsoothed by affectionate solicitude—no tender voice, whose lightest sound breathed happy memories, no eye of fondness on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy—her very ashes separated from their native earth.

"Might I not fancy myself a hero of fiction?" said Colonel Fitzalan, bending gracefully as he caught the small snow hand which had just arranged his sling; "Fair lady, henceforth I vow myself your true and loyal knight, and thus pledge my heart's first homage!" pressing the yielding fingers gently to his lips. Alas, thought Isadore, while those eloquent interpreters of the feelings, a blush, sigh, and smile, mingled together,—he loves not passionately as I love, or he could not trifle thus; a light compliment was never yet breathed by love. Isadore was at that age when the deeper tenderness of woman first deepens the gaiety of childhood, like the richer tint that dyes the rose as it expands into summer loveliness. Adored by her father, for she had her mother's voice and look, and came a sweet remembrancer of his youth's sole warm dream of happiness, of that love whose joy departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or one sting of sorrow; a word of anger seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against the dead, and his own melancholy constancy gave a reality to the romantic imaginings of his child. She now loved Fitzalan with all the fervour of first excited attachment: she had known him under circumstances the most affecting, when the energies and softer feelings of woman were alike called forth; when the proud and fearless soldier became dependent on her he had protected; laid on the bed of sickness; far from the affectionate hands that would have smoothed, the tender eyes that would have wept o'er his pillow. Isadore became his nurse, soothed with unremitting care the solitude and weariness of a sick-room; and when again able to bear the fresh air of heaven, her arm was the support of her too interesting patient. With Fitzalan the day of romance was over; a man above thirty cannot enter into the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl; flatter-

ed by the attachment which Isadore's every look betrayed, he trifled with her, regardless or thoughtless of the young and innocent heart that confided so fearlessly. Love has no power to look forward—the delicious consciousness of the present, a faint but delightful shadow of the past, form its eternity; the possibility of separation never entered the mind of his Spanish love, till Fitzalan's instant return to England became necessary. They parted with all those gentle vows which are such sweet anchors for hope to rest on in absence—but alas such frail ones. For a time her English lover wrote very regularly. That philosopher knew the human heart who said, "I would separate from my mistress for the sake of writing to her." A word, a look may be forgotten; but a letter is a lasting memorial of affection." The correspondence soon slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the last moments of a beloved parent, had not one thought for self; but when that father's eyes were closed, and her tears had fallen on the grave of the companions of her infancy, the orphan looked round for comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the first time, her loneliness, and the sickness of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expectation; fear, not for his fidelity, but his safety: was he again laid on the bed of sickness, and Isadore far away?—She dwelt on this idea, till it became a present reality; suspense was agony; at length she resolved on visiting England. She sailed, and, after a quick voyage, reached the land; —a wanderer seeking for happiness, which, like the shadow thrown by the lily on the water, still eludes the grasp. It was not thus in the groves of Arragon she looked forward to the British shore; it was then the promised home of a beloved and happy bride. The day after her arrival in London, she drove to her agent's (for her father, during the troubles in Spain, had secured some property in the English funds), hoping from him to get some intelligence from the Colonel. Passing through a very crowded street, her coach becoming entangled in the press, occasioned a short stoppage. Gazing round in that mood, when, anxious to escape the impressions within, the eye involuntarily seeks for others without, her attention became attracted to an elegant equipage. Could she be mistaken? never in that form—it was surely Fitzalan! Well she remembered that graceful bend, that air of protection with which he supported his companion. The agitated Spaniard just caught a glimpse of her slight and delicate figure, of eyes blue as a spring sky, of a cheek of sunset: and, ere her surprise allowed the power of movement, the carriage was out of sight. Her entreaties to be allowed to alight, being only attributed to fear, were answered by assurances that she was safe. Gradually becoming more composed, she bade the coachman inquire who lived in the house opposite—it was the name she longed to hear—Colonel Fitzalan. She returned home, and with a tremulous hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept in silence, and entreating him to come and say she was still his own Isadore. The evening passed drearily away; every step made the colour flush her cheek; but he came not. Was he indispensibly engaged? Had he not received her note? —any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning the same favoured anxiety oppressed her: at length she heard the door, and, springing to the window, caught sight of a military man—she heard his step on the stairs, a gentleman entered, but it was not Fitzalan! Too soon she learnt his mission; he whom she had loved, so trusted, had wedded another—the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and unwilling to meet her himself, he had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence. Edward B*** gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which forced their way through the long dark eyelashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume.—Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit which could thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows, could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence—he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was but mockery. They parted, one to despair over the expire embers, the other to nurse the first sparkles of hope. The next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or of the motive which actuated him (for who seeks to analyze love's earliest sensations?) Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger. He found with her Colonel Fitzalan's solicitor; that gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man, for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong

claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reason for wishing his letters restored originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart-beat became audible, as she hastily caught the letters, and threw them into the flames. "You have performed your mission," exclaimed she; "leave the room instantly." Her force was now exhausted, she sunk back on the sofa. The tender assiduities of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She told him of hopes blighted for ever, of wounded affection; of the heart sickness which had paled her lips, and worn to a shadow her once symmetrical form. She had in her hand a few withered leaves. "It is," said she, "the image of my fate; this rose fell from my hair one evening; Fitzalan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside, it was faded, but to me it was precious from even that momentary caress; I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love; my part was the dead and scentless leaves." Edward now became her constant companion; she had found in him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied by throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look upon her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. "Yes, I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm!" Edward gazed on her face, and read conviction: but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of love, which hopes even in despair, and, amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grasps at even the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer sunset: the rich colour of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west, the intense light of her soft but radiant black eyes, excited almost hope; could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful? For the first time she asked for her lute; hitherto, she had shrunk from the sound of music; Fitzalan had loved it; to her it was the knell of departed love. She waked a few wild and melancholy notes. "These sounds," sighed she, "are to me fraught with tender recollections; it is the vesper hymn of my own country." She mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet, it was like the song of a spirit as the concluding murmur died away. She sunk back exhausted; Edward for a while supported her head upon his shoulder; at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly prest her lips;—he started from their chilling touch—it was his first, his last kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms!

## Miscellanies.

### DRAGOONING.

The following was the method of dragooning the French protestants, practised after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, under Louis XIV.

The troopers, soldiers, and dragoons, went into the protestants' houses, where they marred and defaced their household-stuff, broke their looking-glasses, and other utensils and ornaments, let their wine run about their cellars, and threw about their corn, and spoiled it. And as to those things which they could not destroy in this manner, such as furniture of beds, linen, wearing-apparel, plate, &c. they carried them to the market-place, and sold them to the Jesuits, and other Roman Catholics. By these means the protestants in Montauban alone, were, in four or five days, stripped of above a million of money. But this was not the worst.

They turned the dining-rooms of gentlemen into stables for their horses, and treated the owners of the houses where they were quartered with the highest indignity and cruelty, lashing them about from one to another, day and night, without intermission, not suffering them to eat or drink; and when they began to sink under the fatigue and pains they had undergone, they laid them on a bed, and when they thought them somewhat recovered, made them rise, and repeated the same tortures. When they saw the blood and sweat run down their faces and other parts of their bodies, they sluiced them with water, and putting over their heads kettle-drums, turned upside down, they made a continual din upon them, till these unhappy creatures lost their senses. When one party of these tormentors were weary, they were relieved by another, who practised the same cruelties with fresh vigour.

At Negreplisse, a town near Montauban, they hung up Isaac Favin, a protestant citizen of that place, by his arm-pits, and tormented him a whole night by pinching and tearing off his flesh with pincers. They made a great fire round a boy of about twelve years old, who, with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, cried out, "My God help me!" And when they found the youth resolved to die, rather than renounce his religion, they snatched him from the fire just as he was on the point of being burnt.

In several places, the soldiers applied red-hot irons to the hands and feet of men, and breasts of women. At Nantes, they hung up several women and maids by their feet, and others by their arm-pits, and thus exposed them without clothing to public view. They bound mothers that gave suck to posts, and let their suckling infants lie languishing in their sight for several days and nights, crying, mourning, and gasping for life. Some they bound before a great fire, and being half roasted, let them go; a punishment worse than death. Amidst a thousand hideous cries, and a thousand blasphemies, they hung up men and women by the hair: and some by their feet, on hooks in chimnies, and smoked them with wisps of wet hay till they were suffocated. They tied some under the arms with ropes, and plunged them again and again into wells; they bound others like criminals, put them to the torture, and with a funnel filled them with wine, till the fumes of it took away their reason, when they made them say they consented to be catholics. They stript them naked, and after a thousand indignities, stuck them with pins and needles from head to foot. They cut and slashed them with knives; and sometimes with red-hot pincers took hold of them by the nose, and other parts of the body, and dragged them about the rooms till they made them promise to be catholics, or till the cries of these miserable wretches, calling upon God for help, forced them to let them go. They beat them with staves, and thus bruised, and with broken bones, dragged them to church, where their forced presence was taken for an abjuration. In some places they tied fathers and husbands to their bed-posts, and violated their wives and daughters before their eyes. They blew up men and women with bellows till they burst them. If any, to escape these barbarities, endeavoured to save themselves by flight, they pursued them into the fields and woods, where they shot at them like wild beasts, and prohibited them from departing the kingdom (a cruelty never practised by Nero or Dioclesian) upon pain of confiscation of effects, the galleys, the lash, and perpetual imprisonment; insomuch that the prisons of the sea-port towns were crammed with men, women, and children, who endeavoured to save themselves by flight from their dreadful persecution. With these scenes of desolation and horror, the popish clergy feasted their eyes, and made only a matter of laughter and sport of them. And though my heart aches whilst I am relating these barbarities, yet for a perpetual memorial of the infernal cruelty practised by these monsters, I beg the reader's patience to lay before him two other instances, which, if he had a heart like mine, he will not be able to read without watering these sheets with his tears.

The first is of a young woman, who, being brought before the council, upon refusing to abjure her religion, was ordered to prison. There they shaved her head, singed off the hair from other parts of her body, and having stripped her of her clothes, led her through the streets of the city, where many a blow was given her, and stones flung at her: then they set her up to the neck in a tub full of water, where after she had been for a while, they took her out, and put on her a shift dipt in wine, which, as it dried, and stuck to her sore and bruised body, they snatched off again, and then had another ready dipt in wine to clap on her. This they repeated six times, hereby making her body exceedingly raw and sore. When all these cruelties could not shake her constancy, they fastened her by her feet to a kind of gibbet, and let her hang in that posture, with her head downward, till she expired.

The other is of a man in whose house were quartered some of these missionary dragoons. One day, having drank plentifully of his wine, and broken their glasses at every health, they filled the floor with the fragments, and by often walking over them, reduced them to very small pieces. This done, in the insolence of their mirth, they resolved on a dance, and told their protestant host that he must be one of their company; but as he would not be of their religion, he must dance quite barefoot; and thus barefoot they drove him about the room, treading on the

sharp points of the broken glasses. When he was no longer able to stand, they laid him on a bed, and, in a short time, stripped him naked, and rolled him from one end of the room to the other, till every part of his body was full of the fragments of glass. After this they dragged him to his bed, and having sent for a surgeon, obliged him to cut out the pieces of glass with his instruments, thereby putting him to the most exquisite and horrible pains that can possibly be conceived.

These, fellow protestants, were the methods used by the most Christian king's apostolic dragoons, to convert his heretical subjects to the Roman Catholic faith! These, and many other of the like nature, were the torments to which Louis XIV. delivered them over to bring them to his own church! and as popery is unchangeably the same, these are the tortures prepared for you, if ever that religion should be permitted to become settled amongst you. The consideration of which made Luther say of it, what every man that knows any thing of Christianity must agree with him in: "If you had no other reason to go out of the Roman church, this alone would suffice, that you see and hear how, contrary to the law of God, they shed innocent blood. This single circumstance shall, God willing, ever separate me from the papacy. And if I was now subject to it, and could blame nothing in any of their doctrines; yet for this crime of cruelty, I would fly from her communion, as from a den of thieves and murderers."

## BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

The banks of this river (the Almond) about two miles higher than Bertha, afforded an untimely grave to the fair friends, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, two neighbouring beauties, celebrated in an elegant Scotch ballad, composed by a lover deeply striken with the charms of both. One was the daughter of the laird of Kinnard, the other of the laird of Ledноch. A pestilence that raged in 1666 determined them to retire from the danger. They selected a romantic and sequestered spot, on the side of Bracchies Burn, where

They bigged a bower on yon burn brae,
And thick'd it o'er with rushes.

Here they lived for some time, and, as it should seem, without jealousy, for they received the visits of their lover, till catching the infection, they both died, and were both interred in the lands of Lednoch, at Dronach Haugh.

## DOLLY DRAY,

A SONG.

Though Kitty's beauties wake the lyre
Of those whom most her charms admire,
And honour every lay;
Let one dissent from half the plain,
And pour a voluntary strain
In praise of Dolly Dray.

A set of features may allure,
The beau's soft compliments insure,
From Pindus snatch the bay;
'Tis virtue makes the conquest last,
Each future joy enhance the past,
In lovely Dolly Dray.

Let base-born traitors worship gold,
Base treasure of their country sold!
Ambition's call obey;
My boast is peace and native health,
I cast out scorn at piles of wealth—
Am rich in Dolly Dray.

Can radiant summer, silver-crown'd,
Or fragrant spring, when blooms abound,
An emblem just convey?
Explore them, bards; you'll never find
An emblem meet to suit the mind
Of peerless Dolly Dray.

'Tis gentleness, of halcyon mien,
Through all her manners, sweetly seen,
That fills her breast with May;
Unstain'd by vanity or art,
Good-nature curtains round thy heart,
Delicious Dolly Dray.

O, pardon my incondite strain,
Sweet ornament of Denton's plain!
For would I half display
The virtues mild thy breast that fill,
I must purloin thy magic quill,
Poetic Dolly Dray.

Apollo once, report hath said,
On earth would meet a heav'nly maid,
His soft devoirs to pay:
And addeth more:—as chance befel,
He thought she cross'd the flow'ry dell,
When lo! 'twas Dolly Dray.

## THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES.

The soil of Rhodes is so fertile and rich, that it produces every delicacy which man can wish to enjoy; and the air is the most pure and serene that he could desire to breathe. Such is the beauty of the country and salubrity of the climate, as to give occasion to the poets to feign that Apollo rained golden showers upon it. Here the inhabitants erected the celebrated Colossus, one of the wonders of the world, to the honour of Apollo, or the Sun. This prodigious statue was made of brass, 70 cubits, or 130 feet in height, proportionably big

in every part. It stood astride over the haven, so that ships could sail in and out between its legs. In one hand it held a light-house, and in the other a sceptre; and its head represented a golden sun. The space between the two feet was 109 yards, and two men could scarce, with extended arms, embrace its thumb. After having stood 76 years, it was overturned by an earthquake, and though the Rhodians collected from the various Grecian States a prodigious sum to defray the expenses of repairing it, the money was embezzled, and the image was suffered to lay on the ground for upwards of 900 years, when the Saracens took the city and sold it as old brass to a Jew, who loaded nearly 1000 camels with it. It weighed 720,000lbs. avoirdupois. This wonderful work was made by Clares, a native of Rhodes, who was 12 years in completing it. Just on the spot where the feet stood, a castle on one side and a tower on the other were erected, and are standing there at present. The modern Christians of the island are very poor, and are not allowed to live within the walls of the city; which privilege is granted to the Jews. The principal manufactures are soap, tapestry, and camlets; but the city is a mart for all commodities made in the Levant. Yet Rhodes is kept merely in opposition to the Christians, as it does not remit any thing to the Grand Vizier, the Turkish Bashaw being allowed the whole of its revenues to maintain the gallies and himself.

## THE LYRE OF TIMOTHEUS.

This curious piece of antiquity is preserved at full length in Boethius. The fact is mentioned in Athenæus; and Casaubon, in his notes upon that author, has inserted the whole original text from Boethius, with the corrections, to which I refer the learned reader. I shall here, however, give a faithful translation of this extraordinary Spartan Act of Parliament:—

"Whereas Timotheus, the Milesian, coming to our city, has dishonoured our ancient music; and despising the Lyre of seven strings, has, by the introduction of a greater variety of notes, corrupted the ears of our youth, and by the number of his strings, and the novelty of his melody, has given to our music an effeminate and artificial dress, instead of the plain and orderly one in which it has hitherto appeared, rendering melody infamous, by composing in the chromatic, instead of the enharmonic. The kings and the ephori, therefore, resolved to pass censure upon Timotheus, for these things; and, farther, to oblige him to cut all the superfluous strings of his eleven, leaving only the seven tones; and to banish him from our city, that men may be warned for the future, not to introduce into Spartan any unbecoming customs."

The same story, as related in Athenæus, has this additional circumstance: that when the public executioner was on the point of fulfilling the sentence, by cutting off the new strings, Timotheus, perceiving a little statue in the same place, with a lyre in his hand, of as many strings as that which had given the offence, and shewing it to the Judges, was acquitted.

## CHINESE BARBERS & TAILORS.

Pekin, the metropolis of China, is erected on a very fine fertile plain, not far south of the Great Wall, in the most salubrious part of all China, abounding with corn, fruits, herbs, and roots, and all the necessaries and comforts of life, except that of tea, none of which grows in that province. The streets are always crowded, though Chinese women never appear in them, except in covered seats and chairs. The reason of this crowding is, that all provisions are brought thither by land carriage, no river or canal coming within three miles of the city, which occasions the streets to be filled with carts, camels, horses, and other beasts of burden with their drivers, insomuch that it is difficult to pass through the gates in a morning or evening. The artificers also contribute to increase the crowd, as they work in the houses of those who employ them, and are perpetually looking out for business. Barbers go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them a stool, basin, towel, pot, and fire, and when any person calls to them, they run up to him, and placing their stool in a convenient place in the street, they shave the head, clean the ears, put the eyebrows in order, and brush the shoulders, all for the value of a little more than a halfpenny. They then ring their bell again, and are ready for another customer. The Tailors who ply in the streets go home to the houses of their customers, and do their work there. They do not use thimbles, as ours do, but tie a rag upon their fingers; nor do they sit down to their work, but sew standing, except when they grow tired. The work is upon the table, and they stand close to it.

The motley crowd busied in their several occupations, cause a vast confusion; while jugglers, ballad-singers, and nostrum-mongers, are encircled by their respective mobs.

### ITALIAN HORSE-RACING.

During the stay of the Allied Sovereigns at Verona, they were treated with an Italian Horse-Race, of so ludicrous a description, that the most grave John Bull in all England could not behold it without laughing. The morning was ushered in as favourably as could be wished; and at an early hour the *Place d'Armes*, which is close to the *Bra*, became the general resort of all ranks. During the whole of the preceding week carpenters were employed in confining a place as a circus, and the road did not exceed half an English mile. What an extent of ground for a horse-race! At twelve o'clock precisely, twelve Italian steeds, of matchless shape and symmetry, started together; and—will it be believed?—they started without either riders, bridles, or saddles!—A strong paling of deal boards was intended to prevent them from bolting, but the precaution appeared unnecessary, for, with the exception of some snorting, snuffling, and kicking, they gallopped round with as much docility as Astley's ponies. Close to the Circus a Royal stand was fitted up, and it displayed in gay bendizenment appendages of pink, white, yellow, and blue satin. Farther on the public in general were accommodated on a large platform. The two Emperors and the King of Naples were present. The sapient animals who had to exhibit before the Mighty of the Earth were decked in all the colours of the rainbow; and, to render the display still more farcical, each race-horse carried his number painted on his side, as well as the initials of the owner's name, in large conspicuous characters. About a hundred yards from what was called the winning-post, a large black curtain was drawn across, and a man, standing behind, pulled it to, to stop the horses, after they had gone round six times. Two heats terminated the whole fete—a fete that certainly would have done honour to Bartholomew Fair!

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

The wonderful sagacity and discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton being the subject of conversation in a mixed company, some knowing person observed, that he thought the Philosopher must have had intercourse with a *Demon*. "Aye," said a shrewd fellow, "that he had, and I can tell you his name, it was *Demon*-Stration."

BEATRU.—When Beatru was in Spain he went to see the famous library in the Escurial, and, on conversing with the librarian, found him to be a most ignorant man. The King of Spain asked Beatru how he liked his library? "It is very handsome, Sir, (he said) but your Majesty should make the person who has the care of it, administrator of your finances." "Why so?" said the prince. "Because (replied Beatru) he does not make use of the treasure entrusted to him."

ANDREW MARVEL.—Marvel, by managing a very narrow patrimony, kept himself above corruption; and there is a story of him, which, though it may seem but ordinary, deserves to be everlastingly remembered. He dined usually at an ordinary in the Strand, where having eat heartily of boiled beef, and some roast pigeons and asparagus, he drank his pint of port, and on the coming in of the reckoning, taking a piece of money out of his pocket, and holding it between his finger and thumb, "Gentlemen (said he), who would let himself out for hire, while he can have such a dinner for half-a-crown?"

LUXURY.—The luxury of Capua destroyed the bravest army which Italy ever saw, flushed with conquest, and commanded by Hannibal. The moment Capua was taken, that moment the walls of Carthage trembled. They caught the infection, and grew fond of pleasure; which rendered them effeminate, and of course an easy prey to their enemies.

DEEP PLAY.—The late General Ogle had an unconquerable attachment to play. A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Fain's, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each; and also four thousand guineas in rouleaus, which he had won. When the box came to him, he shook the dice, and with great coolness and pleasantry said—"Come, I'll either win or lose seven

thousand upon this hand; will any Gentleman set me the whole? Seven is the main."—Then rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him, and quitted it, the dice remained covered. Though the General did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the Gentlemen did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, Gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him 500*l.*, another 500*l.*—"Come," says he, "whilst you are making up this money—7000*l.*—I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate a story that was pertinent to the moment; but observing that he was completely set, stopped short, laid his hand upon the box, saying, "I believe I am set, Gentlemen?"—"Yes, Sir; seven is the main." He threw out! Then, with astonishing coolness took up his snuff box, and, smiling, exclaimed, "Now, Gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please."

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BLEEDING.—One who had an inflammation in his eyes, sent for a surgeon to bleed him, and solicited the operation in these words of Gray:

Dear is the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops, that warm my heart."

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THE POET SPENSER—Edmund Spenser, a descendant of his name, was found in Ireland so late as 1724, when he had a suit at law tried before Baron Hall, and knew so little of the English language, that he was forced to have an interpreter.

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INDIAN BEARS.—In India Bears will often continue on the road in front of the palanquin for a mile or two, tumbling and playing all sorts of antics, as if they were taught to do so; it seems their natural disposition, for they certainly are the most amusing creatures imaginable in their wild state. It is no wonder, that with monkeys they are led about to amuse mankind. It is astonishing as well as ludicrous to see them climb rocks, and tumble or rather roll down precipices. If they are attacked by any person on horseback, they stand erect on their hind legs, shewing a fine set of white teeth, and making a crackling kind of noise: if the horse comes near them, they try to catch him by the legs, and if they miss him they tumble over and over several times. They are easily speared by a person mounted on a horse that is bold enough to go near them.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The History of Gem Engraving, A Caledonian's New Year's Wish to his Kintrafolk, and the favours of N. Y. S. W. S. W. and J. P. S. in our next.

A Yorkshire Story, J. A. H. S. E. T. H. Y. The Turkey, and several other articles, shall appear in No. XIII.

Will W. S. W. permit us to insert his communications under such heads as we deem most appropriate?

We must prevail on Annette to give us the conclusion of the Magic Pearl before we can decide upon its merits; and in general should prefer shorter tales than it proves to be.

A Correspondent complains that the article on the Melancholy of Tailors, in No. IV. of The Mirror, contains some unjust aspersions on that very respectable profession. We are the more surprised at this, as we thought we had done ample justice to the Tailors in the very first number of our work. The offence, however, is not ours, but that of a certain well known gentleman, whose name is Charles Lambe, but who assumes that of Elia with the readers of the London Magazine. To this gentleman we refer our correspondent, and the useful body he vindicates.


## Advertisements.

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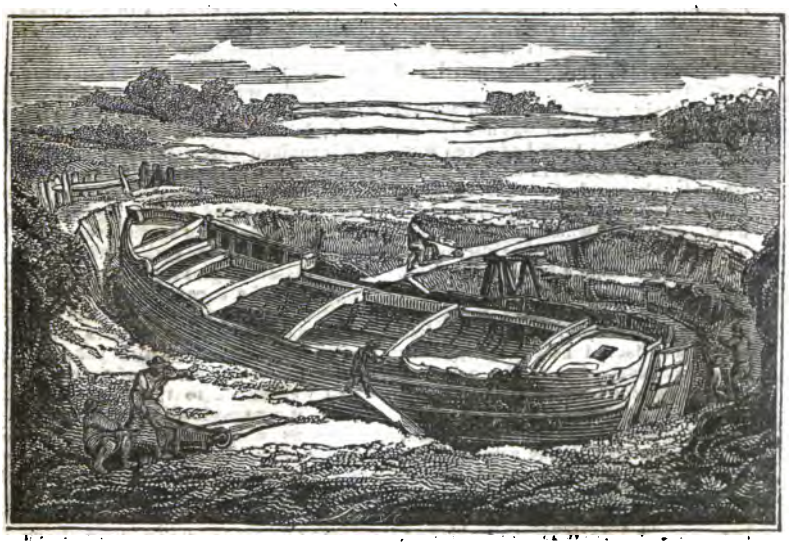
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XII.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## The Ancient Vessel of the Rother.



Our Engraving this week gives a correct representation of an object of singular interest and curiosity, now exhibiting in London—the ancient vessel which has been recently found buried in an old branch of the river Rother, in Kent. This river, formerly called Lemene or Lemen, takes its rise in the parish of Rotherfield, Sussex, and enters Kent in the parish of Sandhurst; passes round the North side of the Isle of Oxney, and flowing into Rye Harbour, passes thence into the sea. This river was diverted from its ancient stream so far back as the reign of King Edward the First, a circumstance which is thus recorded by Camden, in his Britannia. Speaking of the town of Romney, he says, "the sea, driven by violent winds, overwhelmed this track, and made great havoc of men, cattle, and buildings; and having destroyed the little populous village of Promhill, changed the channel of the Rother, which here emptied itself into the sea, and filled up its mouth, making it a new and shorter course by Rhie, so that it gradually deserted this town, which from that time declined and lost much of its populousness and dignity."

This ancient ship was discovered at Malham, a short distance from the present navigable river Rother, at the West corner of the Isle of Oxney, and about two miles from Rolvenden and Newenden, the site of the ancient Roman city of Anderida.

As this vessel was discovered in a spot which the convulsion of nature to which we have alluded, overwhelmed, we have an assurance that she must have reached that point previously; and it is more than probable that her destruction is ascribable to that event. There are some persons, however, who are of opinion, that from the decayed state of the river towards the haven at Romney, for many years before that tempest happened, she could not have got to the place where she was found within at least these six hundred years. Others have, indeed, given the vessel a much higher antiquity, and suppose it to be one of the fleet abandoned by the Danes, after their defeat in the reign of Alfred. Without, however,

professing any extraordinary knowledge on the subject, we feel no hesitation in expressing a decided opinion, that naval architecture had not made such progress in the time of the Anglo Saxons, as this vessel, dilapidated as it is, now displays.

This point, though one of interest to the antiquary, and a fair subject for discussion, we shall not dwell upon; but proceed briefly to notice the discovery of the vessel, and to give a description of it, and of the articles it contained.

About six years ago, when the old channel of the Rother was nearly dry, and a part of the bank had given way, the proprietor's steward or bailiff, Mr. Elphee, observed the ends of some planks projecting out of the side of the bank, some of which he drew out, without taking any further notice of the circumstance until a few months back, when, getting up another plank, he observed some ship fastening in it. He then began to suspect that what he had before considered as an old tank for sheep washing, was really a vessel. Having obtained permission of his employer, J. B. Pomfret, Esq. of Tenterden, he shut out the water, and opening the bank, was astonished to find the upper part of a vessel.

The ancient vessel was then dug out, and has since been removed to Waterloo-Road, where it is now exhibited, and is attracting the attention of the curious. It is sixty-three feet eight inches long, and about fifteen feet broad. At the time it was discovered, the upper part of it was buried ten feet below the earth's surface, which, added to nine feet, her entire height from bottom to gun-wale, make on the whole an accumulation of nineteen feet of sand and mud upon the river since she was lost. For the following more minute description of this vessel, we are indebted to an interesting account of it which is sold at the place of exhibition:

"She appears to have been single masted, with a round stern; and bears much the resemblance of the Dutch or Flemish vessels, as they are mostly (as she is) flat-floored, and without a keel, in order that they may skim over the shallows, or flats, which abound along the coast. She is fitted in the following manner:—There are two cabins in her stern;—the after one is decked over, with a hatchway for entrance; the other, adjoining it, was covered over with a caboose, which fell in on being exposed, and the sand taken from under it; there is also a short deck forward, with an enclosure beneath it, but, the midship part is entirely open. Her bulwarks and washboards manifest that she has been a *sea vessel;* and her beams, which are much stronger than would be required for a vessel for inland navigation, prove that our forefathers were not ignorant of apportioning a due strength to the stress upon timber, from the circumstance of their being three times as deep as they are broad: her timbers and planks are remarkably sound and hard, and so completely saturated, as to have become, in many parts, quite black;—she is caulked with *moss*, which is considered by ship-builders as very remarkable;—there is much singularity also, in the method of steering, which Mr. Elphee states, was discovered by a gentleman (whose curiosity led him to the vessel several times during the progress of the excavation) who fixed the beam, and explained how the rudder was acted on; it appears there were rudder bands,* which yoked it, and by an alternate motion of the ropes, which were fixed to the back of the rudder, it was made to revolve on the pinions as a centre of motion, the breadth of the rudder being the leverage; the rudder is, certainly, very broad, which makes the power more effective, and hence the vessel the easier to steer:—ropes have been properly fixed on board her, so that persons may have an opportunity of fully comprehending the plan.

"There is a very curious windlass on the aft-deck, which shows, from its contrivance, that they had not much idea of getting rid of friction; and at the fore part of the vessel there had evidently been another fixed from side to side; there are many other curious specimens of rude architecture in her, well worthy of observation, but we must not enter too much into detail;—her planks are immensely broad, and of a close and hard texture, and said by some persons to be of *oak*, and by others of *chesnut*: we should rather lean to the former opinion, but we leave the decision to those who are well acquainted with the nature of woods.

"The wreck of a small boat was dis-

* We read in the narrative of St. Paul's shipwrecks; of "loosing the rudder bands:" it may, perhaps, then be an interesting query in naval mechanics, to know when the tiller was first used?

covered by the excavators, near the stern of the vessel; but, the iron fastening being in a very corroded state, she could only be removed piecemeal; between the edges of the planks were layers of *hair*, some of which is to be seen, together with the wood, which is uncommonly sound."

In this vessel were found a variety of articles, which are also exhibited with her, namely, a large flint and steel, which, although much worn, will still elicit sparks, part of the blade of a sword, with a hollow ball or hilt of yellow metal attached to it, four vases, several bricks of red and yellow colour, the corroded remains of two locks, &c.

In the cabin, or cooking room, were discovered a leathern ink-horn, curiously marked, but very similar in shape to those now used by school-boys; part of a brass cock; a sounding lead; several shoes and sandals of curious shape; several bricks and fragments of tiles, bound together with iron; a small glass bottle, erroneously and absurdly supposed by some to have been an hour-glass; a small stone, used as a whetstone; several hooks; an oak board about eighteen inches long, and twelve broad, with some curious lines cut on it; and a circular wooden board of oak, perforated with about twenty-eight holes, which was most probably a calendar, by which the progress of the lunar month was marked.

"Of the mortal remains," says the printed description, to which we again refer, "that have been brought to light, we observe a human skull, that of a man, with a hip bone, several ribs, and other parts of a skeleton of an adult; part of the skeleton of a child. The hip bone, thigh, and several smaller bones have been preserved, together with part of the skull; parts of a skeleton of a dog, which from the roundness of the skull, and length and shape of the upper jaw, is conjectured to be that of a greyhound; the lower jaw of a boar, with its teeth and tusks; parts of two skulls, with the horns of sheep or goats; also the breast bone of a goose, with several bones of some large animals; the skulls, and many of the bones, are much discoloured, and some of them quite black, particularly those of the skeleton of the dog."

Such is the brief notice of the Ancient Vessel of the Rother, one of those curiosities which the antiquary and the philosopher may love to contemplate, and which cannot fail of gratifying all who feel the slightest veneration for the remains of antiquity.

## ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF GEM ENGRAVING.

It is difficult to trace the origin of Gem Engraving; doubtless the mode of cutting and preparing hard stones was devised by the necessities of the early nations, and employed by them in the formation of tools and military weapons, the knowledge of the superior utility of metals for those purposes being comparatively, if not quite, unknown. The antiquity of this invention is established beyond all question. Mr. Croly, in his remarks on this subject, in the "Gems" so charmingly etched by Dagley, remarks—

"That India, the common source of all the arts, probably gave birth to it. Signets of lapis lazuli and emerald have been found with Sanscrit inscriptions, presumed to be of antiquity beyond all record. The natural transmission of the arts was from India to Egypt; the whole symbolic mythology of the latter people occurs upon hard stones of almost every description. The stones of the Jewish High Priest's breastplate were engraved with the names of the twelve tribes, and of these stones one was a diamond!

"The Etruscans, a singular nation, whose existence is scarcely known but in the fragments of their arts, but who, on the faith of these fragments, must take a high rank among the polished nations of the old world, have enriched our collections with gems of a compound style. Their general shape is like the Egyptian—that of the Scarabœus; and where the shape differs, the Scarabœus was frequently found engraved. The subjects are chiefly Greek, but of the more ancient story of Greece; the war of the Chieftains at Thebes; Peleus devoting his hair; Tydeus after bathing; Hercules bearing the tripod," &c.

There appears no proof that mechanical skill attained in the infancy of the art any considerable perfection. The Indian characters are sufficiently rude, and most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics are as coarsely indented as possible: indeed, if we give the case a moment's reflection, it could not be otherwise—the operation must have been chiefly effected, with much labour and loss of time, by the hand. Whatever conjectures might be hazarded upon the subject, it is quite clear that the Greeks have no claim to the invention of the machinery by which the process of gem engraving is effected. The merit of it appears to rest with the Egyptians;

but as the art travelled from the banks of the Nile to the shores of Attica, it became invested with a character of dignity and importance proportioned to its merits; and patronized by the great names of antiquity, it kept pace with the higher studies of sculpture and painting. Thus, with the lapse of ages, and the progress of civilization, the feeling of enthusiasm for this beautiful study, and the knowledge of its mechanical execution, increased; and in the time of Pericles, when Greece was at her loftiest eminence of splendour, the art of gem sculpture attained its justly boasted perfection.

The beauties of Grecian art expired not with her liberties. When the phalanxes of those whose ancestors conquered at Marathon and Platæa were scattered before the cohorts of Rome; when the spirit of freedom departed, the genius of the arts lingered behind, and shed a ray, dim and imperfect, but still lovely, over her vanishing glories. The arts, in general, flourished with the rising majesty of Rome; nor were our beloved gems forgotten. On the contrary, their triumphant march continued; and prior to the reign of Augustus, as well as during that period, some of the Roman artists rivalled the excellence of their Greek predecessors. The works which yet remain to us, incontestibly prove how much this art was appreciated—how much it was encouraged; and the consequent elevated station which was gained by those employed in its cultivation. Indeed the very large size of the apotheosis of Augustus and the Vienna gem (cameos of singular beauty), would almost induce a belief that the apparatus employed in those days differed somewhat from that with which we are now acquainted.

Here a blank occurs in our history. The mother of nations was at length hurled from her pinnacle of universal empire, and it is bootless to seek for aught allied with mind, during the despotism of men who boasted "that no green thing ever flourished on the soil where their horses' hoofs had once trod." In the fifteenth century gem engraving revived: Italy was the chosen place for the recommencement of her career; and there are some interesting and curious specimens of her progress during that period still remaining.

We hasten now to more modern times. The names of Pikler and Natter, among the Germans, are familiar to every amateur of gems. Their productions (particularly those of the latter) approach very nearly to the beauty of the antique. Mr. Croly, in his work, has mentioned with praise-worthy complacency the very high rank which some of our own countrymen have attained in this department of art—the names of Brown and Marchant are sufficient to attest this fact—but why is that of *Burch* omitted, who was unquestionably the father of gem engraving in this country? To the list might safely be added the names of Wray, Dean, and Frewin, as not likely to be forgotten by those who are capable of appreciating excellence in works of this description.

Mr. Tassie, in his invaluable repository, has impressions from almost all the various collections of gems in the world, by means of which those works, which otherwise would have been buried in comparative oblivion, are attainable at a very trifling expense by every lover of the Fine Arts. This *is the most complete collection in Europe*, amounting to nearly twenty thousand in number, and comprising casts of almost every gem, whether antique or modern, of known celebrity.

It is not so fully known as it should be, that in Tassie's collection there are also above twelve hundred fine impressions from the splendid Greek and Roman coins, collected at an immense expense by the late Dr. Hunter. The coins are now at Glasgow, where they are, to all intents and purposes, nearly lost to the public. The importance of these also, deserves to make them a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. These relics of antiquity, as well as the gems, may be truly said "to revive the forgotten skill and the varnished beauty of bygone ages." T. T.

## A CALEDONIAN'S NEW YEAR'S WISH TO HIS KINTRA FOLKS.

Guide speed you weel, my native kintra folks,
That wons ayownt the flowing river Tweed;
Lang may ye sing an' crack your cantie jokes,
Your lives spin out unto a lenthen'd threed.

A blithe New Year, my frins, I wish ye a,
May Heaven's bounty on you ever smile,
An' showers o' blessings rown' you thickly fa',
While the ocean laves your happy isle.

May arts and science gie you emulation,
Your pens and penciles flow wi' gracefu' line,
Some lads o' late a' pride to onie nation,
At books and pictures toucht at the sublime.

O, may you, like your forefathers sae brave,
Fill up a nook in patriotic storie;
Readie aye your kintrie for to save,
Awake to love an' aye alive to glory.

Now drifts recoil an wheel amang the braes,
And heavie sna's bend the spreadin thorn;
That Pow'r that now obscures the sun's broad rays,
That self same Pow'r can load your fields wi corn.

Altho' the cattle droop an' mountains hide
Their tow'ring heights beneath the low'rin clouds,
The awfu' rock just frae its shapeless sides,
The blast rins howling throw the naked woods.

Altho' the hare hae left the mountain's steep,
An lainlie corbies oure your deep glens flee,
The foxes prowl amang your smother'd sheep,
An' wild geese skim far frae there native sea.

I've seen the hill's braid shadow on the deep,
A' dark below, an' naithing coud explore;
But sune as Sol did rown' the mountain sweep,
Ten thousand pebbles glitter'd on the shore.

Sae ne'er dispond, for Spring will sune return,
Ye're wild flowers bla' upo' your lofty craigs;
The Gowdin broom lav'd by the siller Burn,
Wi chrystal bells dance owre the tender twigs.

A time for love, for music, an' for joy,
The Mavis notes will usher in the day,
When lads and lasses cantilie will toy
Amang the knowes, or rownd the hawthorn play.

May fortitude your dwellings aye adorn,
An' smiling Hope stand sentrie at your doors;
May that nymph Plentie, wi a' weel fil'd horn,
Strew her rich fruits all owre your hamelie floors.

My kintra folks I now maun tak' fareweel,
Min' to the right han' canilie be swervin,
The braes o' Fame I wish you may aye speel,
I'm truelie your devoted humble servin,
*January* 2, 1823. P. C.

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## THE LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—It has been remarked, whether truly or not I leave physiologists to decide, that as coincidence of character unites souls in the bonds of friendship, so bodies receive the most lively pleasure, when the corresponding parts of each come in contact with one another; that the eye, for instance, delights most to meet the eye; the hand to grasp the hand; the lips to press the lips, &c. This observation may be pregnant with unsuspecting results; it may, perhaps, afford a clue to the solutions of the problems of sympathy and antipathy: let it for the present conduct us to the subject of conversing by means of the hands. In love, it is well known, every thing is eccentric, every word a mystery, every little assurance an oath, every little untruth a perjury. Ordinary people can only speak by opening their mouths, and moving the tongue and lips; lovers, on the contrary, converse with their eyes, the forehead, the whole face, nay, even with their hands. A timid lover has, perhaps, never yet opened his mouth: but a gentle pressure of the hand has betrayed his heart to the beloved object. Those hands of a lover, which at the first interview do nothing but twist a hat, shew bashfulness, and respectful timidity; but those which do nothing at all, announce indolence. When two hands, whose owners belong to different sexes, cordially press each other, they speak at that moment so much, that it would require a volume to express it all in words: their hearts start into their fingers, and every finger is transformed into a tongue. In this manner two friends silently tell each other the most affectionate things. Often when two lovers are annoyed by the presence of

a rigid mother or guardian, they secretly squeeze each other's hands, and then whisper to each other "what a pity we are not alone!" The language of the eyes, so highly extolled by the poets, certainly has its advantage, but yet is far inferior to the language of the hands. In the dark it cannot be employed at all. It is attended to be sure with no noise, but a deaf person may hear it, and to none but the blind it is unintelligible; to every one, on the contrary, who can only half see, it but too readily betrays itself. When a lover ventures for the first time to grasp the hand of his charmer, she either withdraws it, and that is as much as to say, "I have no heart for you," or she suffers it, which is the same as if she said, "He whom I permit to touch my hand may hope also to touch my heart."

In lovers' quarrels indeed the hand is withdrawn to express anger, but soon extended again in token of reconciliation. Who can tell all that is said by the hand, which another's conveying to the lips to have a kiss imprinted upon it? This is done either slowly or hastily, either with trembling, or boldly, and expresses civility or respect, gratitude or love. Two hands are folded together—their owner prays; the folded hands are raised—he solicits something; they are rubbed one against the other—he is impatient. In many cases this does not require the whole hand; a few fingers, or even a single one being sufficient to make themselves understood. The raised finger threatens, when bent it beckons, when extended it points. Two fingers produce the snap, a sign of contempt or defiance. The hand gives—the hand receives: both speak aloud. The first in particular proves the goodness of the heart of the giver, as well as the merit of the receiver. The hand likewise answers by a repulsive motion. A finger placed upon the lips inculcates discretion. The ancients represented the God of Silence in this attitude. How they have represented Venus, every body knows—the hands of the Goddess say, "I am bashful." The Graces take each other by the hand, as much as to say—"We ought to be invisible." Two hands firmly grasping each other are the symbol of fidelity. The clinched fist bespeaks rage and revenge—the hollowed hand implores alms—the hand laid upon the heart protests—the hand upon the forehead thinks—the hand behind the ear expresses difficulties—the forefinger of the hand laid across that of the other, speaks the language of scorn and malicious joy—the point of the forefinger pressed against the point of the thumb, and then whipped to the nose, is the language of the profoundest contempt. In a word, there is scarcely a sentiment which the hand is not capable of expressing, and it not only completely supplies the place of the mouth in speaking, but also, rather imperfectly, in kissing—for when the lips cannot approach the beloved object, the hand throws kisses to her.

AMBIDEXTER.

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## THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

*From the Greek of Archias.*

Lyssipe's babe had crawled on hands and knees,
Close to the margin of a dizzy rock,
When lo! her heedless boy the mother sees,
And with a mother's pangs receives the shock.

To stir was death! Great God, what should she do?
Sure some kind Deity around her watched:
She bared her breast—it caught the prattler's view,
And from the brink of fate th' unconscious victim snatch'd.

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BY MR. ROGERS,

*Author of 'The Pleasures of Memory.'*

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall—
See, to the last—last verge her infant steals—
O fly!—yet stir not—speak not—lest it fall:—

Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

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## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### HOGARTH'S "LADY'S LAST STAKE."

This painting represents a young woman of distinction in the perilous occupation of deep play with a gay and youthful man of fashion and intrigue; the lady has been unsuccessful, and lost (like Francis I.) all—except—honour—which, the Moral Artist insinuates, is in danger. This picture, of which I do not know that there has been

any plate engraved, is, I believe, at present, at Charlemont-House in Dublin, the town residence of the amiable Earl of C. and was greatly and justly prized by the Earl's equally worthy and accomplished father. My anecdote is this: the late Mrs. Piozzi told me, that when she was nearly 16, about the year 1756, she was an inmate at the house of her Uncle Cotton; that Hogarth paid her a visit, and in the course of the evening turned to her, then Miss Salusbury, and said, "he hoped she would never waste her hours, nor hazard her repose in the pursuit of *Gaming;* made a sketch of her, and informed her she should hear more from him on that point at a future time. Soon after he produced, and showed her the "Lady's last stake;"—"in which," said he, "Miss Salusbury, the lady is a likeness of yourself, because I wanted a pretty subject; and wished to give a lesson of wisdom to one who is, I trust, capable of understanding its force." Mrs. Piozzi added, that the portrait was considered a good resemblance. But, when she amused me with the above, the picture had been sixty years painted; so that age, worldly cares, and much intellectual exertion, had committed their usual ravages on what assuredly had been a very fine countenance, indicating, as all who knew her must recollect, a lofty, liberal mind, and brilliant genius.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## PARIS IN 1822.

BY A TRAVELLER.

At length we entered Paris, and were much struck (as all must be) with the magnificence of its public buildings, and the beauty and extent of its gardens. The noble fountains and gates which adorn the streets, and the beautiful sculpture on the public edifices, appear to great advantage in the comparatively pure atmosphere of Paris. The marble retains its whiteness, and even its polish, uninjured by the soot and blacks which so quickly deform the buildings in London. The "Jardin des Plants," the Museum, the grand square of the Thuilleries, the Galleries of the Louvre, the Luxemberg, which are politely opened to foreigners at all seasons, must be seen to be adequately judged of; for England affords no institutions of that kind to compare with them.

Versailles, with its paintings, statues, gardens, and waterfalls, seems a scene of enchantment; and looking from the gallery of the Chapel, or walking through the noble saloons and immense gardens, we feel as if transported to fairy-land. In the interior of the houses, the oaken floors, neatly inlaid and finely polished, the tables with marble tops, the noble squares of plate glass, surrounded by rich carvings, the elegant papers and gold mouldings, which adorn the apartments even in private houses, give an air of splendour which astonishes an Englishman. But on more minute inspection we discover that *comfort* (a word unknown to France) is sacrificed to appearance. That the rooms may seem more spacious, the beds are mostly placed in closets shut in with folding-doors, and as they are placed there for *use*, not for *show*, they have no furniture, and the linen and bedding are far inferior to the English. The general staircase to most houses is almost impassable from dirt, because as each occupier of his respective floor is expected to assist in removing it, it is very seldom done. The table-knives, wretched enough in themselves, are more wretched from the dirty state in which they are kept; and at the tables of the Parisians the "most elegant people in the world," neither sugar-tongs, nut-crackers, nor salt-spoons, make their appearance. We find in Paris none of those arrangements for the general advantage of the community, to which we are accustomed in England; there is no flag pavement, not even a curb-stone to protect foot passengers—and carriages take contrary sides as often as the drivers please, to the great danger of the pedestrian.

The dead are generally buried the next day, and all bodies found drowned, &c. are conveyed to "la Morgue," where, after laying a certain time to be owned, they are buried without inquiry.

Much has been said in regard to the superior decency and correct deportment of the French of all classes. Certainly the drunkenness and riotous behaviour, which we too often meet with in the streets of London, are of very rare occurrence in Paris: but there are silent vices, as well as noisy ones. The Metropolis, besides the numberless gaming tables of the Palais Royale, has one in almost every street, to which *men* and *women* unblushingly repair, whence the Government has received not less than 600,000*l. per annum* for the licenses of gaming-houses, &c.; and the number of suicides in 1820 was 376. We shall therefore be inclined to pause

before, from the mere outward deportment of the Parisians, we give them the praise of superior morality. The last hold on public morals, a Sabbath day, is almost wholly disregarded; trades are carried on as on other days, and if any distinction is made, it is by increased dissipation. The extraordinary vigilance of the police may in a great measure account for the correct behaviour of the Parisians.

The present King, on his return, endeavoured, but ineffectually, to promote a more decent observance of the Sabbath; in this instance he has been obliged to yield (would it had been in a better cause) to popular opinion. The fête of St. Louis was on a Sunday, this year, and the whole city seemed given up to complete dissipation. There were ballad-singers, round-abouts, and all the elegant amusements of Bartholomew-fair; food and wine were distributed to the populace, and public illuminations and splendid fire-works took place, by order of Government.

While the day of God's appointment is scarcely noticed, except to profane it, such festivals as the Assumption of the Virgin, and days dedicated to Saints, are most strictly and religiously observed.

Trade seems brisk in Paris;—we were astonished at the number of shops, which, though inferior in size, and (generally speaking) in splendour, to those of London, are certainly more numerous. The nick-name which Napoleon bestowed on us, "a nation of shopkeepers," seems singularly ill applied, as from the rare occurrence of private houses in Paris the term is more suited to them. The shopkeepers have a childish plan of painting their articles of trade on the shutters and door-posts—bonnets, sausages, books, stockings—every species of dress or food, are displayed in brilliant colouring along the streets, to the great edification of beholders. Another singular trait may be mentioned—bakers' shops are decorated with an iron grating, and the imprisoned bread cannot be released from its confinement, except by the baker himself; the Parisians, however, account for this by the depredations committed by the populace in times of confusion.

An Englishman at his first entrance into Paris, must feel astonishment and delight at the apparent splendour he sees around him. A little time dissipates the illusion; he finds a strange contrast between the exterior show, and interior dirtiness, and want of those accommodations to which he has been accustomed;—he compares the high pretensions of its inhabitants, with their conceited views, insufferable egotism, and defective morality; and after a short stay turns willingly from the heartless gaieties and endless dissipations of Paris, to the quiet pleasures of an English fireside.—*Ibid.*

## HOW TO BRING AN OFFENDER TO JUSTICE.

There prevails in many parts of Germany, a good old custom, according to which criminals are passed from place to place, much in the same manner as with us vagrants or beggars are passed to their respective parishes. If a thief, for example, is caught at A, and he is or pretends to be from B, he is conducted from place to place by the inhabitants of the intermediate towns and villages, and has of course the best opportunities for escaping by the way. Now it frequently happens, that should he luckily reach B, by this mode of conveyance, it is found that he does not belong to that place: he is then sent back, or forwarded to C, or D, as the case may be, and the rogue has the pleasure of travelling all over the country, till he thinks fit, or in other words, till he has a favourable opportunity to escape, in order to recommence his industrious career. Such opportunities of recovering his liberty, without any effort on his part, are not rare; for escorting of offenders in this way is a compulsory service, which every one of course evades if he can.

The following anecdote, illustrative of this subject, is given by M. von Grollmann, criminal judge of the province of Upper Hesse, in his *History of the Banditti of the Vogelsberg and Wetteravia;* written in 1813. Holzapfel, one of these banditti, says that writer, whose work by the bye is entirely founded on authentic documents, was apprehended in 1811, with one of his comrades, at Oberessigheim, and sent to Hanau. As he stated Beuern, in this province, to be his birth-place, he was passed for Giesson, together with a sealed letter, by the commissariat of the police at Hanau. He arrived at L——, a considerable place, some leagues from Giessen. This happened to be on a Sunday afternoon, when none of the peasants will work if they can help it. The constable, therefore, gave orders to the watchman of the place to appoint the man to take the

prisoner farther, together with the letter, which he delivered to the watchman, and then gave himself no farther trouble about the matter. The watchman went from house to house, but met with nothing but shuffling and excuses; not a creature would undertake the duty of escorting the prisoner. At length he began to be rather impatient, and to get rid of the business some how or other, he went and commanded an *old woman*—literally an old woman—to execute the commission. The poor creature wept bitterly: she represented to him that it would not be the most becoming thing in the world for a person of her years to—put on breeches—for this she was required to do, probably to inspire the robber with more respect by this transformation. All her remonstrances, however, were unavailing; the watchman commanded, and the old woman was obliged to obey. Luckily, however, she found means to extricate herself from this ticklish dilemma. A grandchild, a boy ten years old, was moved, as it may naturally be supposed, by the tears of his granny, and offered to undertake the task imposed upon her. The proposal was accepted, and off went the boy with the robber. But surely he ran away from him?—O no, courteous reader, he had no need to do that—have patience and you shall hear. The boy—you will recollect, if you please, that it was Sunday—soon longed to be back with his playmates. When, therefore, he had proceeded to a little distance from the place with his prisoner, "My honest fellow," said he, turning to him, "will you be so good as to go forward to —— alone? I want to get back myself."—The robber had the politeness to answer in the affirmative.—"Well then," rejoined the boy, "take this letter, and give it on your arrival to the constable, who will provide for your being forwarded to the next place.—And hark ye, here is a penny for you to spend by the way." With these words the guard turned back; the robber took the letter, which was to acquaint the tribunal with his crime, and the penny, and cheerfully pursued his way, to begin a new course of depredations. If this anecdote were not related by a celebrated writer on criminal law, and in a work founded on legal documents, the reader might justly be disposed to consider it as an experiment on his credulity.

*Ackerman's Repository.*

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**THE FOUR AGES OF WOMAN:**

*From the French.*

Woman is
In Infancy a tender flower,
Cultivate her;
A floating barque in Girlhood's hour,
Softly freight her.

A fruitful Vine when grown a Lass,
Prune and please her;
Old, she's a heavy charge, alas!
Support and ease her.

*New European Magazine.*

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**MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.**

Whether estimated by the number or by the beauty of his compositions, the subject of these few Memoranda has a pre-eminent claim to take the highest rank among the Lyric Poets of Great Britain; nor will the proudest honours of Minstrelsy be deemed misappropriated, when garlanding the brows of "Erin's Child of Song."

Thomas Moore, Esq. so justly designated "the representative of Irish Poetry," is the son of Mr. Garrett Moore, formerly a respectable merchant of Dublin, where he was born, May 28th, 1780. The earlier portion of his education was received under Mr. Samuel Whyte, who had also been the early tutor of the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan; in 1794, however, his studies were removed to Trinity College, Dublin, and he subsequently crossed the Channel, and entered as a Student of Law, in the Middle Temple, in November, 1799. In the Spring of 1800, Mr. Moore first appeared before the public as an Author, in a translation of Anacreon, which was succeeded by some Anonymous Poems in the following year. In 1803, he embarked for Bermuda, where he was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty, the duties of which office being consigned to a Deputy, he departed for America, whence he again returned to England, in 1804; and shortly afterwards published his remarks on *American Society and Manners*. His more recent and far more popular productions, have been the *Irish* and *National Melodies*, and *Lalla Rookh*, each of which is sufficient to confirm our most favourable opinion of his talents. Of his new Poem, entitled *The Loves of the Angels*, we shall have early occasion to speak, we hope favourably, at length; though of too many of his former anonymous compositions, however brilliant in wit, and melliffluous in poetry, we regret that our censure can only be su-

perseded by our silence: which, when Mr. Moore is the Author, is a species of criticism doubly painful.—*New European Magazine.*

As a sequel to this brief notice of the Bard of Erin, we add the following from the *Percy Anecdotes* of Conviviality:—

The name of Anacreon Moore, by which the gentleman to whom these Anecdotes are inscribed, is distinguished, is not so much his due from the mere circumstance of his having translated the odes of the Teian bard, as from the social qualities which he is known to possess, and the convivial spirit of his muse. Mr. Moore seems to be of opinion, that

" If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies."

He is not, however, ungrateful for whatever share conviviality may have had in inspiring his muse, but has amply acknowledged it in the elegant and glowing terms in which he has celebrated its praises.

No individual presides with more grace at the convivial board; nor is there one whose absence is more liable to be regretted by his friends. Being on one occasion prevented from attending a banquet where he was an expected guest, and where in consequence every thing seemed (to use a familiar phrase) out of sorts, a gentleman, in the fervour of his disappointment, exclaimed, " Give us but one Anacreon *more*, ye gods, whatever else you deny us." Presiding once at a tavern dinner, where some of the company were complaining that there was no game at the table, a gentleman present, alluding to the fascinating manners of Mr. Moore, who kept the " table in a roar," said, " Why, gentlemen, what better game would you wish than *Moor* game, of which I am sure you have abundance?"

At another time, after the pleasures of the evening had been extended to a pretty late hour, Mr. D. proposed, as a concluding bumper, the health of Mr. Moore; a toast which, having been twice drank in the course of the evening, was objected to as unnecessary. Mr. D., however, persisted in giving the toast; and quoted, in support of it, the following passage from Mr. Moore's translation of the eighth ode of Anacreon. " Let us drink it now," said he.

" ' For death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no *More*.' "

## The Novelist.

No. X.

### FREDERICK AND CATHERINE.

*From the " German Popular Stories."*

There was once a man called Frederick: he had a wife whose name was Catherine, and they had not long been married. One day Frederick said, " Kate! I am going to work in the fields; when I come back I shall be hungry, so let me have something nice cooked, and a good draught of ale." " Very well," said she, " it shall all be ready." When dinner-time drew nigh, Catherine took a nice steak, which was all the meat she had, and put it on the fire to fry. The steak soon began to look brown, and to crackle in the pan; and Catherine stood by with a fork and turned it: then she said to herself, " The steak is almost ready, I may as well go to the cellar, for the ale." So she left the pan on the fire, and took a large jug and went into the cellar and tapped the ale cask. The beer ran into the jug, and Catherine stood looking on. At last it popped into her head, " The dog is not shut up—he may be running away with the steak; that's well thought of." So up she ran from the cellar; and sure enough the rascally cur had got the steak in his mouth, and was making off with it.

Away ran Catherine, and away ran the dog across the field: but he ran faster than she, and stuck close to the steak. " It's all gone, and ' what can't be cured must be endured,' " said Catherine. So she turned round; and as she had run a good way, and was tired, she walked home leisurely to cool herself.

Now all this time the ale was running too, for Catherine had not turned the cock; and when the jug was full the liquor ran upon the floor till the cask was empty. When she got to the cellar stairs she saw what had happened. " My stars!" said she, what shall I do to keep Frederick from seeing all this slopping about?" So she thought a while; and at last remembered that there was a sack of fine meal bought at the last fair, and that if she sprinkled this over the floor, it would suck

up the ale nicely. "What a lucky thing," said she, "that we kept that meal; we have now a good use for it." So away she went for it: but she managed to set it down just upon the great jug full of beer, and upset it; and thus all the ale that had been saved was set swimming on the floor also. "Ah! well," said she, "when one goes, another may as well follow." Then she strewed the meal all about the cellar, and was quite pleased with her cleverness, and said, "How very neat and clean it looks!"

At noon Frederick came home. "Now, wife," cried he, "what have you for dinner?" "O Frederick!" answered she, "I was cooking you a steak; but while I went down to draw the ale, the dog ran away with it; and while I ran after him, the ale all ran out; and when I went to dry up the ale with the sack of meal that we got at the fair, I upset the jug: but the cellar is now quite dry, and looks so clean!" "Kate, Kate," said he, "how could you do all this? Why did you leave the steak to fry, and the ale to run, and then spoil all the meal?" "Why, Frederick," said she, I did not know I was doing wrong, you should have told me before."

The husband thought to himself, if my wife manages matters thus, I must look sharp myself. Now he had a good deal of gold in the house: so he said to Catherine, "What pretty yellow buttons these are! I shall put them into a box and bury them in the garden; but take care that you never go near or meddle with them." "No, Frederick," said she, "that I never will." As soon as he was gone, there came by some pedlars with earthenware plates and dishes, and they asked her whether she would buy. "Oh dear me, I should like to buy very much, but I have no money: if you had any use for the yellow buttons, I might deal with you." "Yellow buttons!" said they, "let us have a look at them." "Go into the garden and dig where I tell you, and you will find the yellow buttons: I dare not go myself." So the rogues went: and when they found what these yellow buttons were, they took them all away, and left her plenty of plates and dishes. Then she set them all about the house for a show: and when Frederick came back, he cried out "Kate, what have you been doing?" "See," said she, "I have bought all these with your yellow buttons: but I did not touch them myself; the pedlars went themselves and dug them up." "Wife, wife," said Frederick, "what a pretty piece of work you have made! those yellow buttons were all my money: how came you to do such a thing?" "Why," answered she, "I did not know there was any harm in it; you should have told me."

Catherine stood musing for a while, and at last said to her husband, "Hark ye, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back: let us run after the thieves." "Well, we will try," answered he; "but take some butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat by the way." "Very well," said she, and they set out: and as Frederick walked the fastest, he left his wife some way behind. "It does not matter," thought she: "when we turn back, I shall be so much nearer home than he."

Presently she came to the top of a hill, down the side of which there was a road so narrow that the cart wheels always chafed the trees on each side as they passed. "Ah, see now," said she, "how they have bruised and wounded these poor trees; they will never get well." So she took pity on them, and made use of the butter to grease them all, so that the wheels might not hurt them so much. While she was doing this kind office, one of her cheeses fell out of the basket, and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked, but could not see where it was gone; so she said, "Well, I suppose the other will go the same way and find you; he has younger legs than I have." Then she rolled the other cheese after it; and away it went, nobody knows where, down the hill. But she said she supposed they knew the road, and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them.

At last she overtook Frederick, who desired her to give him something to eat. Then she gave him the dry bread. "Where is the butter and the cheese?" said he. "O!" answered she, "I used the butter to grease those poor trees that the wheels chafed so; and one of the cheeses ran away, so I sent the other after it to find it, and I suppose they are both on the road together somewhere." "What a goose you are to do such silly things!" said the husband. "How can you say so?" said she; "I am sure you never told me not."

They ate the dry bread together; and Frederick said, "Kate, I hope you locked the door safe when you came away." "No," answered she, "you did not tell me." "Then go home,

and do it now before we go any further," said Frederick, "and bring with you something to eat."

Catherine did as he told her, and thought to herself by the way, "Frederick wants something to eat; but I don't think he is very fond of butter and cheese: I'll bring him a bag of fine nuts, and the vinegar, for I have often seen him take some."

When she reached home, she bolted the back door, but the front door she took off the hinges, and said, "Frederick told me to lock the door, but surely it can no where be so safe as if I take it with me." So she took her time by the way: and when she overtook her husband she cried out, "There, Frederick, there is the door itself, now you may watch it as carefully as you please." "Alas! alas!" said he, "what a clever wife I have! I sent you to make the house fast, and you take the door away, so that every body may go in and out as they please:—however, as you have brought the door, you shall carry it about with you for your pains." "Very well," answered she, "I'll carry the door; but I'll not carry the nuts and vinegar bottle also—that would be too much of a load; so, if you please, I'll fasten them to the door."

Frederick of course made no objection to that plan, and they set off into the wood to look for the thieves; but they could not find them: and when it grew dark, they climbed up into a tree to spend the night there. Scarcely were they up, than who should come by but the very rogues they were looking for. They were in truth great rascals, and belonged to that class of people who find things before they are lost: they were tired; so they sat down and made a fire under the very tree where Frederick and Catherine were. Frederick slipped down on the other side, and picked up some stones. Then he climbed up again, and tried to hit the thieves on the head with them: but they only said, "It must be near morning, for the wind shakes the fir-apples down."

Catherine, who had the door on her shoulder, began to be very tired; but she thought it was the nuts upon it that were so heavy: so she said softly, "Frederick, I must let the nuts go." "No," answered he, "not now, they will discover us." "I can't help that, they must go." "Well then, make haste and throw them down, if you will." Then away rattled the nuts down among the boughs; and one of the thieves cried, "Bless me, it is hailing."

A little while after, Catherine thought the door was still very heavy: so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the vinegar down." "Pray don't," answered he, "it will discover us." "I can't help that," said she, "go it must." So she poured all the vinegar down; and the thieves said, "What a heavy dew there is!"

At last it popped into Catherine's head that it was the door itself that was so heavy all the time; so she whispered Frederick, "I must throw the door down soon." But he begged and prayed her not to do so, for he was sure it would betray them. "Here goes, however," said she: and down went the door with such a clatter upon the thieves, that they cried out "Murder!" and not knowing what was coming, ran away as fast as they could, and left all the gold. So when Frederick and Catherine came down, there they found all their money safe and sound.

## Miscellanies.

### MUSIC.

If the son of Sirach be any authority, we may believe that music was in great repute amongst the Hebrews of old, and especially at their feasts. In giving directions to the master of a banquet as to his behaviour, he desires him, amongst other things, "to hinder not the music." And to this he adds, "A concert of music in a banquet of wine is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold. As a signet of emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with the pleasant wine."* And, in speaking in praise of Josias, he observes, "The remembrance of Josias is like the composition of the perfume, that is made by the art of the apothecary: it is sweet as honey in all mouths, and as music in a banquet of wine."† Here we have a pleasing recollection illustrated by a comparison with the gratification of three of the senses. Ossian, on an occasion a little different, has made use of the last comparison here adopted, where he says, "The music of Caryl is like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." This, however, it should be noticed, invests the illustration above quoted from Ecclesi-

* Eccles. ch. 32, v. 3 to 6.
† Ibid. ch. 40, v. 1.

asticus. While we are on the subject of music, we may take the opportunity of adverting to the little estimation in which it appears to have been held by some eminent characters among the Greeks. The Athenians were in the habit of reviling Themistocles for his ignorance of the manners of the world, and of the usual accomplishments of polite breeding. His only answer to these inconsiderate railers was, that "it was true, indeed, he never played on a lute, but he knew, notwithstanding, how to exalt a small and insignificant state to greatness and glory." —When Antisthenes, another distinguished Grecian, was informed that Ismenias played excellently on the flute, he replied, and, says Plutarch, properly enough, "then he is good for nothing else." In the same spirit, too, Philip of Macedon is recorded to have said to his son, Alexander the Great, upon hearing him sing very skilfully at an entertainment, "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?" And to these instances we may add, that the celebrated Plato banished music from his imaginary republic.

## DOGS AND CATS.

M. Sonini, in his "Travels in Egypt," informs us (what is, by-the-bye, pretty generally known from other sources), that dogs are, in that country, objects of peculiar abhorrence. They are never permitted to enter the dwelling of a Mahommedan; and, if one is found in a mosque, he is immediately put to death. In consequence of this excommunication from the society which this animal seems so instinctively disposed to cultivate, the Egyptian dogs live for the most part in the open air, feeding upon garbage and any other filth that chance throws in their way. Yet they are found to be faithful protectors of the property and even persons of the very men by whom they are thus despitefully treated; although, Sonini remarks, it is extremely curious to see the pains taken by a Mussulman, and a dog, when they happen to meet, to avoid coming in contact with each other. Notwithstanding this state of persecution, dogs are remarkably numerous in the towns in Egypt. The species is a large one, about the size and make of our greyhound. As a proof of the Mahommedan prejudice against this useful animal, it is sufficient to state, that they regard the terms Christian and dog as synonimous—both, of course, in the most opprobrious sense. As a singular contrast to the foregoing, we may now notice the veneration in which cats have ever been held by the Egyptians, who, in ancient times, even worshipped them. And historians tell us, that Berbastis and Atribes, two towns in Egypt, the former a votary of cats and the latter of mice, contracted, on that account, so strong an antipathy to each other, that the inhabitants were never known to intermarry, although only a few miles asunder. In some parts of India, too, we are told, they have a similar reverence for Grimalkin, as the only crimes punished capitally there are the murder of a man and a cat.

## LETTER OF CHARLES I.

The following copy of an original letter written by King Charles I. shews what sad reverses even Kings sometimes meet with, when a Monarch of Great Britain wrote to borrow a sum of 200*l.*:

"To our trusty and well-beloved John Grubb, Esq.

"Charles R.

"Trusty and well-beloved, wee greete you well. Though we are unwilling in the least degree to press upon our good subjects, yet we must obey that necessity which compells us in this publique distraction, when our owne money and revenue is seized and deteyned from us, to hold on any thing which with God's blessing may be a meanes to preserve this kingdome. We must therefore desire you forthwith to lend us the sum of 200*l.* in money or *plate*, for our necessary support and the maintenance of our army, which we are compelled to raise for the defence of our person, the Protestant Religion, and the Lawes of the land. Wee have trusted this bearer to receive it of you, and wee doe promise you, in the word of a King, to repay it with interest. And of this service wee cannot doubt, well knowing you are too much concerned in the safety of our person, and the preservation of the publique peace, to neglect this opportunity of expressing your care of both.

"Given at our Court at Oxford, this 17th day of February, 1642."

## ON THE FRENCH NOBILITY.

BY LADY MORGAN.

The nobility of France, including all the higher classes of Society, are distinguished in the early annals of their country by a boldness and energy of character, which not even the iron

cages and loathsome dungeons of their determined foe, Louis XI. could subdue. But what his oppression could not effect, the vicious court and corrupting despotism of Louis XIV. accomplished. In the whining sycophants, who shed tears when the monarch frowned;* who canvassed the honour of becoming *the husband of his mistress*, or of yielding up their daughters to a royal concubinage, it is difficult to trace the ancient baronial independence, the high sense of honour, which produced the Guesclins and the Bayards of earlier days. —Amidst the orange groves and luxurious pavillions of Versailles, among priests and parasites, in childish amusements and womanish gossip, expired that once brilliant spirit, which gave to the French cavalier his peculiar tone of gallant intrepidity. The energy and vivacity, distinguishable through the political and religious struggles of the league, were no more, and that careless desperation which induced the chiefs of the Fronde to embark in a cause, scarcely understood, to please a beauty, scarcely known,

"de faire la guerre aux rois,"

or,

"de faire la guerre aux dieux,"

this bright etherial spark of national fire was exchanged for a flame cold and putrescent as the harshy exhalation, and fit only to light the idolatrous altars, raised by a parasite aristocracy, to the worship of a vain-glorious monarch. The group of slaves which the flattery of the sculptor has placed at the feet of the most gorgeous statue of the most gorgeous of kings, aptly images of the higher classes of society, by which he was surrounded.†"

* Even *le verteux Pomponne*" is described as *weeping*, when the king reproved him; and Monsieur *kneels at the feet* of his royal *brother*, to thank him for a favour conferred on one of his friends. Mad. de Maintenon's own picture of this "*cour inique*," as she calls it, is curious: "*Nous y voyons des envies, sans sujet, des rages, des trahisons, sans ressentement, des bassesses qu'on couvre du nom de grandeur d'âme.*"

† When this famous statue of Louis XIV. was thrown down, in 1792, the name of the celebrated artist, Girardon, was found written on one of the feet of the horse. Chamfont rather harshly defines this *humility* to be "*la modeste bêtise d'un homme de génie, qui se croit honoré de travailler à la gloire d'un tyran.*"

## ROSSLYN CASTLE.

Who that has heard the favourite air of Rosslyn Castle would not wish to know something of a mansion associated with pleasing recollections? Take then the following:—

About the thirteenth century, Lord Rosline determined on preserving an independent power within his own family, for which purpose he built a fortified castle (eight miles south of Edinburgh), surrounded by strong walls, a murmuring river, and lofty braes; a drawbridge protected its only entrance, over which now hangs a dangerous ruin. Beyond this are the remains of a tower; facing it is a house composed of the stones that once formed the other parts of the castle; beneath it are the original vaults, divided into two ranges; the first was used for stables, the second was applied to the service of the soldiers, and was their only habitation for many years. Below these are other vaults, formerly a place of confinement for prisoners; the winding staircase that leads to it is now so much decayed as to be impassable without the aid of a guide and lights. Two hundred years after the erection of this castle the family built a chapel for their private devotions. It is still in so good a state of preservation, that nearly all its peculiarities are discernible. It is small and completely gothic; its sides, both exterior and interior, are lined with niches, in each of which a statue formerly stood. The roof and galleries are supported by fourteen pillars. One was rendered remarkable by a peculiar circumstance at the time of its erection. The architect went to Rosslyn for the model of a pillar, which he intended to place near the altar; before his return the apprentice obtained the model, and completed the work, which so enraged his master, that upon his return he struck him a blow with a hammer, which caused his death. The circumstance is commemorated by three heads being placed near the spot, representing the master, the apprentice (with the mark of the blow on the forehead), and his mother. The pillar is bound with ivy, and represents passages of scripture, such as Sampson pulling down the temple, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, burying the dead, &c. At the east end of the chapel were three altars, a few stones only remain now, and near them is a staircase, which leads to a deep vault, formerly used for confessions.

## PROPHECY.

In the prophecies of Scripture, it is said ecclesiastical and civil tyranny are described under the denomination of the two beasts particularly mentioned in the 13th chapter of the Revelations. Vivienne, a French writer, who published his works about eight years before the revolution, asserts that these beasts meant the King of France and the Pope of Rome; and it is somewhat extraordinary that the name of Ludovicus, which is Latin for Louis, should apply to the following lines in those Revelations. Let him that has understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred three score and six. It applies thus:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L | stands for | 50 |
| V | ——— | 5 |
| D | ——— | 500 |
| O | ——— | nothing |
| V | ——— | 5 |
| I | ——— | 1 |
| C | ——— | 100 |
| V | ——— | 5 |
| S | ——— | nothing |
| | | 666 |

The exact number.

# The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

## CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

ON A GOOD WIFE.

*By her Husband.*

Here lies my poor wife, much lamented,
She's happy, and I'm contented.

IN A CHURCH-YARD IN NORFOLK.

Here lies MATTHEW MUD,
Death did him no hurt;
When alive he was MUD,
And now dead he's but *dirt.*

ON THOMAS DAY.

Here lies Thomas Day.
Lately removed from over the way.

ON JOSEPH CRUMP, A MUSICIAN.

Once ruddy and plump,
But now a pale lump,
Beneath this safe lump
Lies honest JOE CRUMP,
Who wish'd to his neighbour no evil;
What, tho' by Death's thump
He's laid on his rump,
Yet up he shall jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er Death and the Devil.

IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH-YARD, STAMFORD.

Earth walks upon earth, glitt'ring like gold;
Earth goes to earth sooner than it would;
Earth builds upon earth castles and towers:
Says the earth to the earth, all shall be our's;
We live and die, and hope to live eternally.

TO MISS ANN—ON A WATCH.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my dear, that rapid time
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care
The blessing can restore:
And heav'n exacts a strict account
For ev'ry mis-spent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospects end;
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our being's aim,
The space to virtue giv'n;
And ev'ry minute well improv'd,
Secures an age in heav'n.

MATELOTE OF EELS.—Eude, who was French cook to Louis XVI. in a Cookery Book he has published, gives the following inhuman process for cooking a dish of eels; and yet the man would make us believe he is not cruel. Let our readers judge for themselves:

"Take (says he), one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. Note.—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* [astonishing!] for recommending in my work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt ones are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin." What will the benevolent Mr. R. Martin, who got a bill passed to prevent cruelty to animals, say to this?

EPIGRAM.

To an ignorant priest, quoth his prelate severe,
"Away with such blockheads!—Fool, what dost thou here?
"What an ass of a Bishop in orders put thee?"
"Your Lordship," said Hodge, with a humble congee.

ROYAL FAVOUR.—A low Irishman was one day bragging to his friends that the King had spoken to him. On being asked what his Majesty said to him, he replied, "Arrah, my dear honey, he only ax'd me to get out of the way."

MODERN REFINEMENT.

"Mamma," says Mrs. Meagrim's daughter,
"The *superfluity* of water
Destroys its *flavorality*,
And quite *obnoxious* makes the tea!"
G. P.

BON MOT.—Two gentlemen were walking in the High-street, Southampton, last week, about the hour which the industrious damsels of the mob and brush usually devote to cleaning the pavement before the door. It happened that the bucket used upon such occasions was upon the stones, and one of the gentlemen stumbled against it.—"My dear friend," exclaimed the other, "I lament your death exceedingly!" "My death!" "Yes, you have just kicked the *bucket*."—"Not so," rejoined his friend, "I have only turned a little *pale* (pail)."

CHARING-CROSS.—This appellation is commonly spelled, as if it were corrupted from Chairing Cross, and described as a place where the Members for Westminster were chaired.

Probably it derives from Sharing Cross, and designates the site of a cross, where two roads share, or divide. This use of the word share, may be still traced in plowshare, share bone, and in Milton's

"Deep entering shared,
All his right side."

An English gentleman talking with his Irish servant, said, "it is a long time since you heard from your mother, mayhap she is dead."—"Oh, no, your honour," answered he, "she is not dead, or she would have let poor Pat know of it."

BUMPER.—When the English were good Catholics they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass every day after dinner—*au bon pere*; whence the word *bumper*.

A gentleman in a stage coach passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? the driver replied, "It is the Unitarian Church."—"Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what is that?"—"I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the *opposition line*."

HOW TO SHIP A PIG.—Manœuvre with the animal till you have got his snout in the proper direction facing the plank which communicates with the vessel, then take hold of his tail and pull it hard, as though you wished him to come from the place, when, from a spirit of opposition natural in pigs, he goes up the plank without further trouble.

DICKY SUETT.—Suett, meeting Bannister, said, "I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon—what day shall I come, Jack?" To which the other replied, "Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a—fry-day."

LONGEVITY OF AN ENGLISH PEAR TREE.—There are now standing in the garden of Hawkes Fearing, Esq. in Hingham, two of the above mentioned trees, which, according to authentic records, were brought to England by Matthew Hawkes, one of his ancestors, in the year 1683. They last year bore four bushels of pears.

JOHN BULL.—The expression John Bull, commonly used to signify an Englishman, is taken from Dean Swift's ludicrous History of Europe, wherein the people of England are personified under that appellation. The Sovereigns of Austria, Spain, and France, by those of Squire South, Street, and Louis Baboon.

THE LAW.—A month in *law* is a lunar month of 28 days, unless otherwise expressed; therefore a lease for 12 months, is only 48 weeks; but a lease for *a* twelvemonth is good for the whole year.

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# The Mirror

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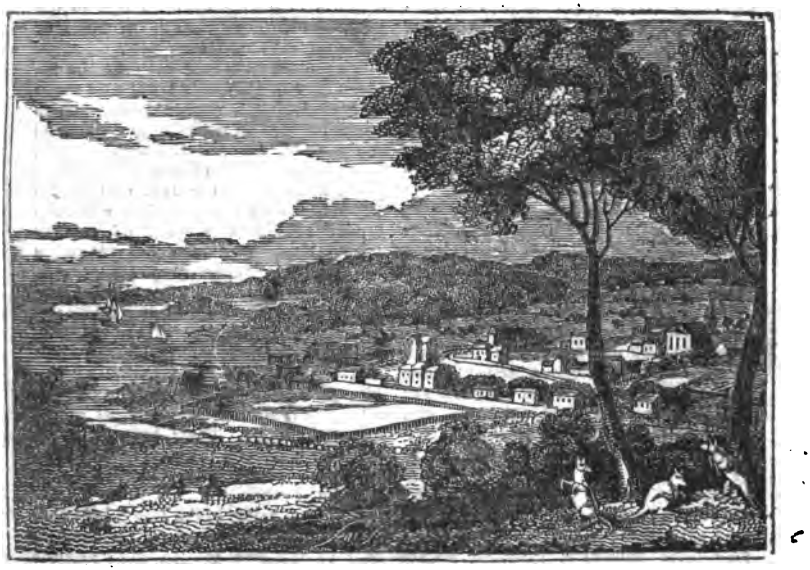
## Van Dieman's Land.



The above Engraving represents an interesting View of Hobart's Town, the capital of Van Dieman's Land, with the adjacent scenery: and as the British settlements in this part of the world are every year becoming of more importance, owing to the rapidity with which crime in this country is populating them, some account of them may not be deemed uninteresting.

Previous to the restoration of Charles the Second, transportation, as a punishment, was unknown to the English laws; but after that time persons found guilty of capital offences, entitled to the benefit of clergy, were transported to the British settlements in North America. They were not, however, sent away as perpetual slaves, but bound by indentures for seven years; during the last three of which they received wages, in order that a fund might be provided, to give them a fair chance of future success in life.

The revolt of the American colonies, and their subsequent independence, put an end to our sending convicts to those settlements, and the system of confining prisoners to hard labour on board the Hulks, or in Houses of Correction, was resorted to, until the discovery of New South Wales by Captain Cook, in 1770, opened a new field for transportation. The first embarkation for this colony was in February, 1787, and consisted of two hundred and sixty-four convicts. The first settlement was made at Sidney; and another has since been found in the adjacent island of Van Dieman's Land. Although it is not more than five and thirty years since the first settlement was made, yet so fertile has this country been in crime, that these colonies now amount to upward of twenty thousand persons, one half of whom are convicts.

Van Dieman's Land is an island nearly as large as Ireland, to the South of the colony of New South Wales, better known by the name of Botany Bay, from which it is separated by a strait of sixty miles in width, called Bass's Straits. This island has not so discouraging and repulsive an appearance from the coast as New Holland. Many fine tracts of land are found on the very

borders of the sea, and the interior is almost invariably possessed of a soil admirably adapted to all the purposes of civilized man. This island is mountainous, and consequently abounds in streams. On the summit of many of the mountains there are large lakes, some of which are the sources of considerable rivers. Of these the Derwent, Huon, and Tamar, rank in the first class. There is, perhaps, no island in the world of the same size, which can boast of so many fine harbours: the best of these are the Derwent, Port Davy, Macquarrie Harbour, Port Dalrymple, and Oyster Bay. The first of these is on its Southern side: the second and third on the Western, the fourth on the Northern, and the fifth on the Eastern side; so that it has harbours in every direction—a circumstance which must materially assist the future progress of civilization.

The climate of this island is healthy, and much more congenial to the European constitution than Port Jackson. The North-West winds, which are there productive of such violent variations of temperature, are here unknown, and neither the winters nor summers are subject to any great extremes of cold or heat.

The natives of Van Dieman's Land are few in number, considering the extent of country which they yet hold free from European invasion. It is probable that their extreme wretchedness forbids their increase. They have been always hostile, and by no means avail themselves of the freedom of our streets and houses, like the natives of Port Jackson. This feeling is ascribed to a fatal quarrel at the first settling, in which several of them were killed, and the memory of which has been kept alive by occasional encounters in the interior, between them and the solitary Europeans employed as stock-keepers. These are frequently assaulted by spears and stones, and are compelled to use fire-arms in their defence. The two parties live in mutual suspicion and dread; and time and conciliation towards such of the natives as afford opportunities of intercourse, can alone obliterate the present impression of long cherished animosity. Some intercourse has lately been effected with those of the western coast, and they appear free from all oppression of the colonists. Hence it would seem that, on the other side of the island, the native hostility arises from some ancient grudge, particularly since, from the difficult, if not wholly impracticable, nature of the western range of mountains, it is very doubtful whether the tribes have any communication, unless by the northern extremity of the island. The savages do not eat the cattle or sheep; but they often destroy them and burn the carcasses. They subsist chiefly on kangaroos, opossum, and "such small deer," down to the kangaroo rat, migrating, in times of scarcity, to the coast for fish.

The great difference between the Indians of Van Dieman's Land and those of New Holland, though the countries are separated by a strait not a hundred miles wide, and studded with islands, by means of which canoes might safely pass, and though the rest of nature's productions are nearly the same in both lands, affords a subject of curious speculation. The Islanders resemble the African Negro in physiognomy, much more than the natives of the continent; and the hair of the former is woolly, whereas that of the latter is coarse and straight. Both races are equally free from any tradition of origin, or acquaintance with each other, although their barbarism seems at the extreme pitch. Their languages are entirely different, and it is probable that they never had any connection with each other.

The barbarism of the few inhabitants of this island, is said to be equal to that of the New Hollanders; and the following passages from Symes's Embassy to Ava, might have been written of the natives of Van Dieman's Land.

"Their sole occupation is to rove along the margin of the sea, in quest of a precarious meal of fish. In stature they seldom exceed five feet. Their limbs are disproportionately slender, their bellies protuberant, with high shoulders and large heads; and, strange to find in this part of the world, they are a degenerate race of Negroes with woolly hair, flat noses, and thick lips. They go quite naked, and are insensible of any shame from exposure. Hunger may (but these instances are rare), induce them to put themselves in the power of strangers: but the moment that want is satisfied, nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature. Their habitations display little more ingenuity than the dens of wild beasts; four sticks stuck in the ground are bound together at the top, and fastened transversely by others, to which branches of trees are suspended; an opening is

left on one side, just large enough to admit of entrance; leaves compose their bed."

The British colonies in Van Dieman's Land have of late received a great accession of settlers from Great Britain. According to the last accounts they were gradually improving, and assuming more and more the appearance of a civilized community. From an account of a tour of inspection by Governor Macquarrie, it appears that, in July, 1821, the population of the island amounted to 6,372 persons, exclusive of the civil and military officers; and that it contained 28,888 head of horned cattle, 128,468 sheep, 421 horses, and 10,663 acres of land in cultivation.

Hobart's Town, the capital, was founded in 1804, and is situated about nine miles up the Derwent. As may be supposed, a capital of less than twenty years standing cannot be very large; it is, however, rapidly improving in size and comfort. And the settlement called Launceston has been founded about thirty miles from the mouth of Port Dalrymple, and 130 miles in a straight line from Hobart's Town.

We shall conclude this notice with a brief account of Michael Howe, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers, and who by his depredations became the terror of Van Dieman's Land. This account is abridged from the Life of Howe, printed at Hobart's Town in 1818, and was the first child of the press of a state not fifteen years old.

Michael Howe was born at Pontefract, in 1787, and was apprenticed to a merchant vessel at Hull; but "he showed his indentures a fair pair of heels," (as Prince Henry says), and entered on board a man of war, from which he got away as he could. He was tried at York in 1811, for a highway robbery, and sentenced to seven years transportation. He arrived in Van Dieman's Land in 1812, and was assigned by government as a servant to a settler; from this service he absconded into the woods, and joined a party of twenty-eight bush-rangers, as they are called. In this profession he lived six years of plunder and cruelty, during which he appears to have twice surrendered himself to justice, under proclamations of pardon, but was both times unaccountably suffered to escape again to the woods. It is reproachful to the government of the colony, to think that it was after the second of these flights from justice, or at least from confinement, that he committed the murder of the two men who had, as they thought, secured him. By this means he again escaped, to be shot at last by a private soldier of the 48th regiment, and another man; for so desperate was this villain, that he was only to be taken dead, and by stratagem.

Howe was without a spark of even the honour of an outlaw; he betrayed his colleagues upon surrendering himself to government, and he fired upon a native girl, his companion, when she became an impediment to his flight. He was reduced at last to abandonment, even by his own gang; and one hundred guineas, and, (if a convict should take him) a free pardon and a passage to England, were set upon his head. He was now a wretched conscience-haunted solitary, hiding in dingles, and only tracked by the sagacity of the native girl, to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, and who was now employed by the police to revenge his cruelty to her. His arms, ammunition, dogs, and knapsack were first taken from him; and in the last was found a little memorandum-book of kangaroo skin, written by himself in kangaroo blood. It contained a sort of journal of his dreams, which shewed strongly the wretched state of his mind, and some tincture of superstition. It appears that he frequently dreamt of being murdered by natives, of seeing his old companions, of being nearly taken by a soldier; and in one instance only, humanity asserts itself even in the breast of Michael Howe, for we find him recording that he dreamt of his sister. It also appears from this little book, that he had once an idea of settling in the woods, for it contained long lists of such seeds as he wished to have, vegetables, fruits, and even flowers.

These bush-rangers are now exterminated, and the colony on which they were a heavy drawback is consequently rapidly advancing in numbers and in civilization.

## MRS. HORNBY AND SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

In Number XI. of the *Mirror* we gave an engraving and description of Shakspeare's house at Stratford on Avon, and mentioned that part of it is at present occupied by Mrs. Hornby, a collateral descendant of the immortal bard. Of this lady we meet with the following singular account in Miss Hawkins's Anecdotes, just published:

"This Mrs. Hornby, a very decent nurselike woman in her exterior, ap-

pears very singular in mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a tragedy of the battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The interlocutor's names are in initials, the P. R., D. Y., and the Marquis of W. She has made our ministry sitting in council under the appellations of 1st, 2d, and 3d Minister. In one act she has made Bonaparte in Paris, and Louis a fugitive: in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing Bonaparte's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation;—she composes whenever she cannot sleep; and says that she has written some beautiful verses on the comet; but not satisfied with them, she has turned them into a play, and made Shakspeare the comet. She says she often alters what she does; and that every body admires her publications. She writes a fair hand, and in her style of speaking there is no predominant vulgarity: but there is nothing in it that can distinguish her from persons of her own class: in speaking to me she always called me "Lady," and began the sentence with it—"Lady, I can shew you;" or "Lady, if you will please to look." I bought her a play. She said he had never been in London. She spoke with pleasure of seeing Shakspeare's plays, but with no discrimination;—she was sure there were none like them. Speaking of her children, she called them "the little Shakspeares;" adding, "We call them all Shakspeares!"

## THE PHANSIGARS;

### OR, ASSASSINS OF HINDOSTAN.

In the last volume of the Asiatic Researches, printed at Calcutta, we observe a full and authentic account of the sect of murderers, called Phansigars, who infest different parts of India. They live in communities, and subsist by systematic plans of depredation and butchery. Their universal practice is first to strangle, and then to rifle their victims. They never allow one of a party attacked, however numerous it may be, to escape, except boys of a tender age, whom they spare, in order to train them to their own nefarious pursuits. The gang of them usually consists of from ten to fifty.

Emerging from their haunts, they sometimes perform long journeys, being absent from home many months, and prowl along the eastern and western coasts, to Hyderabad and Cape Comorin. In general, however, they do not roam to such a distance, but make one or two excursions every year. Their victims are almost exclusively travellers whom they fall in with on the road. Each gang has its serdar or leader, who directs its movements. Of a numerous gang, some usually remain at home, while the rest are engaged in the work of pillage and murder. Those that are abroad are often divided into separate parties of ten or fifteen persons, who either follow each other at some distance, or, the parties taking different routes, they rendezvous at an appointed place in advance; measures being at the same time taken to secure a speedy junction of the gang, should this be requisite for the purpose of attacking several travellers at once. Different gangs sometimes act in concert, occasionally apprising one another of the approach of travellers whose destruction promises a rich booty.

Phansigars have the appearance of ordinary inoffensive travellers, and seldom assume any particular disguise. They indeed not unfrequently pretend to be traders; and there is reason to believe that they sometimes come from the *dekhin* clothed in the garb of *bairagis*.

Phansigars are accustomed to wait at choultries on the high roads, or near to towns where travellers are wont to rest. They arrive at such places and enter towns and villages in straggling parties of three or four persons, appearing to meet by accident, and to have had no previous acquaintance. On such occasions, some of the gang are employed as emissaries to collect information, and especially to learn if any persons with property in their possession are about to undertake a journey. They are often accompanied by children of ten years of age and upwards, who while they perform menial offices, are initiated into the horrid practices of the Phansigars, and contribute to prevent suspicion of their real character. Skilled in the arts of deception, they enter into conversation and insinuate themselves, by obsequious attentions, into the confidence of travellers of all descriptions, to learn from them whence they come, whither and for what purpose they are journeying, and of what property they are possessed. When they determine, after obtaining such information as they deem requisite, to attack a traveller, they usually propose to him, under the specious plea of mutual safety, or for the sake of society,

to travel together; or else they follow him at a little distance, and, on arriving at a convenient place, and a fit opportunity presenting for effecting their purpose, one of the gang suddenly puts a rope or sash round the neck of the unfortunate person, while others assist in depriving him of life.

Such are the perseverance and caution of the Phansigars, that a convenient opportunity not offering they will sometimes travel in company with, or pursue persons whom they have devoted to destruction, several days before they execute their intention. If circumstances favour them, they generally commit murder in a jungle, or in an unfrequented part of the country, and near to a sandy place or a dry watercourse. The precaution they take, the artifices they practice, the mode of destroying their victims, calculated, at once, to preclude almost the possibility of rescue or escape—of witnesses of the deed—of noise or cries for help—of effusion of blood—and, in general, of all traces of murder: these circumstances conspire to throw a veil of darkness over their atrocities.

It sometimes happens, that a party of travellers, consisting of several persons, and possessed of valuable effects, are, while journeying in imaginary security, suddenly cut off; and the lifeless and despoiled bodies being removed and interred, not a vestige of them appears. Instances are said to have occurred, of twelve or fourteen persons being simultaneously destroyed. But such occurrences must be rare; and, in general, the property taken is not considerable. Such, indeed, are the cruelty and cupidity of these detestable wretches, that, on the presumption of every traveller possessing concealed treasure, or some property, however trifling, even indigence affords not its wonted security.

Formerly, if good horses, shawls, or other valuable articles, were among the booty, they were commonly reserved for the *polygar*, in payment of protection. A portion of the plunder was usually appropriated to defraying the expenses of religious ceremonies; and, sometimes, a part was also allotted for the benefit of the widows and families of deceased members of the gang.

The frequent association of the most abject superstition with the deepest guilt, has often been noticed. The justness of the observation is exemplified in the conduct of most—perhaps of all—classes of Indian delinquents, and remarkably so in that of the Phansigars.

Their system, indeed, seems to be founded on the basis of superstition.—They pay the most servile regard to omens; and they never leave their abodes to go on an expedition without a previous persuasion, derived from modes of divination in use among them, that it will be attended with success.

*Cali* or *Marriatta* (the goddess of small-pox of the *Carnatic*), is regarded as their tutelary deity, and is the object of their adoration. She is usually invoked by them under the name of *Jayi*, or *Ayi*, and of *Tuljapuri*.—Before an expedition is determined on, an entertainment is given, when the ceremony of sacrificing a sheep to *Jya* is performed.

The head of the sheep being cut off, it is placed, with a burning lamp upon it, and the right fore foot in the mouth, before the image of *Jayi*, and the goddess is entreated to reveal to them, whether she approves of the expedition they are meditating. Her consent is supposed to be declared, should certain tremulous or convulsive movements be observed, during the invocation, in the mouth and nostrils, while some fluid is poured upon those parts. But the absence of those agitations is considered as indicating the disapprobation of the goddess, and the expedition is postponed.

In the course of their progress, they observe the same scrupulous regard to omens. Emboldened by favourable ones, they are greatly discouraged by those of an opposite tendency. If they have not proceeded far from home, when unlucky signs are descried, they regard them as premonitions to return: under other circumstances they either perform certain ceremonies, or they halt for a few days, till the malignant influence, denoted by them, is supposed to be passed; or else they bend their course in a different direction.—To the intervention of bad omens, a traveller, over whom destruction was impending, is sometimes indebted for his safety.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## RICHARD BROTHERS, THE PROPHET.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—In the first number of your excellent Miscellany, there are some brief observations on fanatics, which I hoped would have been followed up, particularly by a sketch of the lives

and principles of some of the most notorious. Could you imagine that there are still people so absurdly besotted as to believe in that hypocrite Johanna Southcote! The religion of Christ is as opposite to fanaticism as light to darkness, as wisdom to folly. I have great curiosity to know some farther particulars of the life and doctrines of Mr. Richard Brothers; and in the onset, beg to observe, of the private character of the man, that he is spoken of with great respect by those to whom he is known. I only wish to be better acquainted with him in his assumed character of "a Prophet." His writings are said, like those of Swedenborg, to be very voluminous. You must know, I inhabit the same apartments which were for some years tenanted by Mr. Brothers; but, unfortunately, have neither succeeded to his mantle, nor inherited any part of his spirit. Mr. Sharpe, the engraver, was not the only person who believed Richard Brothers "to have been the man whom God had appointed;" for, if my memory deceives me not, Mr. Brassey Halhed, a man of uncommon erudition, and possibly one of the first scholars in Oriental literature that ever lived, declared in the House of Commons, "that he believed Richard Brothers to be a prophet sent from God." Mr. Brothers seems to have adopted a favourite colour, and that, possibly in imitation of Mahomet, was green. My rooms were all green, of different shades, except a daub of landscape over the fire-place, and the ceiling, the centre of which resembles a coarse twelfth-cake, proving that whatever Mr. Brothers may have been as a prophet, he was but a sorry painter. The sides of the room, the wainscot, the doors, the cupboards, the chairs, the bellows, the brushes, all, all were green—the colour on which "the sight dwells with growing strength and ever new delight." You will confer a serious advantage on many of your readers if you will apply the touchstone of truth to some of these pretenders to inspiration and divine missions, who only require to be properly known to be justly estimated. I am, Sir, "an admirer of religion without priestcraft or hypocrisy," and your very obedient humble servant, J. A.

22, *King-street, Edgware-road,*
*2d Jan.* 1823.

## PARDON CHURCH HAW.

The curious old epitaph which we gave in our last number but one, is mentioned in the historical romance of "The Lollards," as having been inscribed in the chapel of *Pardon Church Haw*, which formerly stood near the old St. Paul's Church. This chapel was built on the ruins of one erected on the same spot by King Edward the Confessor. The new edifice was raised in the time of Henry the Fifth. Our readers will peruse the following description of its embellishments with interest, as we find them given in the popular tale we have mentioned:

"Look," says one of the characters in the romance, "round these cloisters, and behold how choicely they are embellished with *the dance of death*. Truly this is a meet representation for a burial place. See you there how the grim spectre assaileth the gay gallant, who thought himself right well defended by a flask of sack from all calamity. Then behold the glutton, who in vain prayeth that the fearful dart shall be stayed from him while that he finisheth his *peacock pye*. The fair dame before her *polished mirror of purest metal*, on which no spot of rust might in any case be endured, for it would hide so much of her comely flesh, falleth in her youth; while the grim great grandmother, in eighty years, hath not acquired cunning sufficient to elude his swift pursuit. The beggar cannot crouch so low but he is found out; and further on mark you the King, with crown on head, sceptre in hand, and sword by side; he cannot, with all his armies at his back, make such show of stomach as shall scare the destroyer from advancing."

To the description thus supplied by the author of "The Lollards," we may add, by way of illustration, that a *peacock pye* was considered by our ancestors of that remote period (at the beginning of the fifteenth century) a great luxury. Where this made its appearance, it was always ushered in with much pomp, and the tail of the bird was ostentatiously displayed above the crust to indicate the character of the treat. "The polished mirror of *purest metal*," was in use before looking-glasses were invented. These were of silver or steel generally, but in some instances pewter was used. The steel mirrors, however, were in greatest repute.

## COLD PUDDING.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

The following story, for which we are indebted to a correspondent, is in the genuine broad Yorkshire dialect, and is a versification of an anecdote very widely circulated in that extensive county :—

A farmer yance, as aave heeard say,
had sent his daytle man away,
for what (to me it maks nea matter,
it 'ill nean mak my stoury onny better):
hoosumever, Robin (that wur his neame),
is noo oot o' pleace an forc'd to stay at heame.
But luck had nean left Robin quite,
for Neighbour Jouhn cam in to smeak his pipe;
seea Robin mead up a soury feace,
an tell'd Jouhn he wur oot o' pleace.
Aye! aye! ses Jouhn, hoo's that, my lad,
What esta been deain ought at's bad?
nay marry, ses Robin, aave been deain nea harm;
nobbut me ant, measter yah day gat ower warm;
he began o' flitin, ma seea aa did t'seame.
an that was t'way aa gat sent heame.
Ses Jouhn, aas boon to tak on a daytle man,
seea, Robin, if ta likes to cum to me, thoo can;
thars yah thing aa mun kno—what can ta dea?
O, Jouhn, onny thing ye like to set ma teea:
aa can shear, an Maw, an theak, an brew,
nay, thars nought ye'll set ma but aall dea;
but afoar we sattle, yah thing aall mention,
to keep us beath fra all contention
Coad puddin, measter, coad puddin aa detest,
but giemat yeat its then aa like it best.
Jouhn sean fand oot that Robin's reet,
for nea coad puddin was there left at neet;
let puddin be for hoaf a dozen mead,
he'll eat all up—he'll let nean git coad.

*Dec.* 1822. J. M.

## MONTHS AND DAYS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—In a late number of the Mirror you gave an account of New Year's Day. And as we have just entered upon a new year, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to some of your readers to know whence the names of the months and days were derived.

January is the first month of the year among the Western nations. It is derived from the Latin, *Januarius*, a name given to the month by the Romans, from Janus, one of their Divinities, to whom they attributed two faces, because on the one side the first of January looked towards the new year, and on the other, towards the old one. The word *Januarius* may also be derived from *Janua*, gate, in regard to the month being the first, which is, as it were, the gate of the year. It was introduced into the year by Numa Pompilius; Romulus's year beginning in the month of March. The Christians heretofore fasted on the first day of January, by way of opposition to the superstition of the Heathens, who, in honour of Janus, observed this day with feastings, dancings, masquerades, &c. Some are of opinion that Janus represented the sun, and say that he is double-faced, because he opens the day when he rises, and shuts it when he sets. He is supposed to have been the first who invented crowns, ships, and barges, and coined money of brass. He is represented with a staff of white thorn in one hand, and a key in the other; and is the most ancient of the Gods.

February is derived from *Februa*, an old Latin word; for from the very foundation of the city, we meet with *Februa*, for purification, and *Februare*, to purge or purify.

March (the third month, according to our computation) was considered as the first, by some of the ancients, and by others, as the third, fourth, or fifth, and even the tenth month of the year. Romulus named it after his supposed father, Mars, and appointed it as the first month of the year.

April (in Latin *Aprilis*) is derived from *aperio*, I open; because the earth, in this month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables.

May, the fifth month, was called Maius by Romulus, from respect to the senators and nobles of the city, who were called Majores; though others say, it was called from Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom they offered sacrifice in that month.

June, by the Romans called Junius, in honour of the Roman youth, who served Romulus in war; some derived the word from *Junius à Juneus*, from Juno.

July is the seventh month; the word

is derived from the Latin *Julius*, the surname of C. Cæsar, the Dictator, who was born in this month. Marc Antony first gave this month the name of July, which was before called Quintilis, as being the fifth month in the year in the old Roman Calendar. For the same reason August was called Sextilis, and September, October, November, and December, still retain their original names.

August, in a general sense, implies something majestic, and the appellation was first conferred on Octavius by the Roman senate. Octavius, then named Augustus Cæsar, was in this month created consul: he had thrice triumphed in Rome, subdued Egypt to the Roman empire, and terminated the civil wars; on this account the month was dedicated to his honour, and is still called after his name.

September, from Septimus, the seventh month, reckoning from March, which was the first of the Antients. The Roman senate would have given this month the name of Tiberius, but the Emperor opposed it. Under other emperors it had other names: but at the present they are all disused.

October has still retained its name, notwithstanding all the names the senate and Roman Emperors would have given it; as Faustinus, Invictus, and Domitianus

November derived its name from having been the ninth month in the old calendar of Romulus; but in the Julian year it is the eleventh month.

December, from decem, ten; it being assigned by Romulus as the tenth month in the year. It is now the last, wherein the sun enters the tropic of Capricorn, and makes the winter solstice.

Cluverius observes, that the Germans worshipped the sun with such devotion, that they seemed to acknowledge that planet as supreme god, and dedicated to it the first day of the week, or Sunday. Monday is the moon's day; so called from mona and day. Tuisco (the same with Mars) gave name to Tuesday; they also worshipped Woden or Godan, after whom the fourth day of the week was called Wednesday. It is said Godan, becoming afterwards contracted into God, the Germans and English gave that name to the Deity.—They also worshipped the god Faranes, the same with the Danish Thor, the Thunderer Jupiter, from whom our Thursday has its name. The goddess Freia, or Venus, gave her name to Friday. Saturday has its name from the planet Saturn. J. P. S.

## THE TURKEY,

A MORAL TALE.

Lord E. had a fine Turkey bought;
My Lady very wisely thought,
"This turkey is, as I'm a sinner,
A monstrous deal too much for dinner;
'Twould serve us two, three days for food—
Besides, for servants 'tis too good."
She calls the cook: "Here! cook, take this
And cut it"—"Cut it, madam?"—"Yes!
Go, cut it down (you understand me),
For then 'twill be so very handy;
My lord and I alone shall dine,
And, butler! we shall drink Cape wine."
In walks my Lord, he's brought two friends;
My Lady to the cookmaid sends:
"Oh, cook!—the turkey—is it done?"
"No, madam." Well, be quick then, run;
With thread and needle neatly sew it,
Then 'tis impossible to know it."
'Tis said, 'tis done—now nicely roasted,
His Lordship of his turkey boasted.
"Its nice and tender, fat and young"—
"Now do, my dear, pray hold your tongue,
And carve the bird." "I will," he cries,
So cuts the string, away it flies.
"Hallo! what novelty is here?
The turkey's parted, I declare."
His friend exclaims, "Pray let me try
If I cannot the cause descry.
Oho! indeed, is this the thing?
Who eats most turkey eats most string."
My Lord and Lady both were vex'd,
And how to manage were perplex'd.
So, let all others warning take,
Lest they the same mistake should make:
Never cook halves, for fear a friend should call,
But dress a turkey whole, or not at all.

W. L.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ANECDOTES OF INTEGRITY.

HONESTY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—At a fair in the town of Keith, in the north of Scotland, in the year 1767, a merchant having lost his pocket-book, which contained about 100*l.* sterling, advertised it next day, offering a reward of 20*l.* to the finder. It was immediately brought to him by a countryman, who desired him to examine it; the owner finding it in the same state as when he lost it, paid down the reward;

but the man declined accepting it, alleging, that it was too much; he then offered him 15*l.* then 10*l.* then 5*l.* all which he successively refused. Being at last desired to make his own demand, he asked only five shillings to drink his health, which was most thankfully given him.

An instance of conduct extremely similar occurred at Plymouth, at the end of the late war. A British seaman, who returned from France, received 65*l.* for his pay. In proceeding to the tap-house in Plymouth dock-yard, with his money inclosed in a bundle, he dropped it, without immediately discovering his loss. When he missed it, he sallied forth in search of it; after some inquiries, he fortunately met J. Prout, a labourer in the yard, who had found the bundle, and gladly returned it.—Jack, no less generous than the other was honest, instantly proposed to Prout to accept half, then 20*l.* both of which he magnanimously refused. Ten pounds, next five, were tendered, but with a similar result. At length Jack determined that his benefactor should have some token of his gratitude, forced a 2*l.* note into Prout's pocket.

Traits of character like these, would reflect honour on any class of society.

THE LOST HALF-GUINEA.—A gentleman passing through the streets of Newcastle, about twenty years ago, was called in by a shopkeeper, who acknowledged himself indebted to him to the amount of a guinea. The gentleman, much astonished, inquired how this was, as he had no recollection of the circumstance. The shopkeeper replied, that about twenty years before, as the gentleman's wife was crossing the river Tyne in a boat which he was in, she accidentally dropt half a guinea, as she took out her money to pay the fare. The shopkeeper, who had a family at home literally starving, snatched up the half guinea. He had since been prosperous in the world, and now seized the first opportunity, since his good fortune, of paying the money, with interest.

MAGNANIMOUS LEGATEE.—About the year 1772, a grocer of the name of Higgins died, and left a considerable sum to a gentleman in London, saying to him at the time that he made his will, "I do not know that I have any relations, but should you ever by accident hear of such, give them some relief." The gentleman, though thus left in full and undisputed possession of a large fortune, on which no person could have any legal claim, advertised for the next of kin to the deceased, and after some months were spent in inquiries, he at length discovered a few distant relatives. He called them together to dine with him, and after distributing the whole of the money, according to the different degrees of consanguinity, paid the expenses of advertising out of his own pocket.

BRITISH ADMIRAL'S ESTATE.—When Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and thus addressed him: "Considering my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seaman's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirty money, in it."

WILLIAM PENN, AND THE INDIANS.—Voltaire says, that the treaty which William Penn made with the Indians in America, is the only treaty between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and was never infringed. Mr. Penn endeavoured to settle his new colony upon the most equitable principles, and took great pains to conciliate the good will of the natives. He appointed commissioners to treat with them, and purchased from them the land of the province, acknowledging them to be the original proprietors. As the land was of little value to the natives, he obtained his purchase at a moderate rate; but by his equitable conduct, he gave them so high an opinion of him, and by his kind and humane behaviour so ingratiated himself in their favour, that the American Indians have ever since expressed a great veneration for his memory, and styled the governor of Pennsylvania, *onas*, which in their language signifies a pen. At the renewal of the treaties with Sir William Keith, the governor, in 1722, the Indians, as the highest compliment they could pay him, said, "We esteem, and love you, as if you were William Penn himself."

The integrity of the Indians has been no less remarkable; while they have often attempted reprisals on land, that had been wrested from them, they have always respected such as has been purchased from their ancestors.

RAISING THE PRICE OF BREAD.—Some years ago, the bakers of Lyons thought that they could prevail on M. Dugas, the Provost of the merchants in that city, to befriend them at the expense of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread, which could not be done without the sanction of the

chief magistrate. M. Dugas told them, that he would examine their petition, and give them an early answer. The bakers retired, having first left upon the table a purse of two hundred louis d'ors.

In a few days, the bakers called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but that the money had very effectually pleaded their cause.—"Gentlemen," said M. Dugas, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice, and I find them light. I do not think that the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be unfounded; and as to the purse of money that you left with me, I am sure that I have made such a generous and noble use of it, as you yourself intended: I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our two hospitals. As you are opulent enough to make such large donations, I cannot possibly think that you can incur any loss in your business; and I shall, therefore, continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."

Louis XVI.—A French bishop owed his saddler 10,000 livres, of which the poor man was not able to obtain a single sous; but was at length turned out of the palace by the servants, when he went to ask for the debt. The saddler, who was ruined for want of his money, was obliged to leave Paris, in order to avoid a gaol; previous to doing this, he called on a relation of his, who was the king's valet-de-chambre, to take his leave of him. In stating his distressed situation, he spoke so loud, that the king, the amiable Louis XVI., who was in an adjoining apartment, called out to ask the cause. The valet made the best apology he could, at the same time hinting the cause of his friend's distress. The king examined the saddler, and immediately paid the bill, taking a receipt for the money.

A few days afterwards, the bishop appeared at court. "I come, sire," said he, "to pay my duty to your majesty." "There is another duty," said the king; "you must first pay the duty of honesty." Then calling for the saddler's receipt, he ordered him to send the money within two hours, giving him at the same time, a severe reprimand.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

## VENICE.

"Beppo" is the true picture of Venice, and, like the romance of Don Quixote in Spain, affords a fuller idea of that half European half Oriental town, than a hundred prosaic detailed accounts.

"They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians."

True—but the pretty faces are not to be met in the streets; and a foreigner who has neglected to provide himself with introductions, will certainly come to the conclusion, that the Venetian women are one of the ugliest races in Italy. The square of St. Mark's was larger than my expectations; indeed it should be extensive, considering that it is the only walkable spot in Venice. The taste of Pierre for taking "his midnight walk on the Rialto," must have been inconvenient, it being extremely difficult to pass the bridge by day-light without breaking one's shins. Figure to yourself a narrow, lofty bridge, of one arch, so steep that you mount and descend by stairs, and even this strait, straitened by two rows of shops, one on each side, which gratuitously strew the bridge with filth and fruit-rind, and all the slippery commodities they can collect. To one who treads infirm, the Rialto is a perfect Lodi to pass. In excuse of Otway, it may be said, to be sure, that the name of Rialto is not confined to the bridge, but extends to the filthy and abominable quarter around it—equally unfit for a walk, at least of meditation.

"Did'st ever see a gondola?" I expected to see a coffin in a boat, but then a neat, black, poetical vehicle; how silly to expect neatness in things analogous to our hackney-coaches, and not to foresee that black cloth continually exposed to sun and salt water turns brown! There are, nevertheless, soft cushions in the said coffins, huge and soft as feather-beds, the traditional remnants of past luxury. The only part of the gondola which is picturesque, is its lofty iron prow, fantastically carved and cut in teeth; by moonlight, these shining prows and oars, contrasted with the sombre bark and solitary gondolier in the stern, have no unpoetical effect. When rowed by a single gondolier, as is the case when you enter alone, the motion of the boat is exceedingly unpleasant, the gondolier being obliged to scull—the boat wavers from side to side, then pushes on—from side to side again, then on. With two rowers, however, the motion is not disagreeable. Noisy fellows these gondoliers, but a fine, faithful, violent race. Byron, whose name they all adore, and are ever mentioning, took one of them as his servant, the same

who was supposed to have wounded the Pisan corporal. The gondolier that conducted me at Venice, asked me as an Englishman, if I had heard of this escape, or how circumstances went. I could not inform him. Though anxious to see the palace where Byron lived, and to hear any thing relative to a countryman of such genius, I resolved to ask no questions. The gondolier did not wait to be asked, but pointing out the *Casa Vecchia Mencenigo*, the old palace of the Mencenigos (there are two) on the grand canal, told me that there his Lordship had resided, and continued to relate numerous stories of the same personage, some of them curious enough, but most of them instances of charity and benevolence.

We visited all the churches. It is inconceivable to one unitiated in the secrets of architecture, how such enthusiasm as we daily read and hear, can be excited by the stone fronts of these petty brick buildings. The Redentore, which is most admired, I took for a barn or granary, not having an idea from the opposite side of the canal that such a mass of brick could have been a church. Let the ignorant enter, however, and they soon begin to divine that there is something in architecture. National jealousy leads one to deny reality or depth to those arts, which we must borrow; but architecture should be looked on like language or geometry, and considered as a thing fixed, which it is vain to attempt rivalling. It would be an idle love of national originality, that would seek to invent the alphabet, or the first book of Euclid afresh. The most interesting church to me in Venice, was that least celebrated for its architecture, that of the Jesuits, otherwise called St. John and St. Paul; it is the Westminster Abbey of Venice, full of the monuments of its fallen families. The floor and walls are full of those old names which romances and dramatists so much delight in; there I remarked the monument of Michael Steno himself, as ugly a Christian as ever was seen cut in marble. St. Mark's church I know not what to make of; flaming with mosaic, and gold, and porphyry, old without being venerable, and joining gorgeousness with poverty, what does it resemble? It is mere like the Pavilion at Brighton than any edifice I know.

The Doge's palace is, next to the ruins of old Rome, the most interesting relic in Italy—for a relic it may now be called. There nowhere exists such a monument of the grandeur of the middle ages—the paraphernalia of empire are still untouched, the halls of the councils and of the senate, still are there, with the same seats on which sate in power and office the Venetian nobles. The paintings that record their early glories, are in the places for which they were first designed; and the very gilding and canopy that overhung their consultations, are undecayed. To enter here, is to surprise and start on ruin in her infancy, with all the truth of the fall of grandeur, but without the decay and oblivion which that fall entails. It is catching old Time with his scythe uplifted, and suspending the stroke to allow us a moment of admiration.

We approach the Piazzetti in a gondola, viewing the Arabesque mars of the Palace, and the Bridge of Sighs that joins to the prison, petty but interesting. Before us, as we land, are the two pillars, with the winged lion (once more the original one) and the soldier with his spear and shield, and crocodile. We take care to avoid the unlucky approach, and proceeding onward, contemplate St. Mark's, and catch in profile the brazen horses over her gates. We, however, turn short to the right, and enter the court-yard of the palace, mount the Giant's staircase, which, in contradiction to its name, is small and elegant, being so called, not from its size, but from the statues which adorn it. Opposite are the holes of the Lions' heads, which, poetical as they may be, were deservedly destroyed by the French; and mounting up another story, we find ourselves in the Hall of the Great Council. It is an immense room, with one of those splendidly carved and gilded ceilings that are only to be seen in Italy. The council it now contains is not so noisy as the one of old, the members being merely of marble and on canvass. It is, in fact, the gallery, to which end its former decorations were not unfitted; the end wall, where once the Doge used to be seated, is covered with the Paradise of Tintoretto. The pictures around relate, with vaunts not always true, the conquests and glory of the Republic. They recalled to my mind Wilkie's picture recording the victory of Waterloo—what a difference! Our artist tells the story all as well, without a single object or appendage that could offend the conquered—no dragon crushed beneath a warrior's foot, or pierced by his spear—no colours, trailed, or prisoners bound—and

the very glee of the exultant *militaire* is of that frank unmalicious kind, in which Napoleon himself must have joined him. That picture of Wilkie's does as much honour to the man as the artist. My cognosecenti companion expatiated with great enthusiasm on a piece of sculpture, the eagle carrying away Ganymede, which the Venetians kept, by giving the French in exchange I know not how many thousand manuscripts. The head of the eagle is singularly expressive of the tender passion. I don't like those knowing beasts. Amorous eagles and weeping lions formed a part of the ancient taste, that we should not adopt.

From the Hall of the Great Council, we were conducted to the halls of the more select assemblages, all rich and worthy of the great republic—the general use of the nut or hazel-wood in the furniture and seats, spoils the appearance of grandeur to an English eye. The same want of a precious wood, answering our mahogany, is remarkable throughout Italy; the hazel is but a poor substitute. The cabinet, and one of the halls, now a court of justice, are rich in choice paintings—a female of Venice, by Paul Veronese, in the former apartment, struck me as very fine. Several pieces of the first masters, however, have not yet returned from Paris, to fill their old compartments in the ceiling.

Of private palaces, that of the Marquis of Pesaro seems the most extensive. The largest and most splendid ones on the Grand Canal, have been converted into public offices. One is a post-office, the other a custom-house, another the governor's residence, &c. while many are wholly deserted. To these, it is said, the tremendous storm of St. John's Eve, last year, caused infinite damage.

"Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear."

The gondoliers sing, and most vociferously too, but not Tasso. The verses of the Jerusalem, now unheard at Venice, were never, I should think, peculiar to that city. At Florence, Rome, and Naples, they are still common. At Rome, I seldom or ever walked out without hearing them. The Cantilena at Rome is disagreeable; some of those at Florence are by no means so.

The Manfrini and Barberiogo palaces contain the best galleries of Venice. The former, if size and selectness be duly balanced in the comparison, is perhaps the best in Italy—there is scarcely an uninteresting picture in the collection. I obeyed Byron's injunction—

"And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the shew,
&c.
'Tis but a portrait of his son and wife,
And self, but such a woman! love in life!"

Cannot say I was struck with the said picture. At the palace of a Jew, is Canova's Hebe. I did not see his early work of Dædalus and his son; but from the cast I can well imagine the justice of Mr. Forsyth's admiration. The head is that of a vulgar artist, fitting the wing on his son, full more of the workman than the father, to reverse Forsyth's sentence, but still beautiful. The pleased vanity of Icarus is perhaps happier.

We went to the opera, heard bad music, and saw worse dancing. I never beheld any thing in my life so disgusting as the stage-dancing at Venice. Elephants in petticoats would have been more decent and more graceful; yet they

"were skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory
Must surely yield the palm to that which France has."

It is a barbarism to mention French and Italian dancing in the same sentence. In Italy, it is nothing but awkward indecency; in France, it is a fourth art, almost worthy of being joined with the other three. "It is at the opera alone," said Madame de Stael, "that I regretted the ancient regime." The grandeur and the grace of the spectacle could even change the political principles of the half republican. Adieu.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

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## The Novelist.

No. XI.

### AN ALLEGORY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINTON.

Pleasure was the daughter of Virtue and Happiness, and the sister of Innocence and Modesty; these three lovely sisters, like the Graces, were seldom asunder, and their parents were delight-

ed with their union and harmony; but, alas! on a luckless day, while roaming o'er a verdant mead, Pleasure, tired with plucking every flowret that pleased her, was attracted by the brilliant hues of a beautiful butterfly that floated in the air like a winged flower, and proposed to her sisters to chace it. Innocence was occupied in admiring the effect of the dew-drops, which glittering beneath the beams of the rising sun, shone like orient gems on the tender petals of the flowers, and Modesty was contemplating her own sweet emblem, the snowy lily of the valley, whose spotless purity vied with the veil that shaded her lovely bosom. They advised Pleasure to pause and enjoy the smiling scene around her, and not to abandon it for a pursuit that might end in disappointment, and incur the anger of their parents. Pleasure, heedless and self-willed, regarded not the advice, but sprung forward in the pursuit, and was soon out of sight. With eager eyes, out-stretched arms, and rapid steps, she chaced the gaudy insect from blossom to blossom, until it alighted, nearly exhausted, on a passion flower; when Pleasure, springing forward to seize it, crushed both the insect and flower in her ruthless grasp. Disappointed of the anticipated gratification, she flung the mutilated fragments from her hand, and her beautiful countenance was for a moment clouded by anger; but another gaudy butterfly hovering near, attracted her attention, and she was about to renew the chace, when Virtue appeared before her, with a severity of aspect that she had never before seen him wear. Awed by his grave looks, Pleasure at first hung her head, and then assuming one of her most winning smiles, she attempted to approach him; but Virtue, retreating from her touch, thus addressed her:—"While pursuing your own amusement, I forbade your giving pain to any thing that had life, or destroying the bounteous gifts of nature, scattered to adorn the paths of duty. You have deprived an insect of existence, in the moment that, after a life of usefulness, it was enjoying the fruits of past industry, by basking in the rays of the sun, and inhaling the fragrance of each tempting bud; and the flowers that have been crushed beneath your heedless feet, and scattered by your lavish hands, might still have retained their beauty and perfume to gratify others. When Pleasure ceases to respect the commands of Virtue, she is no longer worthy to be considered the offspring of Happiness, or the companion of Innocence and Modesty. Henceforth you are banished from our presence, and condemned to wander through the mazes of error, and you will be valued only by the least estimable of mankind. The haunts of Dissipation, Idleness, and Folly, are the temples in which you will be worshipped; and your votaries, in pursuing you, will cease to regard the approval of Virtue, the rewards of Happiness, and the smiles of Innocence and Modesty."

Having thus said, Pleasure was instantly transported far from the presence of her parents and sisters, and found herself irresistibly impelled forward, without the power of suspending her course, for more than a few minutes. She first passed in a splendid saloon, brilliantly illuminated, and decorated in a style of great magnificence. It was crowded with gay visitors, who seemed intent only on receiving Pleasure, who felt flattered by their homage, and was approaching to reward them with her sweetest smiles, when she was impelled from them, and found herself hurried away. She turned to regard their movements, and found that Disappointment, Envy, and Detraction now occupied her place, and attracted all their attention. Disgusted with their conduct, and mortified by their fickleness, Pleasure vowed never more to attend a route, the dullest of all amusements, and flew off to a ball, where Youth and Beauty hailed her presence with sparkling eyes and sweetest smiles. "Here," exclaimed Pleasure, "I hope I may remain and enjoy myself; but even should I be compelled to fly from this scene of gaiety, I shall not have the mortification of having my place occupied by unworthy successors, for those amiable mortals seem too much devoted to me not to retain a lively remembrance of me, though deprived of my presence." But, alas! while making this reflection, she was again hurried away, and saw with regret that Ennui was struggling with Vanity, which should usurp the place of Pleasure. She hurried from opera to concert, and from theatre to masquerade; but after showing herself for a few minutes, found herself banished from each, for her empire was attacked by all the evil passions, headed by Ennui, leagued against her; and her votaries, though professing to worship her alone, had too long submitted to the control of the passions to

resist their baleful influence, even to enjoy the smiles of the goddess of their idolatry. It was now, for the first time, that Pleasure became sensible of the miserable change in her destiny; and regretted, with fond, but bitter remembrance, her separation from Virtue, Happiness, Innocence, and Modesty. Filled with contrition, she implored the forgiveness of her offended parents, and begged to be once more restored to their presence. Innocence and Modesty pleaded for her, and Virtue, won by their entreaties, consented to remove her from earth, where she no more appears; but, linked between her sisters, and attending to the dictates of Virtue, she is again united to Happiness, from whose presence she never wanders.

Her place on earth is supplied by a nymph who assumes her name and attributes, but who is of earthly birth, being the offspring of Extravagance and Idleness, and who leads her votaries from folly to ruin.

## Miscellanies.

### CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Psyche, a virgin born in the Island of Cyprus, grew enamoured of Cupid, the son of Venus; after making some unsuccessful attempts to inspire the little god with a mutual passion, she retired from the world to vent her complaints in melancholy solitude. There dwelt not far from Paphos, the metropolis of the country, a nymph, called Taste, a daughter of one of the Graces, to whom the virtues, arts, sciences, and even the goddess of the Island herself, often resorted: for without the assistance of some secret charms she bestowed upon them, though they, perhaps, might sometimes coldly satisfy the world, their endeavours to enchant were always ineffectual.

Hither Psyche repaired; and having discovered the cause of her uneasiness, supplicated the nymph, in the most humble manner, to relieve her distresses.

Taste, who never refused to comply with the petitions of her sincere votaries, heard the virgin's request with compassion; and having made up a zone of the same materials with which she had formerly composed the cestus of Venus, gave it her with the following injunctions:—

"Take," said she, "my dear Psyche, this magic zone, and wear it perpetually round you, from whose latent folds such an unspeakable power shall be added to your charms, that the disdainful god of soft desires shall not only be captivated with your beauty, as soon as he sees you, but shall be retained in a voluntary and pleasurable bondage, as long as you preserve this mysterious pledge of my affection. Take the strictest care, therefore, of this inestimable treasure; for should you, through neglect, be so unfortunate as to lose it, Cupid has wings, and will make use of them to leave you."

Let it be sufficient to say, that Psyche bound the zone round her waist; and accordingly so far succeeded in her wishes, that Hymen, in his saffron robe, soon pronounced a happy union betwixt her and the son of Venus.

Days, weeks, and months, passed on in an uninterrupted circle of still increasing raptures. If Psyche went into the meadows and groves, to taste the tribute of the returning spring, Cupid was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her lap with the choicest flowers and blossoms. If she was inclinable in the heat of summer to visit the rivers and fountains, his image was constantly mixed with hers in the floating mirror.

Psyche began now to think her zone useless, and a troublesome incumbrance, therefore, being one day fatigued with the usual sports of the country, she loosened the studs with which it was fastened round her waist, and threw it disdainfully into the passing river. Very few days passed after this, before she perceived a visible alteration in the affections of her adored Cupid; his eyes no longer languished on her's with ineffable desire; his ears ceased as they were wont to be ravished with the music of her tongue, and a civil indifference soon succeeded to the heretofore glowing language of ecstacy. By degrees, her company became every day more and more displeasing to him, till at length a total disgust having seized his fancy, he spread his rosy wings in the air, and for ever left the detested habitation of his once loved Psyche.

### ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

The greater part of the collection of pictures belonging to King Charles I. were dispersed in the troubles, among which were several by the Olivers. Charles II. who remembered and was desirous of recovering them, made inquiry about them after the restoration. At last he was told by one Rogers, of Isleworth, that both the father and

son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth, and had many of their works. The King went very privately and unknown with Rogers to see them. The widow showed several, finished and unfinished, with many of which the King being pleased, asked if she would sell them. She replied, "she had a mind the King should see them first, and if he did not purchase them, she should think of disposing of them." The King discovered himself; on which she produced some more pictures, which she seldom showed. The King desired her to set a price; she said, "she did not care to make a price with his Majesty, she would leave it to him; but promised to look over her husband's books, and let his Majesty know what prices his father the late King had paid." The King took away what he liked, and sent Rogers to Mrs. Oliver with the option of 1000*l.* or an annuity of 200*l.* for life; she chose the latter. Some years afterwards, it happened the King's mistresses having begged all or most of these pictures, Mrs. Oliver, who was, probably, a prude, and apt to express herself as such, said, on hearing it, that "if she had thought the King would have given them to such persons, he never would have had them." This reached the Court; the poor woman's salary was stopped, and she never recovered it afterwards.—Imprudent, however, as it was for the good woman to express herself so freely on the occasion, it was certainly very unbecoming a monarch to stoop so low, as to show his resentment by a flagrant act of dishonour.

## HYPOCONDRIACISM.

A medical man calling one morning upon a patient who had been on the sick list a considerable time, but whose *only real* maladies were *too much money*, and *nothing to do*, found his countenance illumined with the brilliance of expression altogether extraordinary. Inquiring the cause, he was not a little surprised to learn that the good man having been informed that the *Tread Mill* acted like a talisman on the constitution, had actually *taken steps* to erect one for his own personal edification, under the firm conviction that it would effect an ultimate and decided Reform in his Habeas Corpus.

## JORDANUS BRUNUS.

This individual was one of the most notorious atheists of whom history has preserved in record. He was a native of Nola, in Italy, and was by profession a Dominican. Among other anecdotes related of his atheistical notions, it is said, that at Wittenburg, he made a public eulogy of the Devil. He afterwards published at Prague the blasphemous writings for which he was committed to the flames. Before this sentence, however, was carried into execution, two years were allowed him to retract his errors; but he obstinately persisted in them to the last, and, when at the stake, rejected a crucifix, which was presented to him, with the greatest contempt. A very curious letter of Gaspar Scioppus, printed at Cologne, in 1710, gives an account of his execution, as well, we believe, as the only particulars of his life and opinions, that are publicly known. Among other strange theories entertained by Brunus, he believed in the existence of innumerable worlds, and that human souls, after their release from their terrestrial abode, transmigrate from one world to another, through all eternity. Accordingly Scioppus, at the conclusion of the letter above mentioned, has the following observation:—"Thus was he consumed in the flames, and he is now gone to visit those worlds, so much spoken of by him, to inform them how blasphemous and impious men are dealt with at Rome."

# The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

THE BATCHELOR'S WISH.

One—Female companion to soften my cares,
Two—Thousand a year to support my affairs.
Three—Dogs and a gun, when to sport I incline,
Four—Horses and chaise to indulge me and mine.
Five—Jolly companions with whom to make merry,
Six—Dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry.
Seven—Beds in my house for my friends at their leisure,
Eight—Some things or other, to add to their pleasure.
Nine—Pounds in my pocket when cash I require,
Ten—Favours are all that on earth I desire,
And a Passport to Heaven, when from earth I retire.

IMPROMPTU.

Billy Snip went to skate, where the ice being loose,
He fell in—but was saved by good luck;
Cries the Taylor, I'll never more leave my *hot goose*,
To receive in return a *cold duck*.

The learned and venerable Dr. L. after breakfasting one morning with a gentleman of some consideration in the North, rode out with him, and some other friends, in his carriage. The conversation turning upon religion, the gentleman (who was said to be somewhat sceptical) remarked, that highly as he esteemed his worthy friend, Dr. L. sundry points in his religious creed did not at all square with his ideas of orthodoxy: to instance but one—for his own part, he could not imagine a Heaven from which such men as Plato and Socrates had a chance of being excluded. "Sir," said the Doctor, "I shall, indeed, be most happy to behold those worthies of antiquity in that abode of purity and bliss; but *if I do not* meet them there, there will be *some satisfactory reason for it.*"

THE WAGER DECIDED.

Such little hopes I'd always found,
Of gaining Betsy for my wife,
That I had wager'd Dick a pound,
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to Heaven! my anxious care
Is all removed; the knot is tied,
And Betsy—fairest of the fair,
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,
Well pleased I hold myself in debt;
Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found
I lose my *wager*—win my *bet*.

ABSTEMIOUSNESS.—There was an Act of Parliament passed in the 10th Edward III. which ordained that no man should be served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holiday therein specified, in which he might be served with three.

WATER.—In 1731 water was sold in the West Indies at 1s. per pail.

GARRICK.—Mr. Edmund Burke, the Orator, was telling Mr. Garrick, one day, at Hampton, that all *bitter* things were *hot*. "Aye," says Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of *bitter cold weather*?"

In the year 1547 a proclamation was issued by Henry VIII. commanding "that *women* should not meet together to *babble* and *talk*; and that all *men* should keep their *wives* in their houses."

A Clergyman being indisposed, and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden. The servant went there, but being at a loss how to find it out, thought that the shortest way was, to pluck up the post; which he accordingly did, and carried it to his master, with the sun dial; saying to him, "bless me, Sir, look at it yourself, it is indeed all a mystery to me."

"I wonder," says a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one point—he wishes to be master and so do I."

Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments, but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Aye," replied Barthe, "but this will only occupy half that time."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Peveril of the Peak," in our next.

It would occupy too large a share of our columns were we to give a line to every lady or gentleman that has honoured us with contributions; we beg at once to return our best thanks, and to give an assurance that they shall all have early and respectful attention.

In order to save our contributors from unnecessary trouble, in sending us copies of what we already possess, we beg leave to state that our library already contains D'Israeli, the *Percy Anecdotes*, most of the Anas, all the editions of Joe Miller, and a manuscript collection of all the good things said by the Court of Aldermen, individually and corporately, from the commencement of the late reign, up to the last Lord Mayor's Feast, inclusive.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XIV.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## New Monument to Mr. Fox, in Westminster Abbey.

We this week present our readers with an original engraving of the Monument just erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, from a spirited drawing made expressly for The Mirror, by an artist of considerable talents. Indeed, of those talents, as well as of the correctness with which the spirit of the original drawing has been transferred to the block by Mr. Sears, the engraving bears sufficient evidence.

The Monument which has been erected to the memory of this great statesman in Westminster Abbey, is the work of Mr. Westmacott; the station assigned to it is in the North transept of the Abbey, and at a considerable distance from the Monument to Mr. Pitt, which is placed over the great Western door of the Abbey. It was with an impression of disappointment that we saw the Monuments of two men, whose names stand so intimately connected in history, thus widely sepa-

rated: and we presume that it has been from uncontrolable circumstances alone that they do not harmonize better with the generous sentiments of the great Northern Bard (we quote from memory), that "the tear which bedews the grave of the one, may trickle to the other's bier."

Mr. Fox is represented in a recumbent posture, falling into the arms of Liberty: at his feet is Peace, with her dove-topped sceptre, lamenting the loss of one whose voice had been so often raised in her behalf: and next Peace, but a little advanced, is an African negro, testifying his gratitude for the great Patriot's efforts to abolish slavery and the slave trade.

The head of Mr. Fox is admirably executed, the likeness good; and those generous and magnanimous feelings which predominated in the expression of his countenance, strongly pourtrayed. Of the other figures we cannot speak so favourably: that of Liberty has nothing about it which can possibly indicate what it is intended to represent; and it is to the person who shows the Abbey, that a visitor must turn for this necessary piece of information. The figure of Peace is chiefly deficient in expression; it should be that of grief entirely; but there is a greater mixture of resignation than seemed to us characteristic. To the African there could be no objection, were it not that the whole Monument is of the purest white marble; and it did strike us as strangely incongruous to see a white negro, with white woollen hair. The ancients who were in the practice of painting their statues would have avoided such an absurdity; and if good taste will not allow us to follow their example in this respect, we should at least take care to avoid any combinations which render our uniformity of colour ridiculous.

Though the name and the personal and political history of Mr. Fox, cannot but be familiar to most of our readers, yet we shall give a brief biographical sketch of the life of this great Statesman and Senator.

Charles James Fox, the third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, by Georgina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, was born on the 13th of January, 1748. Both his father and grandfather had held high offices in the administrations of their time, and young Charles James was, from his infancy, destined for a Statesman. As he was intended for public life, so he received a publiceducation, and was sent to Eton school, where he distinguished himself by his exercises. From Eton, Mr. Fox removed to Hertford College, Oxford, where his riper years did not belie the promise of his youth. After remaining there some time, he was sent on his travels.

In 1768, Mr. Fox, though not then of legal age, was returned to Parliament for the Borough of Midhurst, in Sussex. In 1770, he became a member of the Board of Admiralty, that nursery for young statesmen; this situation he resigned in 1772, and in the following year was nominated a Commissioner of the Treasury.

On the death of Lord Holland, in 1774, a new and memorable epoch occurred in the life of his son; he was now freed from those restraints which the political principles of his father had imposed on him; he was in possession of an ample fortune, and had the reversion of a lucrative place—the Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland. Always distinguished for his talents, he now shone forth in that bright galaxy which boasted of a Burke, a Dunning, a Sheridan, and a Saville. In 1782, he obtained the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while the Marquis of Rockingham was nominated First Lord of the Treasury. On the death of that Nobleman, when Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdown, and the Duke of Portland, struggled to succeed him, Mr. Fox retired in disgust.

On Mr. Pitt attaining the post of Premier, the tide of popularity, which had hitherto gone with Mr. Fox, now set in against him; and at the general election in 1784, many of his friends lost their seats in the House of Commons, and he was himself obliged to enter into a long and expensive contest for the city of Westminster, to the representation of which he had been called by the voice of the inhabitants. In the prosecution of Warren Hastings, Mr. Fox took a prominent part. In 1788, disgusted with public business, he repaired to the continent, whence he was suddenly recalled by the alarming indisposition of the King.

When the French Revolution broke out, Mr. Fox boldly advocated the cause of Liberty; nor did he ever desert it during the remainder of his life, but remained the bold, honest, and inflexible advocate of rational freedom. He defended the peace of Amiens, and was decidedly hostile to the commencement of hostilities when the dire contest was renewed.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, Mr. Fox, whom the Grenville party had joined, came with them into power; and he resumed his situation as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he had resigned in 1784. Though assuming, or rather resuming, the situation in the midst of war, he was ever anxious for peace, and made an effort to obtain it. In this there was little doubt but he would have succeeded, had not death terminated his valuable life at the moment that the principal obstacles to peace had been removed. One blessing to humanity his short-lived administration did, however, achieve—the abolition of the Slave Trade. This alone should consecrate his memory.

Mr. Fox, who had, for some time previous to his death, been afflicted with dropsy, at length fell a victim to the disorder, and died on the 13th of September, 1806, without pain, and almost without a struggle, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

## THE GLACIERS;

### OR, FIELDS OF ICE IN THE ALPS.

No subject in natural history can be more curious than the origin of the Glaciers of the Alps. They extend into fields of corn and pasture, and lie, without being melted, in a situation, where the sun is sufficient to bring the earth to maturity: for it is almost literally true, that with one hand a person may touch ice, and with the other ripe corn. "If any one," says Mr. Coxe, "could be conveyed to such an elevation as to embrace at one view the Alps of Swisserland, Savoy, and Dauphiny, he would behold a vast chain of mountains, intersected by numerous vallies, and composed of many parallel chains, the highest occupying the centre, and the others gradually diminishing in proportion to their distance from that centre.

The most elevated, or central chain, would appear bristled with pointed rocks, and covered, even in summer, with ice and snow, in all parts that are not absolutely perpendicular. On each side of this chain he would discover deep vallies clothed with verdure, peopled with numerous villages, and watered by many rivers. In considering these objects with greater attention, he would remark, that the central chain is composed of elevated peaks and diverging ridges, whose summits are overspread with snow; that the declivities of the peaks and ridges, excepting those parts that are extremely steep, are covered with snow and ice; and that the intermediate depths and spaces between them are filled with immense fields of ice, terminating in those cultivated vallies which border the great chain.

The Glaciers may be divided into two sorts; the first occupying the deep vallies situated in the bosom of the Alps, and termed by the natives Valley of Ice, which may be distinguished by the name of Lower Glaciers: the second, which clothe the summits and sides of the mountains, may be called Upper Glaciers.

The Lower Glaciers are by far the most considerable in extent and depth. Some stretch several leagues in length; that of des Bois, in particular, is more than fifteen miles long, and above three in its greatest breadth. The Lower Glaciers do not, as is generally imagined, communicate with each other; and but few of them are parallel to the central chain: they mostly stretch in a transverse direction, are bordered at the higher extremity by inaccessible rocks, and on the other extend into the cultivated vallies. The thickness of the ice varies in different parts. M. de Saussure found its general depth in the glacier des Bois from eighty to a hundred feet; but questions not the information of those who assert, that in some places its thickness exceeds even six hundred feet.

These immense fields of ice are intersected by large transverse chasms; and present the appearance of walls, pyramids, and other fantastic shapes, observed at all heights and in all situations, wherever the declivity exceeds thirty or forty degrees.

The surface of the ice is not so slippery as that of frozen ponds or rivers: it is rough and granulated, and is only dangerous to the passenger in steep descents. It is not transparent, but is extremely porous and full of small bubbles, which seldom exceed the size of a pea, and consequently is not so compact as common ice.

The upper glaciers may be subdivided into those which cover the summits, and those which extend along the sides of the Alps.

Those which cover the summits of the Alps, owe their origin to the snow that falls at all seasons of the year, and which remains nearly in its original state, being congealed into a hard substance, and not converted into ice. For although, according to the opinion of some philosophers, the summit of Mont Blanc, and of other elevated

mountains, is, from the glistening of the surface, supposed to be covered with pure ice, yet it appears, both from theory and experience, that it is not ice but snow. For, in so elevated and cold a region, there cannot be melted a quantity of snow sufficient to impregnate with water the whole mass, which remains undissolved. Experience also justifies this reasoning. M. de Saussure found the top of Mont Blanc only encrusted with ice, which, though of a firm consistence, was yet penetrable with a stick; and on the declivites of the summit he discovered, beneath the surface, a soft snow without coherence.

The substance which clothes the sides of the Alps is neither pure snow, like that of the summits, nor ice which forms the Lower Glaciers, but is an assemblage of both. It contains less snow than the summits, because the summer heat has more power to dissolve it, and because the liquefied snow descending from above, the mass is penetrated with a larger quantity of water. It contains more snow than the Lower Glaciers, because the dissolution of the snow is comparatively less. Hence the ice is even more porous, opaque, and less compact than the ice of the Lower Glaciers; and is of so doubtful a texture as renders it, in many parts, difficult to decide, whether it may be called ice or frozen snow.

Among these curious phænomena of nature are many picturesque objects, particularly the dangerous bridge over the river Lutschinen, in the bailliage of Interlacken, and canton of Berne, in Swisserland. This river is formed by the junction of two streams, the Weiss Lutschinen, flowing through the valley of Lauterbrunnen; and the Schwartz Lutschinen, which comes from the valley of Grindelwalde. Having left the fertile plains of Gisteig, and passed the village of Wilderswyl, the breadth of the valley lessens, and continues to grow so narrow, that the stream of the Lutschinen can hardly force a passage. In the rainy season, the river forms a torrent, which rusnes impetuously through the great masses of rock that obstruct its course, and, with inconceivable violence, forces from their beds the most enormous fragments. The road to Twey-Lutschinen and Lauterbrunnen is over this river, by a kind of bridge, which, to a stranger to the country, exhibits a very terrific appearance; suspended over a roaring torrent, and fixed against the sides of rocks that are almost in a leaning position, it exhibits the idea of a double danger. A huge vertical stone, raised in the middle of the river, supports some thick planks, so badly joined as to be neither steady nor solid; and these form a wretched insecure bridge, over which the country people daily pass, with a firm step and undaunted eye; a passage, which the traveller, unaccustomed to such strange communications, would tremble to attempt. From this place the river flows till it falls into the Lake of Brientz.

## ECHO.

Echo in other words her silence breaks,
Speechless herself but when another speaks;
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and speeches not her own. ADDISON.

Echo, though called a babbler, never tells a falsehood; and we appeal to the following test, to which she was recently put, to prove the truth of our assertion:

What is the sinking fund? *A sinking fund.*

When will the disputes between the *Holy* Alliance and Spain be at the end? *At the end.*

When will that be, do you know? *Do you know.*

Who can tell us? *Tell us.*

On what do many of our nobility place their paradise? *A pair of dice.*

What now is matrimony? *A matter of money.*

What should the Bishops do, I pray? *Pray.*

What periodical work is the cheapest, and at the same time of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction, the mirror? THE MIRROR.

## VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

In our last MIRROR we gave a description of Van Dieman's Land, and a view of its capital, Hobart's Town; and we now give an extract of a letter from a settler there, addressed to Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, of whose benevolent plan for ameliorating society it speaks very highly.

"*Hobart's Town, April* 20, 1829.

"Two hundred years hence, when the population shall have become more dense, and subsistence more difficult,

I shall endeavour to obtain leave of absence from the dominions of Pluto, and the society of Proserpine, to re-visit this rapidly-increasing colony: and found, *after my decease*, an establishment, which it has been the grand aim of some small part of my early life to promote. Nothing has given me greater pleasure since I have been in this colony, than to see *that part* of your system practically proved, which has been so much and so dogmatically disputed and denied in England. I mean, the possibility of improving the habits and morals of that which we consider the *worst*, and most depraved part of the community, by a steady system of mild and kind treatment. I saw the hardest hearts softened by kindness, which no harshness of punishment has been able to touch. You know that the greater part of the servants of settlers and others, in this country, is composed of convicts, sent out for crimes committed. This it may be imagined would be the greatest evil the settler has to encounter. I have invariably found that where the master was wise, and kind, the servants have been good and faithful; and vice versa. The easiness of their condition—the removal of temptation—the certainty of subsistence; and, above all, the habit of honesty, causes a transformation as surprising as complete. The lot of the labourer in England is not to be compared with the condition of the labourer here. As a place of punishment, this is the *last place* in the world to send a criminal. Crimes in this country are by no means so frequent as in England, and our population is the refuse of the mother country. What does this prove?—that the first incentives to crime among the lower orders are want, and the fretful uncertainty of procuring the common necessaries of life. These being removed, they return to the state whence they were artificially removed, and to the order of beings susceptible of kindness, and grateful for benefits."

## RULES FOR JOKING IN COMPANY.

Feel your ground before you take a single step, and adapt yourself to your company. You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine!—Make the most of such a situation, for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush him without mercy. If you do *not* know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short, by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself. *You* will get the laugh, and the audience will be happy to reduce him to their own level, by measuring him with you.

Never mind what smart you occasion, provided you can say a smart thing. Your enemy you have a right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty, if not with a friend? A pretty thing, truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain? It would give much more to suppress it; and if others do not like the taste, how can they expect you to swallow it?

French or Latin *bon-mots* are safe, if you are sure of the pronunciation, for they who understand them will laugh naturally, and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With ladies this rule will not apply; do not, therefore, in their society, quote Horace, or confess yourself a freemason; for they mutually hate and suspect whatever they are excluded from.

When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause, and throw in again. Your neighbour, possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some double-entendres to distress the women. This will answer your purpose, for the men must be fools, indeed, if they do not kick you down stairs.

In the want of other subjects for your raillery and sneers, personal defects form a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a leg of its own to stand on, it may run some time upon your neighbour's wooden one. At least a dozen jokes may be endorsed upon a hump back; and you may make a famous handle of a long nose, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it, whether he can hear himself sneeze, &c. &c. Take care, however, while making fun with his nose, that he does not make free with yours.

If your party be equal to yourself, in their knowledge of *the Books*, or talent for extempore repartee, laugh loud at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Laughter is catching, though wit is not.

If they be decidedly superior in both these requisites, have a bad head-ache

and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it's better to be pitied for having a pain in the head, than for having nothing in it.

Mimicry and buffoonery are good substitutes for wit. But beware of quizzing your host too severely, or he will not ask you again. Be merry and wise. A laugh is a tempting thing, I own; so is turtle soup. Always remember that a good dinner is in itself a good thing, and the only one that will bear frequent repetition.

If you have once got a man down, belabour him without mercy. Remember the saying of the Welch boxer—"Ah, Sir, if you knew the trouble I have had in getting him down, you would not ask me to let him get up again."

Invariably preserve your best joke for the last; and when you have uttered it, follow the example now set you, by —taking leave.

## THE PHANSIGARS;

### OR, ASSASSINS OF HINDOSTAN.

*(Concluded from page 197.)*

A tradition is current among the Phansigars, that about the period of the commencement of the *Cali Yug*, *Marriatta* co-operated with them so far, as to relieve them of the trouble of interring the dead bodies, by devouring them herself.

White and yellow being considered the favorite colours of their patroness, and those in which she is arrayed; the cloths for strangling are of one or other of these, to the exclusion of all other colours.

Ridiculous as their superstitions must appear, they are not devoid of effect. They serve the important purposes of cementing the union of the gang; of kindling courage and confidence; and, by an appeal to religious texts deemed infallible, of imparting to their atrocities the semblance of divine sanction.

Phansigars bring up all their male children to the profession, unless bodily defects prevent their following it. The method observed in initiating a boy, is very gradual. At the age of ten or twelve years he is first permitted to accompany a party of Phansigars. One of the gang, generally a near relation, becomes his *ustad* or tutor; whom the child is taught to regard with great respect, and whom he usually serves in a menial capacity, carrying a bundle, and dressing food for him. Frequently the father acts as the preceptor to his son. In the event of being questioned by travellers whom he may meet, the boy is enjoined to give no information further than that they are proceeding from some one place to another. He is instructed to consider his interest as opposed to that of society in general; and to deprive a human being of life, is represented as an act merely analogous and equivalent to that of killing a fowl or a sheep. At first while a murder is committing, the boy is sent to some distance from the scene, along with one of the watchers: then allowed to see only the dead body: afterwards more and more of the secret is imparted to him—and, at length, the whole is disclosed. In the mean time, a share of the booty is usually assigned to him. He is allowed afterwards to assist in matters of minor importance, while the murder is perpetrating: but, it is not until he has attained the age of 18, 20, or 22 years, according to the bodily strength he may have acquired, and the prudence and resolution he may have evinced, that he is deemed capable of applying the *dhouti*, nor is he allowed to do so, until he has been formally presented with one by his *ustad*. For this purpose a fortunate day being fixed upon, and the time of the Desserah is deemed particularly auspicious, the preceptor takes his pupil apart and presents him with a *dhouti*, which he tells him to use in the name of Jayi; he observes to him that on it he is to rely for the means of subsistence, and he exhorts him to be discreet and courageous. On the conclusion of this ceremony, his education is considered to be complete; he is deemed qualified to act as a Phansigar, and he applies the noose on the next occasion that offers. After his initiation a Phansigar continues to treat his preceptor with great respect. He occasionally makes him presents, and assists him in his old age, and on meeting him after a long absence, he touches his feet in token of reverence.

What constitutes the most odious feature in the character of these murderers, is, that prodigal as they are of human life, they can rarely claim the benefit of even palliating circumstances of strong pecuniary temptation. They are equally strangers to compassion and remorse—they are never restrained from the commission of crimes by commiseration for the unfortunate traveller —and they are exempted from the compunctious visitings of conscience, which usually follow, sooner or later, the steps of guilt. "Phansigari," they observe, with cold indifference blended

with a degree of surprise, when questioned on this subject, "is their *business*," which with reference to the tenets of fatalism, they conceive themselves to have been pro-ordained to follow. By an application of the same doctrine, they have compared themselves, not inaptly, to tigers; maintaining that as these ferocious beasts are impelled by irresistible necessity, and fulfil the designs of nature in preying on other animals, so the appropriate victims of the Phansigars are men; and that the destiny of those whom they kill, was written on "their foreheads."

The religious or superstitious practices of these banditti remind us of what Mrs. Grant relates of those who inhabit the mountains in the Papal dominions. It is computed that every Phansigar of fifty years of age has been actively engaged during twenty-five years of his life in murder, and on the most moderate calculation, that he has made one excursion a year, and met each time with ten victims. We have taken only the leading particulars of the paper respecting them in the Asiatic Researches. The entire account is very curious. We should hardly venture to repeat all that is detailed of their scheme of action and management. The marauders of the most *civilized* nations might receive lessons of policy from the Phansigars.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### COMBATS OF WILD BEASTS.

Jean Albert de Mandelslo, a native of Holstein, who travelled in the East about the year 1638-9, gives the following account of some combats between wild beasts, exhibited before the Grand Mogul on his son's birth-day:

"This monarch first made a savage bull fight a lion; and then ordered a battle between a lion and a tiger. As soon as the tiger perceived the lion, he went directly to him, and struggling with all his might, overthrew him. Every one thought the tiger would have little trouble in killing his adversary; but the lion rose immediately, and seized the tiger so forcibly by the throat, that it was believed he was dead. He disengaged himself, however, and the combat was renewed with as much fury as ever, until fatigue separated them. They were both wounded, but not mortally.

"After this combat, Alla Merdy-Khan, governor of Cachemir, who was near the king's person, stepped forward, and said, that Shah Choram (the Mogul) wished to see if there was a person bold enough among his subjects to face one of these beasts with the scimeter and small round shield *(rondache)* alone; and that any one who had the courage to make the experiment might declare himself, so that the Great Mogul having witnessed proofs of his courage, force, and address, might reward him, by not only honouring him with his favour, but likewise with the rank of Khan. Upon this three Hindoos offered themselves; and Alla Merdy Khan repeated that the king's intention was that the battle should be fought with scimeter and shield alone, and that those who had coats of mail must take them off, so that the contest might be fair.

"A furious lion was immediately let out, which seeing his enemy enter, ran directly at him. The Hindoo defended himself valiantly, until being unable longer to sustain the weight of the animal, which chiefly fell upon the right arm, he began to lower the shield, which the lion tried to tear from him, whilst with his left paw he seized upon the right arm of his enemy, intending to leap upon his throat; when the man applying his left hand to a dagger, which he had concealed in his girdle, he buried it in the lion's gullet, who was obliged to let go his hold and retire. The man followed him, cut him down with a blow of his scimeter, killed him, and cut him in pieces.

"The people at first shouted a victory; but as soon as the clamours subsided, the Mogul, directing the Hindoo to approach, said to him, with a sarcastic smile, 'I must allow you are a brave fellow, and that you fought boldly. But did I not forbid you to take any unfair advantage, and did I not prescribe the weapons to be employed? Nevertheless you have used others, and have overcome my lion dishonourably: you surprised him with secret weapons; you killed him like an assassin, not like an open enemy.' Hereupon he commanded two men to descend into the area, and rip up his belly, which was done, and the body was placed upon an elephant, to be led through the city by way of example.

"The second Hindoo, who appeared upon the theatre after this bloody tragedy, advanced with great spirit towards the tiger, which they let out against him, so that to look at his face,

one might be assured that the victory was certain; but the tiger, more active than he was, leaped in a moment upon his neck, killed him, and tore his carcase into pieces.

"The third Hindoo, far from being terrified at the wretched fate of his two companions, gaily entered the area, and went straight to the tiger, who, heated with the former combat, advanced to the man, intending to strike him down at the first blow; but the Hindoo, though small and of bad figure, cut his two fore paws with a single stroke, and having thus disabled him, killed him at his leisure.

"The king ordered the man to come near him, and inquired his name. He answered that his name was Geily. At the same moment, an officer approached him with a vest of brocade, which he presented to him on behalf of the Mogul, saying, 'Geily, take this vest from my hands as a mark of the king's favour.' Geily, making three low reverences, and lifting the vest in the air, loudly exclaimed, after a short prayer, 'God grant that the glory of the Great Mogul may equal that of Tamerlane from whom he sprang,' &c. Two eunuchs conducted him to the king's chamber, at the entrance of which two Khans led him between them to the king's feet, who addressed him as *Geily Khan*, and gave him the stipulated rank, and promised to be his friend." Wretched, indeed, must be the condition of a people subjected to the caprices of such a thoughtless, brutal tyrant, as this Shah Choram!

## DEATH OF A TIGER.

An instance of bravery and presence of mind occurred not far from Bhaugundee, some months ago, which is well worth notice. A party of wood-cutters, under the protection of five armed Burgundauzes, were proceeding to their work, about six coss from the station, when being in a very thick part of the jungle, they perceived a large tiger at a short distance, approaching them slowly in a crouching attitude. On the alarm being given, the whole gang immediately fled, excepting two brothers (slender up-countrymen), who were in advance of the others, and either saw the inutility of following their example, or judged it safer to oppose the savage; one of them accordingly, levelling his piece, fired at the moment when the tiger, raising his head, was in the act of springing. The ball took effect in the breast of the animal, and caused him to drop on his knees for a second, but instantly recovering, he rushed forward and threw himself upon the Burgundauz. At this critical period the tiger must have been in a dying state, for the man declared he retained his standing position, and instinctively grasping the fore-legs of the tiger, he was able, by exerting all his strength, to bend the head and shoulders towards the ground, and his brother, who was at hand, gave the *coup de grace* with his fixed bayonet. The brave fellow was brought afterwards in a dooly to the station, when the wounds he had received were found to be all on the left side, chiefly about the face, neck, and breast. None of these were very serious, and he recovered entirely in a fortnight.—*Asiatic Journal.*

# The Novelist.

No. XII.

## PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

The Scottish novels have acquired a distinguished popularity from their own intrinsic merits, and from the mystery in which the authorship is involved. Our readers cannot be ignorant that they are generally attributed to Sir Walter Scott: there are, however, strong reasons for believing, that though the whole series may have gone through his hands, that he is not the sole author. This question we shall not presume to decide, nor shall we enter into an examination how far the popular approbation of these novels is just, or compare their relative merits. Our present task shall be to give a connected account of the story of Peveril of the Peak, which occupies four volumes, and costs two guineas. In doing this, we avail ourselves in the early part of the story of the analysis of the novel which has already appeared in a respectable journal, the *Literary Chronicle*.

Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, the hero of the tale, is an old Cavalier Baronet in Derbyshire, living in the reign of Charles II., descended from an illegitimate son of William the Conqueror. He was proud of small advantages, angry at small disappointments, full of prejudices, vain of his birth, contentious and quarrelsome with all that differed with him, convivial and kind to the poor, except when they plundered his game; and one who detested alike a roundhead, a poacher, and a Presbyterian. When the civil

war broke out, Peveril raised a regiment for the King, and was in several engagements, until, at length, when his regiment was cut to pieces by Poyntz, he threw himself into his mansion, Martindale Castle, and defended it as long as he could. Obliged at last to surrender, he was punished by fine and sequestration. At the final defeat at Worcester, he was again taken prisoner, and would doubtless have suffered, but for the interference of his neighbour, Major Bridgenorth, of Moultrassie Hall. Though the parties had joined different sides in the war, yet their wives had formed an acquaintance sufficiently strong for their husbands to do a kindness to each other. The major, also, paid a somewhat liberal sum for part of the lands which Sir Geoffrey was obliged to sell. Major Bridgenorth, though a Presbyterian, is no republican, whom the love of liberty and religion, in the austere form professed by his party, had led, like many others, far beyond his first intention in opposition to his hard-fated Sovereign. He is equally upright in his intentions with his neighbour Knight, and averse from the extremities to which the Independents proceeded under the sway of Cromwell. He deals justly according to his views with every one, and very kindly with Peveril when oppressed by the Long Parliament. A series of losses and privations in his own family, which is at last reduced to one daughter, Alice, not very likely to survive the mother, who had died after giving it birth, deepens the gloom on his serious and reflective mind. The amiable and judicious consort of the stout Baronet takes charge of the girl, a few years younger than her only son, Julian. This affords some compensation for the benefits conferred on the Cavalier in the Major's day of power. Mutual worth produces mutual benevolence, but there are too many opposing elements in the character of each to admit of social intercourse. It is enough that the Knight loves his neighbour, not as himself, but as well as the best possible Roundhead could be loved by a zealot in loyalty. The Major, again, regards the Knight as much as Christian charity could afford to an unenlightened sinner who has shared in shedding the blood of the Saints.

The restoration of Charles II. effects a somewhat closer intimacy between Peveril and Bridgenorth. At a banquet at Martindale Castle, in honour of the Restoration, the far-famed Countess of Derby, the royal Queen of Man, appears through a pannel, to the terror of Julian and Alice, who are in the room. Bridgenorth is there, and learns from the Countess her having ordered the execution of William Christian, the brother in law of Bridgenorth, for giving Fairfax possession of the Isle of Man. This so enrages him, that he orders her under arrest. Lady Peveril, however, places the Major under the charge of his servants, until the Countess has time to escape. In the mean time, Sir Geoffrey Peveril arrives, and announces that there was a warrant from the council to arrest the Countess, whose husband he had served under. He, however, determines to conduct her away, and, in doing so, encounters Bridgenorth, and a poursuivant with the warrant, which he seizes and tears to pieces, defeats the party, and conveys the Countess safe to Vale Royal.

That imaginary feeling of worthlessness which fanaticism induces, makes Bridgenorth eschew the sweets of life. He leaves his home, and places his daughter Alice under the charge of a self-important governante in the Isle of Man, where the widow of his slaughtered relative resides. There, after a lapse of some years, she is discovered by Julian Peveril. They are of course destined for each other; but the "bloom of young desire" is checked in the fair Alice, by the dread of paternal displeasure from the rivalry between the families. Her struggles between duty and affection are portrayed in two scenes of exquisite relish. At first, unknown to each other, the lovers exult in the bright summer of their joys —in the fragrant and refreshing sweetness which youth and innocence taste in the dawn of tender attachment.

Julian Peveril is, however, destined to act a more conspicuous part than the ardent lover. His patroness has been implicated in the Popish plot, and to London he is dispatched in order to ascertain its true character, and the aspect of the political horizon. The Countess has an attendant, a most important personage in the story, called Fenella, but whose real name is Zarah. This singular person, whose acts savour more of fairy potency than of merely mortal power, is of bright and felicitous creation, and may be ranked among the happiest efforts of the author of Waverley. She is of slender yet perfect symmetry—of an Eastern hue, and with that wild and fiery expression in her eyes, which denotes a

mind full of strong and vehement passions. She is not the less remarkable for being supposed to be deaf and dumb—a character which she assumes during her services in the household of the Countess. When Peveril embarked in a sloop that was ready for him, Fenella, who had a secret attachment for him, forced herself on board. In vain did he indicate, to this apparently helpless but interesting creature, the necessity of her returning; but she, by signs, made him to understand that her presence was a necessary protection from some danger with which he was threatened: Fenella was, however, sent back by the Dutch captain, who commanded the sloop.

On arriving at Liverpool, Julian meets with Topham, the noted Parliamentary messenger, in whose proscribed list he is alarmed to find the name of his father. Topham is accompanied by two low fellows, Captain Dangerfield and Everett. Dangerfield swears he will purge the garner of Papists. "Stick to that, noble Captain," answered the officer, "but prithee reserve thy oaths for the court of justice; it is but sheer waste to throw them away as you do in your ordinary conversation."

"Fear you nothing, Master Topham," answered Dangerfield, "it is right to keep a man's gifts in use; and were I altogether to renounce oaths in my private discourse, how should I know how to use one when I needed it? But you hear me use none of your Papist abjurations. I swear not by the Mass, or before George, or by any thing that belongs to idolatry; but such downright oaths as may serve a poor Protestant gentleman, who would fain serve Heaven and the King."

"Bravely spoken, most noble Festus," said his yoke-fellow. "But do not suppose, that although I do not use to garnish my words with oaths out of season, that I will be wanting, when called upon, to declare the height and the depth, the width and the length, of this hellish plot against the King and the Protestant faith."

In Julian's road to Derbyshire, he meets, at a small inn, a stranger, whom he saw at Liverpool, and who first declares himself to be Ganlesse, a Roman Catholic priest; but finding his companion no Catholic, states that he is 'Simon Canter, a poor preacher of the word.' Peveril determines to get rid of him, and to start off the road, threatening that it is at his peril he follows him.

The real name of this man is Ned Christian, a brother in law of Bridgenorth. At another inn where they meet, he contrives that Julian shall be robbed of the packet of letters he is conveying from the Countess of Derby. Arriving at Martindale Castle, Julian finds his father just arrested, and fires his pistol at one of his captors, who proves to be Bridgenorth. His pistols had, however, been rendered harmless, when his pocket had been rifled of his letters.

Topham and his party arrive to execute their warrant, and take Sir Geoffrey into custody, while Bridgenorth becomes answerable for Julian, and conducts him to Moultrassie Hall, where Alice welcomes them.

Major Bridgenorth cautioned his daughter and Julian to seem strangers to each other. Julian is conducted into an inner apartment: five or six persons, in puritanical costume, are sitting, to whom Julian's character was respectively announced by the Major. Here Julian recognised his travelling companion, Ganlesse. A long grace, a plain dinner, a thanksgiving as long as the grace, and an exposition of a chapter of the Bible, by the Major, as long as all the three, followed. Bridgenorth, in conducting Julian to his chamber, tells him that he is known to be 'a spied spy who carries tokens and messages betwixt the Popish Countess of Derby, and the Catholic party in London;' he, however, offers him the means of escape, of which Julian refuses to avail himself.

Lance Outram, an old retainer of the Peverils, musters thirty stout fellows determined to attack Martindale Castle, but, being dissuaded from it, resolves on rescuing Julian from Moultrassie Hall, which they boldly assailed. Julian heard the attack, but was unable to get out of his room, until released by Alice, who called on him to save her father, who was in danger. Julian interposes, Bridgenorth is rescued, and the house, which had been set on fire, is saved by the joint effort of both parties.

In the way to London, Julian accompanied by Lance, overtakes Chiffinch, "the well-known minister of Charles's pleasures," who, under the name of Smith, had been with Ganlesse, when Julian was robbed of his packet. He learns that it is in Chiffinch's possession, rides after him, and takes it from him.

Julian arrives in London, where he meets Fenella, by whose means he is

conveyed into the presence of King Charles, while the merry monarch was, in one of his happiest phrases, amusing himself with a select groupe of courtiers in a morning promenade, in the Mall in St. James's Park. At the royal command, Peveril and his fair mute are despatched into the apartment of the mistress of one of his pimps, the infamous Chiffinch, where he has not long remained till he is alarmed and surprised by the appearance of Alice Bridgenorth, who is chased into the room by the lascivious Buckingham. She had been placed in this den of iniquity by her uncle, Edward Christian, who had wiled the guardianship of her from the unsuspecting father; and the use he made of his power was to advance a court intrigue, by offering her at the shrine of the licentious Charles. Julian interposes, and conveys her from the gripe of prostitution.

In his way to his mother's lodgings with his trembling burthen, he is insulted by two of the Duke of Buckingham's retainers. He quits Alice, and engages with one of them, whom he severely wounds. For this felony he is immured in Newgate, where he is made cell-companion with the celebrated dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, whose freaks in arms and pasties are recounted. Meanwhile, Alice is seized by the retainer, who had not engaged in the affray, and lodged in his Grace's harem. From this palace of corruption she is carried off by Christian, who dreads the discovery of his intrigues, and placed in the hands of her father, who happens to be then in London.

From Newgate Julian is removed to the Tower, where his father is confined. The father and son, with Geoffrey Hudson, are brought to trial for high treason. The infamous Titus Oates appears against them, with other witnesses, but the evidence is deficient, on account of the absence of Bridgenorth, who does not appear. In their way from the court, they are assailed by the mob; but availing themselves of the vicinity of a cutler's stall, they arm themselves, and with little Geoffrey, perform prodigies of valour.—They, however, are invited to a place of refuge, which turns out to be a house belonging to Bridgenorth, whom they encounter. He professes friendship, and through a variety of secret passages, conveys Julian to an assembly of puritans, where he discovers that they are assembled for the purpose of a treasonable conspiracy. Into this plot the thoughtless Buckingham has been drawn by the wary and treacherous Ned Christian. The *hic et ubique* Finella, however, thrusts Geoffrey Hudson into a violincello, which, with other musical instruments, is sent to court by Buckingham, with conspirators, among whom is the noted Colonel Blood, who attempted to steal the crown from the Tower, for musicians. Geoffrey steps out from his musical prison and reveals the plot: the duke is sent for, partly acknowledges his guilt, and is forgiven. Lady Derby appears at court to rescue the Peverils, who she understood had been imprisoned on her account. The Peverils are presented, and Julian marries Alice; Bridgenorth, her father, giving up the claim or mortgage he had on Martindale Castle; and Christian, who acknowledges Finella, or rather Zarah, as his own daughter, is banished.

## JEFFERY HUDSON.

"Fortune, to make him the model of absurdity, has clothed a most lofty soul within a little miserable carcase."—*Peveril of the Peak.*

Jeffery Hudson being one of the important personages in the new novel of Peveril of the Peak, we think a brief notice of him may not be uninteresting.

Jeffery Hudson was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619; and about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the King and Queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up to table in a cold pie, and presented by the Duchess to the Queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court. Sir William Davenant wrote a poem, called "Jeffreielos," on a battle between him and a turkey-cock; * and in 1638 was published a very small book, called, "The New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Perceval to the Lord Minimus (commonly called little Jeffery), her Majesty's servant, &c. written by Micropholus, with a little print of Jeffery prefixed. Before this period Jeffery was employed on a negociation of great importance: he was sent to France to fetch a midwife for the Queen; and on his return with this gentlewoman

and her Majesty's dancing-master, and many rich presents to the Queen, from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffery, thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teazing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter. At last, being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued; and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on a level, Jeffery with the first fire shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. He was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not remain long in slavery; for at the beginning of the civil war he was made a captain in the royal army; and in 1644 attended the Queen to France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, in the 63d year of his age.

## Miscellanies.

### THE ARABS.

*From Sir Frederick Henniker's Travels.*

The Arabs are a set of thieves, as cunning but as fearful as foxes; a race of gascons whose valour consists in words; they start suddenly, draw their dirks, but the game of brag soon over, they are as suddenly composed. I saw many instances of cowardice amongst them, and but few of bravery: their conversation rests upon gunpowder, fire arms, sheep, corn, water, feuds, murder and tobacco. The ignorance of the Arab is the greatest impediment to the traveller; his blindness is thickened by his avarice, and judging by himself and his oppressor, he imagines that every one else seeks only for gold: that the botanist culls no herbs but such as impart the golden dye; and that the mineralogist searches for none other than the philosopher's stone. The Bedouins are generally considered robbers, but I am not willing to think that they prove so as long as they can obtain an honest livelihood by their cattle. They are faithful where they pledge their faith, and charitable to those in want, but insatiable where they can obtain. They are reputed to be good soldiers, that is, their assistance is desirable—as cossacks: they harrass and plunder, they dwell where they cannot be surprised, and retreat where they cannot be followed. They pay no taxes, acknowledge no king, and are in full possession of the Utopian blessing, liberty—a liberty in common with the wild beasts of the desert. They have no protector, they have no home. They are compelled frequently to traverse a pathless waste; with difficulty they find a scanty pasturage for their cattle, and water for themselves; and they pass their lives in one unenviable desert. The Bedouin, if he pleased, could take the place of the Fellah, or the Fellah might adopt the life of the Bedouin; yet each prefers his own. The one would rather serve even a Greek, and have his home: the other would not "serve in heaven;" the former has more comfort, the latter less annoyance. Happiness is ideal, and pleasure is by comparison: every race of man, and every rank of life have an equal share.

* The scene is laid at Dunkirk, and the midwife rescues him from the fury of his antagonist.

### BONNY WEE THING.

*A Song, by Burns, not in his Works.*

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonny face of thine,
And my heart it stounds with anguish,
Lest my wee thing be not mine.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In one constellation shine,
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul of mine.

### CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

The practice of howling at funerals, common in some parts of Ireland, seems to have been both ancient and general. It was called by the Greeks στερνοτυπια, and was in use amongst several nations of old. And it is well know to every classical reader, that the Romans had their *Præficæ*, whose duty it was to superintend the mode of

lamentation at funerals. Dr. Clarke mentions the custom of howling to be very general with the Arabs; and in a "Narrative of the Congo Expedition," published a few years ago, the same practice is described as prevailing amongst the Africans of Embomma, on the banks of the Congo.

## DEFINITION OF DRUNKENNESS.

*From the Penn-Yan Herald.*

A new and novel case in the annals of law occurred in this town on the 3d of December, 1821. The facts were substantially as follow:

Abner Pierce, several months since, was, by the Overseers of this town, placed upon the "*Drunken List*," according to the Act "concerning the estates of habitual drunkards." A few weeks ago the said Pierce proceeded according to law, by appealing—whereupon the Magistrate issued his *venire*, and a Jury were accordingly summoned to be and appear before the said Magistrate, on the 3d inst.

On the day appointed the appellant appeared with his witnesses, to shew that he was not an habitual drunkard within the meaning of the Act. Three witnesses on his part were sworn, who stated, in substance, that they had been acquainted with him for a number of years, and that they had seen him frequently and almost daily for the past year, and that they could not say he was drunk, but stated that they had, during that time, seen him "merry," "well to live," and "pretty well cocked;" all of whom agreed in their testimony, that they had "never seen him *so far gone* but that he could stand up."

The overseers then produced their witnesses to prove that he was an habitual drunkard within the meaning of the said law, and for this purpose, five persons, neighbours of the said appellant, were sworn, who concurred in their testimony, that they had been acquainted with him for a number of years, and that recently they had frequently seen him drunk, and much intoxicated with liquor, insomuch that he was incapable of attending to his business.

The case was then, upon the above testimony, by the direction of the Court, submitted to the Jury, who retired for half an hour, and returned with, as the foreman termed it, a "*special verdict*" in favour of the appellant, "That it did not appear, from the testimony submitted to them, that the appellant had been intoxicated more than half of the time; and it was the opinion of the Jury that a man could not be considered an habitual drunkard, unless he was drunk *more* than half of the time." *O tempora, O mores!*

*American Paper.*

## HELL BRIDGE.

There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonary, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size, and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing; and indeed none but natives would attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one lies down while the other crawls over his body. One day a Highlander walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and being himself of the patrician order, called to him to lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg, of two families in enmity to each other. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first to lie down, that I may pass over in peace."

"When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came," "Go back yourself, if you like it (replied Grant); I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson."

They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace, closer to each other: they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watching eyes on each other, stood prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's

position—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone.

At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy—but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee; and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf.—M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further, till catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice.

Grant had caught with a deathgripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach! His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold—and his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies Hell Bridge.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF BATCHELOR'S ISLAND.

Batchelor's Island is situated on the burning sands of the deserts of Folly, where even the savage inhabitants of the forest seldom venture to tread. It is bounded on the East by the regions of Affectation, Vanity, and Deceit. On the North, by the territories of Fear and Cowardice. On the South, by the burning zone of Remorse, Disease, and Death. And on the West, by the dead lake of Oblivion. Hence it is easily to be supposed, that the air of this Island is sultry, enervating and pestiferous; exposed to the perpetual scenes of Storm, Hurricane, and Tempest; and its climate, like the minds of its inhabitants, is never settled for an hour. The Spring of Batchelor's Island totally differs from that of any other I have hitherto read of; as that is here the season of the most pernicious heat, and in which the generality of its inhabitants are possessed with a kind of madness the most destructive to themselves, the most injurious to every civilized country, and the most subversive of unguarded innocence. Their Winter is truly despicable indeed; since, among all nations upon earth, you cannot express your contempt of a man more pointedly, than by calling him *an Old Batchelor*—a thing that lives only for itself—a thing that has no social harmony in its soul—a thing, that, like a mushroom, delights in bogs and morasses, but hates the generous warmth of the noon-day sun. Though the natives of this *miserable* Island make those of the Island of Matrimony the constant object of their ridicule, yet, there have been numberless instances of their stealing from their own Island into that of Matrimony, where they have prevailed upon some good-natured easy creatures to become their nurses and restorers, after their constitutions have been nearly ruined in their former miserable abodes; for in the Isle of Matrimony, though clouds now and then gather over it, yet they serve only to render the remainder of the day more brilliant and cheerful.

In Batchelor's Island *Love* is a thing much talked of, but totally unknown to the people, who are hated and despised, robbed and plundered, by the objects of their miserable embraces. If cards are the usual diversion of the people on the Isle of Matrimony, they are considered only as an amusement; but on Batchelor's Island they are productive of the most shocking vices, such as the grossest scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, the total ruin of their private fortunes, and even murder itself is sometimes the consequence. How many have quitted this island, and fled to that they so much despised, in order to repair their ruined fortunes, by seeking a rich and amiable partner. Batchelor's Isle is a mere desert, incapable of producing any thing but nettles, thorns, and briars. Here are no bleating lambs to please the eye of innocence. Here no doves cherish their young, nor does the useful fawn bound over their barren plains; but wolves, tigers, and crocodiles are here seen in abundance. Here are neither wife nor children to weep over the ashes of the deceased; but

owls hoot. ravens croak, and the reptiles of the earth crawl over their graves. In short, of all animals that Nature ever produced, *an Old Batchelor* must be the most contemptible; he lives a useless being on the earth; dies without having answered the end of his creation, in opposition to the mandate of his Great Maker, and is at last consigned over to oblivion.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.

Careless and thoughtless all my life,
Stranger to every source of strife,
And deeming each grave sage a fool,
The law of nature was my rule,
By which I learnt to duly measure
My portion of desire and pleasure.
'Tis strange that here I lie you see,
For death must have indulged a whim;
At any time t'have thought of me,
Who never once did think of him.

EPIGRAM.

Last Sunday night I lost my steed,
Eclipse was not of better breed:
Last Monday night I lost my cousin,
Not one is left me of a dozen:
Last Tuesday night I lost my wife,
The joy, the honour of my life:
Last We'nsday night I lost my friend,
My sorrows ne'er will have an end:
Can any have misfortunes worse,
I'm really sorry for my HORSE.

CROSS READINGS—We understand that the whole of the ballet dancers at the Italian Opera-House are engaged at—the Gas-light Company Westminster. That valuable little work called THE MIRROR is considered to—carry more guns than ever was known for so small a vessel. On Monday last Mr. Kean was again received with raptures of applause, being his second appearance since his return from—a duel, in which he was shot through the pericranium—Mr. Grimaldi has undertaken for a wager to eat—Juan Bellinck and the whole of his sable family, positively for the last time. In a short time Madame Vestris intends—challenging the Champion of the ring for a hundred guineas a side. Mr. Macready is engaged for a limited number of nights at—Charley's pit, Duck Lane, Westminster. We are happy to state that Mrs. Bland appeared before the public on Saturday last, since her indisposition, which was occasioned by her falling into—Mount Vesuvius at the time of the late eruption.

THE RULING PASSION.—The following is a singular but well authenticated instance of what Pope calls, "the ruling passion strong in death."

Mr. De Lagny, of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who was a great calculator, having become insensible in his last illness, M. Maupertuis approached his bed, and endeavoured to rouse him a little, by calling out, "Mr. Lagny, what is the square of twelve?" "An hundred and forty-four!" replied Mr. Lagny, and soon after expired. So true is it, that people generally retain, to the last moment, whatever predominant passion marked the tenor of their lives.

SINGULAR WILL.—The following curious extract is from the will of William Blackett, formerly Governor of Plymouth, which was proved in the year 1782:

"I desire that my body may be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and that one or more of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure the certainty of my being dead. I also make the further request to my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with an old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

It is a custom, says St. Pierre, in some places, where they drink Hungarian wines, to present the lees of the bottles as a mark of preference.

The practice of saying "God bless you" to a person that sneezes, is said to have had its origin at Rome in the time of Pope Gregory, commonly called the Great, when sneezing was symptomatic of a dangerous epidemic disorder then prevalent.

In reference to that part of the prophet Daniel's interpretation of the hand writing at Belshazzar's Feast, in which he says, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting," it is somewhat curious, that a custom of actually weighing kings is related in Sir Thomas Roe's Voyage to India. May not, therefore, the scriptural expression have a more literal allusion than is generally imagined?

Beards are, in some countries, a sign of mourning, and in others, the want of them answers the same purpose.

## Useful Domestic Hints.

*Women's and Children's Clothes Catching Fire.*—When we reflect on the many dreadful misfortunes which have of late happened, in consequence of the clothes of women and children accidently catching fire, it is a matter of some surprise, as well as great concern, to find so very little attention paid to the prevention of such misfortunes in future.

The following hints are offered with a sincere wish that they may meet with that serious consideration which the subject requires, and be the means of engaging the attention of the public on this subject, and of adopting the following measures recommended, or some more effectual.

There are two principal objects which offer for our consideration; the first is, *to prevent the clothes from catching fire;* and the other, *to check the progress of the flames.*

One of the most evident methods to *prevent the clothes from catching fire,* is to have wire-fenders placed before the fire-place, of a sufficient height to hinder the coals from flying into the room; such fenders are so placed in some parlours, but more it is believed for protecting the marble hearth and carpet, than for the safety of the females and children of the family. Wire screens are sometimes placed in rooms where birds are let loose, *parallel to the fire-place;* such as these, if more projecting ones should be objected to, might be used in common sitting rooms. One or two strong metal bars would be some protection, if close wire-work should not be liked; these of course should come some way forward, otherwise they would not be of much use. Certainly the safest are fenders of close wire-work projecting into the room, sufficiently open to let the heat through, but not any coals which might fly from the fire. Nurseries in particular should have this sort.

The second object which offers for consideration is to *check the progress of the flames;* one of the most evident means of accomplishing this end, is to wear dresses of materials which will not readily burn; but, as it is not probable that muslins and linens will be laid aside on account of the danger they expose the persons wearing them to, perhaps some method may be adopted which may check the progress of the fire in those substances. Experiments for this purpose have been made (on a small scale) which very well answered the end, but on account of the preparations used (which were pot-ash and other alkaline substances), having the property of imbibing moisture in a great degree, it renders this exact method, it is feared, impracticable. Would it not be of use if the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, were to offer a premium *for the best methods of rendering linen and muslin dresses, in a considerable degree, uninflammable, and not discolour, or injure in other respects, the substances, rendering them unfit for use?*

It has been recommended that persons whose clothes have caught fire should immediately *roll themselves up in the carpet,* but this excellent method of extinguishing the flames is frequently quite impracticable, as it is customary to nail down carpets to the floor, a practice which should never be suffered in rooms where there is any danger of accidents of this kind happening; nor should heavy tables or other furniture be so placed on the carpet as to hinder it from being easily rolled up.

If a woollen cloth were constantly kept in nurseries and sitting-rooms, especially when there are fires, laid *loose* upon the table or other piece of furniture, this being always at hand, might be easily resorted to in case of accident, and being wrapped tight round the flames, or strongly pressed against them, would, by excluding the air, no doubt, in many instances, soon extinguish the fire. A *Green Baize Cloth,* which being very pliable, and likewise a neat cover to furniture, is recommended for this purpose; and if such were known in the family by the name of *Stifling Cloth,* it probably would as readily be used when there was occasion for it, as fire-engines or buckets now are. Care must be taken to procure *Baize* of a close texture. Where the convenience of a *Baize Cloth* cannot be easily procured, as in cottages, &c. a cloth cloak, or a blanket, will answer much the same purpose.

May we not attribute many of the melancholy events which have happened of late, to the modern practice of fixing fire-grates more forward than formerly, and to the prevailing custom of wearing muslin dresses?

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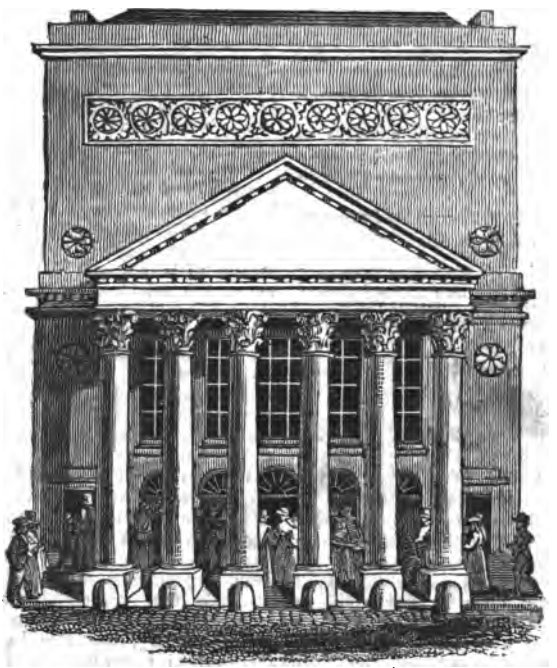
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XV.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## New Theatre-Royal, Haymarket.



The "Little Theatre in the Haymarket" has long been attractive to the lovers of the drama, who, while they had to lament its degradation on every other stage, found it hold its legitimate sway here. Even when the Haymarket Theatre, compared with its rivals in splendour and convenience, was a mere barn, it obtained audiences by the judicious manner in which it was conducted. Here were no pantomimes, melo-dramas, or spectacles, in which horses were the principal attraction; but there was legitimate tragedy, comedy, and farce, and a species of play peculiar to this theatre—three-act comedies—which combined the merits of comedy and farce.

The Haymarket Theatre was originally erected on the sole speculation of a carpenter or builder of the name of Potter, in 1720; who, being without patent or licence, opened with a company of young amateur performers, who had acted with some applause at a tavern in St. Alban's-street. Potter's object, however, was to let the house to the "French players," as the Parisian dancers and Italian singers were then called. The opening of the House was thus announced in a daily paper of the 15th of December, 1720:

"At the New Theatre in the Haymarket (between Little Suffolk street and James-street), which is now completely finished, will be acted French comedies, as soon as the rest of the actors arrive from Paris, who are daily expected."

The House opened on the 29th of December, 1720, with a new comedy, entitled, "La Fille à la mode; ou, le

Badeaut de Paris." The pit and boxes were the same price, and the tickets five shillings. It was not until three years afterwards that the House was occupied by an English company.

In 1726, a company of Italian comedians commenced performing by subscription, who, as the season advanced, had the accession of Signora Violante, with rope-dancers and tumblers. The popularity of the latter entertainment is shown in the following verses from a "Raree Show" ballad, introduced in the Rape of Proserpine:

"Here be de Haymarket vere de *Italien Opera* sweetly sound.
Dat costa de brave gentry no more as
Two hundred tousand pound;
A very pretty fancy, a brave gallante show,
E juste come from France *tout noveau*.
"Here be de famous comediens of the world,
De troupe Italien,
Dat make a de poor English veepe,
Because de vill troupe home again.
A very, &c.
"De toder place be Mademoiselle Violante
Shew a tousand trick;
She jump upon de rope ten stories high,
And never break her neck.
A very," &c.

The theatre afterwards was open for the English drama, and here Joe Miller and other revolters from Drury-lane Theatre performed in 1733. It was, however, frequently occupied by French comedians, and by exhibitions of various kinds, including Foote's Matthews's-like entertainments.

For many years, however, the Haymarket has been confined to the legitimate drama, and to parody a line of Shakspeare's, it has not only exhibited a fine display of histrionic talent in itself, but been the cause of it in others, having been the nursery of talent, and introduced to the public many of our best performers, including Mathews, Young, and Liston.

In 1821, the old theatre was pulled down, and the present elegant structure erected, of which our engraving presents a correct view. This theatre, which was built with singular rapidity, is of a very convenient size, quite large enough for representing any regular play, and not so large as to prevent your seeing or hearing it. It is certainly larger than the old theatre, but there is scarcely a seat in the whole house, boxes, pit, or gallery, where the actors cannot be seen and heard distinctly. To facilitate the latter a sounding-board was constructed, which projected over the orchestra, and disfigured that part of the house; but it has since been removed.

On the ceiling is an allegorical representation of Morning attended by Zephyr, appearing in the horizon; while in the opposite quarter Cynthia is seen retiring from the presence of Apollo. The ornaments which encircle the design are composed of four groups of Cupids, bearing emblematical trophies of the different seasons. On the proscenium are various figures and embellishments, correspondent with those upon the ceiling.

The new drop-scene represents, on the left hand of the audience, the entrance of a temple of the Composite Order, richly ornamented with basso relievos, and dedicated to Apollo. The statues of Thalia and Melpomene surmount the principal entrance. On the right hand is an altar dedicated to Beauty, and flowers and various ornaments, allusive to the costumes of the Bacchantes, are introduced. The era of the new building, as well as of the new reign, are alluded to by the temple of the muses, illuminated by the rising sun.

In point of architectural beauty, the Haymarket Theatre is the most elegant in London; and indeed that is not saying much in its favour, for they are very clumsy buildings: it has, however, a particular degree of neatness about it that renders it an elegant termination to Charles-street, Saint James's-square, which it immediately faces; and it is one of the very few public buildings in London of which an Englishman in London need not feel ashamed.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

FEBRUARY THE 14TH.

As this eventful period for all young lovers will be passed before our next Mirror can well appear, we shall give our readers an interesting account of Valentine's Day.

St. Valentine was a Presbyter of the Church, who was beheaded in the time of Claudius the Emperor, but there is no occurrence in the legendary life of this Saint, in the slightest degree connected with the customs which have long been observed on this day; though Wheatley, in his illustrations of the Common Prayer, informs us, that he "was a man of most admirable parts,

and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival (which is still practised) took its rise from thence."

It is a very general custom of doubtful origin, but of great antiquity, for young people to draw lots on the eve of Valentine's Day: the names of a select number of one sex are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel, out of which each person draws one, which is called their valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards.

This custom of choosing valentines was a sport practised in the houses of the gentry of England, as early as the year 1476; and John Lydgate, the Monk, of Bury, alludes to it in a poem written by him in praise of Queen Catherine.

In Dudley Lord North's Forest of Varieties, in a letter to his brother, he says, "A lady of wit and qualitie, whom you well know, would never put herself to the chance of a valentine, saying that she would never couple herself but by choyce. The custom and charge of valentines is not ill left with many other such costly and idle customs, which, by a tacit general consent, we lay down as obsolete."

The "charge" and "costly custom" here mentioned, most probably refers to the making of presents on this day, which the learned Morison tells us was frequent.

The custom of drawing for valentines is still observed in the northern counties of England, where also the first woman seen by a man, or man seen by a woman, on St. Valentine's day, is marked for their valentine for the ensuing year.

The rural tradition that, on this day, every bird chooses its mate, is alluded to by Chaucer and numerous other writers.

Shakspeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, says—

——"Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now."

And Herrick, in his Hesperides, has the following:—

"*To his Valentine, on St. Valentine's Day.*"

"Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say,
Birds chuse their mates, and couple too, this day;
But, by their flight I never can divine,
When I shall couple with my valentine."

But the prettiest allusion to this tradition, is in the following elegant *jeu d'esprit:*

TO DORINDA, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Look how, my dear, the feather'd kind,
By mutual caresses joyn'd,
Bill, and seem to teach us two,
What we to love and custom owe.
Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.
But ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain.
Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name."

Misson, in his Travels in England, says:

"On the Eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's Day, a time when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks, in England and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and batchelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls her's. By this means, each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him, than to the valentine to whom he is fallen."

There is another kind of valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day.

Gay has left us a poetical description of some rural ceremonies used on the morning of this day in his time:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

And in the Connoisseur, we have the following account of a curious species of divination practised on St. Valentine's day:—

"The customs of St, Valentine's day, seem at present confined to that of young people sending complimentary or satirical letters to their acquaintance, sometimes accompanied with a caricature engraving; and to such an extent is this custom carried, that in London alone, the increase of two-penny post letters on St. Valentine's day, in 1821, exceeded two hundred thousand."

We shall conclude the subject with the following poetical article sent us by a correspondent:

MY VALENTINE.

Mark'd you her eyes' resistless glance
That does th' enraptur'd soul entrance?
Mark'd you that dark blue orb unfold
Volumes of bliss as yet untold?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her cheek that blooms and glows
A living emblem of the rose?
Mark'd you her vernal lip that breathes
The balmy fragrance of its leaves?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her artless smiles that speak
The language, written on her cheek?
Where bright as morn and pure as dew
The bosom's thoughts arise to view?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her face, and did not there
Sense, softness, sweetness—all appear?
Mark'd you her form, and saw not you
A heart and mind as lovely too?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you all this—and you have known
The treasur'd raptures that I own.
Mark'd you all this, and you, like me,
Have wandered oft, her shade to see,
For you have felt, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal.

## THE HUNTER'S SOLILOQUY.

A PARODY.

To hunt, or not to hunt? that is the question——
Whether 'tis prudent in the soul, to suffer
The pangs of self-denial, or to urge
With enthus'astick rage and bold defiance
The rapid chase?—To hunt—to ride—
No more; and by that ride to say we fly
From thought, that canker-worm to gay desires,
From cares that feed upon the lamp of life,
'Tis a fruition devoutly to be wished.
To hunt—to ride—to ride? perchance to fall;
Ay, there's the rub——
For in the mad pursuit what falls may come,
When ev'ry hound each hardy sinew strains,
And ev'ry breeze conveys enrapt'ring sounds,
Must give us pause?—There's the respect,
That gives the fatal blow to promis'd joys,
That taints with baleful light each blooming hope.
Who would forego this madness of delight;
Who without pain could hear a chase describ'd,
Or silent sit while others boast their feats,
When he himself might mount the neighing steed,
And urge the sprightly chase? Beneath a roof
Who would wear out the tedious, doleful day,
Oppress'd with discontent and dire remorse?
But that the dread of fall precipitate,
That unknown field, where, destitute of aid,
With shiver'd limb he haply may repent
His forward zeal and fury uncontroul'd
Puzzles the will; and makes us rather pine
In humble cell, than seek for distant joys,
Where pain and death th' advent'rous hunter wait.
But hark——
The hunter's notes, on Zephyr's pinion borne,
Assail my ears——
Already Phœbus gilds the mountain top.
Great Phœbus, patron of the hunting crew,
Propitious smile, and vanish ev'ry [doubt!

## CHARING CROSS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—The supposition (in a late No. of the Mirror) that Charing Cross derives its name from the word to share

or divide, is, I believe, erroneous; for in Stow's History of London, we find on the present site of that place, there was formerly a village called Charing, and in all probability a Cross was erected there, in memory of its being a resting place for the funeral procession of Edward the First's Queen, on the road to the place of her interment, that has been destroyed by time. There are still some of these Crosses (generally called Queen's Crosses) remaining in different parts of the country, and there is a particularly fine one near Northampton. Should this short description prove correct, it is evident that *Charing* Cross still retains its original name.

Yours, &c. W.

## CHEAP TIMES.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—Accounts from time to time are admitted into the periodical publications of the day, containing statements of the *cheapness* of "the olden time," but it is for the present century to surpass all that have preceded it. In this respect the Mirror of Literature is "the landmark of its time:" and through its medium I beg leave to communicate the particulars of the following notable wager: A gentleman betted fifty guineas, that without any previous concert, he would be conveyed 200 miles, eat and drink on the road, sup and sleep at a good hotel, all for less than *ll.* sterling; which was accomplished thus:

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| Fare from London to Birmingham, through Henley, Oxford, Banbury, &c. 127 miles | 10 | 6 |
| Breakfast, a roll and milk and water | 0 | 3 |
| Dinner, bread, cheese, and ale | 0 | 4 |
| Supper, at the Swan, Birmingham, poached eggs, toast, ale, and waiter | 1 | 6 |
| Bed and chambermaid | 2 | 6 |
| Fare to Sheffield, 73 miles | 4 | 0 |
| Eating as in the former day | 0 | 7 |
| | 0 | 19 8 |

Now, Sir, if this be the year of distress, let the grumblers paint an inch thick, "to this complexion we are come at last." Your constant Reader,

CAP SMITH.

All the subscribers to our Hunt take in the Mirror; indeed we could not have existed without it this hard weather.

Melton Mowbray, 16th Jan. 1823.

## A PUNNING EPISTLE.

The following Punning Epistle was sent with a present of a hare—not to the Editor.

Dear Sir,—A perfect *stranger* to me dropt in here this morning, and I find on inquiry into his merits, that though they are to the *taste* of some people, he will be to me a mere burden, therefore I send him to you in a fable written about him, for he has been celebrated both in prose and verse. I learn that he has, like myself, had *many friends*, and that they have, as we say, *worried him to death*. You may do what you please with him, he'll bear *roasting*, and you may even *cut and baste* him, without exciting the least ill-humour on his part. Although he never owed any person a shilling, yet no one that I know has been so *hunted* by mankind, which, though *game* to the back bone, used to alarm him exceedingly; but he has conquered that weakness and timidity, and is now perfectly indifferent about it; as a proof how much stouter his nerves are at present, you may attack him, stab him, take his *coat off his back*, and *sell it* before his face, without stirring in him the feeling of fear, either for his property or himself. I fancy such a poor creature will get completely *dished* at your house, still he is not, whatever you may imagine, without brains; and this I will say, that the more you can get of them, the more you will resemble me. He is, indeed, a *hare-brained* fellow, yet you may keep his company some time before you will perceive him to be *lively;* but I believe you will like him better in his present quiet state, for to tell you the truth, when he does get *a maggot* in his head, he is to my way of thinking very offensive. His *ears two* are certainly *long*, but you may say what you like before him, for he was never known to blab half so much as those who have *shorter*. I beg that you will, when he is *well-dressed*, introduce him to the most familiar acquaintance of Mrs. ***, and merely a few select friends, for being of tender years, he is not capable of affording much *entertainment* to a large company: the maxim is "the more the merrier, the less the better cheer." He only sticks to the latter part, and it will be better for you if you also attend to it. He is a perfect child in *one respect*. I am ashamed to mention it, but he is particularly *agreeable* where there is plenty of *currant jelly*. I will not, however, pretend to dictate the measure of civility which your amiable disposition and

esteem for my recommendation may incline you to show him. Sure I am, that your good-nature will, for his own, as a *well-bred* stranger, if not, for my sake, give him a *warm* reception— *stuff* him well—and, as it were, *devour him* with kindness.

## LITERARY MORTALITY.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—I shall be obliged by your inserting in the useful and instructive publication called the Mirror, the following literary bill of mortality for the year 1822, which I hope will not be unacceptable to some of your readers, who must, like myself, have been astonished at the number of literary births daily advertised in the public papers, and would naturally ask where they are gone. Yours, &c.

BIBLIOPOLOPHILOS.

*Casualties among Books.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Abortive | 3205 |
| Still-born | 7182 |
| Old age | 3003 |
| Suddenly | 500 |
| Lethargy | 763 |
| Found dead | 940 |
| Burned | 1700 |
| Sacrificed in nameless ways | 150,000 |
| Pressed to death | 1805 |
| Trunk-makers | 1500 |
| Pastry-cooks | 5000 |
| Cheesemongers | 3200 |
| Skyrockets | 1250 |
| Lollypops | 30,000 |

The mortality within these few years has increased to such an alarming degree, that there are very few books still alive, and they are, for the most part, in a very dangerous state, and will ere long, very probably, share a fate similar to that of some of the above.

*Casualties among Authors.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Broken bones | 15 |
| Starved to death | 362 |
| Mortification | 205 |
| Canker | 52 |
| Demoniac phrenzy | 16 |
| Moping melancholy | 71 |
| Falls from garret-windows | 85 |
| Surfeit | 440 |
| Moon-struck madness | 173 |
| * Remaining in the several lunatic asylums in the metropolis and vicinity | 562 |

* These may be considered as dead to all intents and purposes.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### KOSCIUSKO, THE POLISH PATRIOT.

A sacred grief sublime and bright
Descends o'er Kosciusko's bier:
It mourns not that his soul of light,
No more confined in mortal night,
Has sought its native sphere;
The hallowed tear that glistens there,
By purest loftiest feelings given,
Flows more from triumph than despair,
And falls like dew from heaven!
Thus oft around the setting sun
Soft showers attend his parting ray,
And sinking now his journey done,
His matchless course to evening run—
They weep his closing day.
Who hath not watch'd his light decline,
Till sad, yet holy feelings rise?
Although he sets again to shine,
More glorious, in more cloudless skies.

As proudly shone thy evening ray,
As in that contest bright and brief,
When patriot's hail'd thy noonticle day,
And own'd thee as their chief!
Thou wert the radiant morning-star,
Which bright to hapless Poland rose,
The leader of her patriot war,
The sharer of her woes!

What though no earthly triumphs grace
The spot where thou hast ta'en thy sleep;
Yet Glory points thy resting-place,
And thither Freedom turns to weep.
The pompous arch, the column's boast,
Though rich with all the sculptor's art,
Shall soon in time's dark sweep be lost;
But thou survivest in the heart,
And bright thy dwelling still shall be
Within the page of Liberty.

And o'er the turf where sleeps the brave
Such sweet and holy drops are shed—
Who would not fill a Patriot's grave,
To share them with the dead?
The laurel, and the oaken bough,
Above the meaner great may bloom,
And trophies due to Freedom's brow
May shade Oppression's tomb;—
But Glory's smile hath shed on thee
The light of immortality!

### DINNER COMPANY TO LET.—A CARD.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer respectfully invite the attention of the dinner-giving department of the metropolis, to the following candid statement of facts.

It happens in London, every day,

that gentlemen mount to sudden wealth by Spanish bonds, fluctuations of English stock, death of distant relations, and what not. When this event occurs, a carriage is bespoken, the ladies go to the Soho Bazaar, the father takes a house in Baker-street or Connaught-place, and the sons get blackballed at all the new clubs in the environs of the Haymarket. Yet still something is wanting. Like the Greek or Persian king (Messrs. Clack and Caterer will not be precise as to the nation), who pined to death in the midst of plenty, gentlemen thus jumping into high-life, from the abysses of Lower-Thames-street and St. Mary Axe, lament the lack of good *dinner company*. If they rely upon coffee-house society, their silver spoons are in jeopardy; and if they invite their own relations, they are ruined; nobody will come twice to such society. An uncle with an unpowdered pigtail, who prates of pepper and pimento: an aunt in a brown silk gown, who drinks every body's health; a son from Stockwell, who is silent when he ought to talk, accompanied by a wife, who talks when she ought to be silent, compose a species of society which may do very well at Kensington or Camden-town, but which Messrs. Clack and Caterer confidently predict, can never take root west of Temple-bar. The consequence is, that gentlemen thus circumstanced must "cut" their own relations, or nobody else will "come again." Singers may be hired at so much a-head: every body knows to an odd sixpence, the price of "Non nobis, Domine," "Hail, Star of Brunswick," "Glorious Apollo," and "Scots wha ha." Good set speakers for charity dinners may also be obtained, by inquiry at the bar of the tavern. These latter go through the routine of duty with a vast deal of decorum. They call the attention of the company in a particular manner to the present charity, leaving a blank for its name. They ascribe half of its success to the worthy treasurer, and the other half to the noble chairman, whose health they conclude with proposing, with three times three: and the accuracy of their ear enables them to cry "hip, hip, hip," nine times, interlarded at the third and sixth close with a hurrah! ided by a sharp yell which Messrs. Clack and Caterer have never been able to distinguish from the yelp of a trodden lapdog. All this is very well in its way, and it is not the wish of the advertisers to disparage such doings. Far from it; "live and let live" is their maxim. Many gentlemen by practice qualify themselves for public speakers; but good private-dinner company is still a desideratum.

Impressed with this truth, Messrs. Clack and Caterer, at a considerable expense, have provided, at their manufactory in Leicester-square, a choice assortment of good dinners *out*, of various prices, who, in clean white waistcoats, and at the shortest notice, will attend to enliven any dull gentleman's dull dinner-table. Messrs. Clack and Caterer are possessed of three silver-toned young barristers who have their way to make in Lincoln's Inn. These gentlemen respectively and anxiously inquire after the health of any married lady's little Charlotte; ask when she last heard from Hastings; think they never saw curtains better hung in the whole course of their lives; tenderly caress the poodle that occupies the hearth-rug; and should its front teeth meet in their forefinger, will, for an additional trifle, exclaim, "Pretty little fellow! I don't wonder he's such a favourite." Messrs. Clack and Caterer are also provided with two unbeneficed clergymen, who have guaranteed a short grace, and undertake not to eat of the second course. These gentlemen tell a choice collection of good jokes, with a rigid abstinence from Joe Miller. They have various common-places at hand, which they can throw in when conversation flags. The one of them remarks that London begins to look dull in September, and that Waterloo-place is a great improvement; and the other observes, that Elliston has much beautified Drury-lane, and that Kean's voice is apt to fail him in the fifth act. This kind of talk is not brilliant, but it wears well, and never provokes animosity.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg also to acquaint the nobility and gentry, that they have laid in a couple of quadrillers and three pair of parasites; who take children upon their knees in spite of tamarinds and Guava jelly; cut turbot into choice parallelograms; pat plain children on the head, and assure their mamma that their hair is not red but auburn; never meddle with the two long-necked bottles on the table; address half of their conversation to the lady of the house, and the other half to any deaf gentleman on the other side, who tilts his ear in the hollow of his hand. Should either of these personages be so far forgetful of his duty as to contradict a county member, introduce agricultural distress, or prove

he cause of the present low prices; wonder what happened at Verona, or who wrote the Scotch novels; gentlemen are requested to write "bore" upon his back with a piece of chalk (which the butler had better be provided with), and then to return the offender to the advertisers, when the money will be paid back, deducting coach-hire. Cheap goods rarely turn out well. Some dinner-giving gentlemen have hired diners-out at an inferior price; and what was lately the consequence at a Baronet's in Portland-place? A Birmingham article of this sort entered the drawing-room with a hackney straw adhering to one stocking, and a pedicular ladder ascending the other. He drank twice of champagne; called for beer; had never heard that the opera opened without Angrisani; wondered why Miss Paton and Braham did not sing together (forgetting that all Great Russell-street and a part of the Piazza yawned between them); spilt red wine on the table-cloth, and tried to rectify the error by a smear of salt and Madeira; left the fish-cruet as bare as the pitchers of the Belides; and committed various other errors which Messrs. Clack and Caterer scorn to enumerate. All this proceeds from not going to the best shops and paying accordingly.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg likewise to acquaint a liberal and candid public, that they have an unexceptionable assortment of three-day visitors, who go by the stage to villas from Saturday to Monday. These out-of-towners know all about Webb Hall and the drill-plough: take a hand at whist; never beat their host at billiards; have no objection to go to church; and are ready to look at improvements on being provided with thick shoes. If up hill, or through a copse of the party's own planting, a small additional sum will be required. —For further particulars inquire at the warehouse in Leicester-square. If Messrs. Clack and Caterer give satisfaction, it is all they require; money is no object. Letters, post-paid, will be duly attended to.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN BORNEO.

The following is an account of the marriage and funeral ceremonies peculiar to the Dayaks, a tribe of independent savages, who inhabit the country to the westward of the Banjermassin river, in Borneo.

*Marriage Ceremonies.*—The celebration of marriage is very simple, it being performed in one day. The bride and bridegroom are placed each on a gong, with their faces towards the rising sun. The parents of the parties then besprinkle them with the blood of some animal; a buffaloe, pig, or even a fowl: cold water is also sprinkled over them. Being next presented with a cup of arrack, they mutually pour half into each other's cup, take a draught, and exchange cups. The married couple afterwards withdraw to the house of the bride's parents, where a feast is prepared: but no such revelling takes place as in the case of the funeral ceremonies.

*Funeral Ceremonies.*—The manner in which the funeral ceremonies are celebrated vary according as the deceased is wealthy or otherwise.

When a poor man dies, whose family or relations have not the means of incurring much expense on the occasion, the body is put into a kind of coffin, and this being placed upon four posts, at the distance of two or three feet from the ground, it is enclosed with a small railing, and defended from the weather by a covering of leaves. The coffin is generally made of the piece of a trunk of a tree called plantang, which is scooped out like a trough; and when the body is deposited, the coffin and the top to it are well cemented with dammar. The friends or neighbours, who assist in the work, are then invited to partake of whatever food, &c. the relatives can afford to provide. If the deceased was possessed of considerable property, on the occasion of the body's being put into the coffin, muskets, &c. are fired, and the coffin itself is formed with more care, and ornamented with carved work, being in the same manner placed upon posts; but these are raised within side the house, passing through the floor, which is itself raised upon posts about five or six feet from the ground. In the bottom of the coffin there is a hole, into which is introduced a hollow bamboo, the end of which is fixed into the mouth of a jar placed underneath, and as the body dissolves, it passes through the bamboo down into the jar. To prevent the effluvia escaping, not only the top and body of the coffin are well cemented with dammar, but also the mouth of the jar and the aperture in the coffin, into which the opposite ends of the bamboo are fixed.

Nothing further is done till the relations of the deceased are prepared to

celebrate the future ceremonies, which do not take place till one or more persons, destined to be the slaves of the departed in the next world, are procured. If no delay occurs in getting them, or in making the necessary preparations for the feast that is to take place, it is necessary to wait till the bones only of the body are left in the coffin, but otherwise years may elapse before the ceremony and feast take place. All being ready, and the day fixed for the grand celebration, the coffin is buried, and the bones being taken out, are collected and carefully disposed in a strong wooden box, of sufficient dimensions to contain them. The destined slaves, who are either unfortunate captives, or, if such cannot be obtained, persons purchased for the purpose, are then brought forward, and during the seven days and nights of feasting which take place, and to which all the people are invited, the relations and friends of the deceased continue to dance round them, giving them to eat and drink, and treating them kindly. These unhappy victims are afterwards fixed in the earth up to their middle, opposite to the box containing the bones of the deceased. The children of the deceased then coolly and ceremoniously spear them, one after the other, according to seniority, after which the other persons present join in putting an end to their existence. The heads of the victims are then cut off by the children of the deceased, and the skulls being stripped of the flesh, &c., are perfumed and attached to the outside of the box containing the bones of the deceased.

This box is then placed in a kind of small house or shed, built on the top of a post about the height of a cocoa-nut tree. It is usual to erect this post at the spot where the deceased was born, however far that may be from where he died. The children or relations of the deceased consider that they owe this duty to their late parent or relative, and do not further concern themselves about the fate of the relics, but leave them to be carried away or blown down by the wind.

The expense attending a festival of this kind is very considerable, amounting often to five hundred dollars. As many as ten buffaloes and twenty hogs are sacrificed as offerings to the deceased, and afterwards eaten by the party. A kind of toddy extracted from rice is drunk to great excess, and much revelling prevails, amidst the maddening din of gongs and tomtoms, which are beaten incessantly. If the bones of the deceased require to be conveyed to a distance, they are attended by a great procession and concourse of people. In all this parade and show there is a great deal of ostentation, the promoters of it being desirous of convincing the people that they are the children of rich and great persons. If a Dayak dies in a distant country, his body is buried, that his bones may be easily obtained to be conveyed to his home, for the purpose of having the funeral rites performed.

*Asiatic Journal.*

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## PETER PINDARICS;
### *Or, Joe Miller Versified.*
### No. I.

A PRECISE TAYLOR.

A Taylor, thought a man of upright dealing
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of H-ll, must'ring in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silks displayed a banner
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in h-ll.
The man affrighted by this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian;
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he showed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath; but truly
And zealously to keep the sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And, lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him some day to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman especial charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scarce can tell the rest for laughter),
A captain of a ship came three days after,

And brought three yards of velvet and
three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the
garters.
He, that precisely knew what was
enough,
Soon slipt aside three quarters of the
stuff;
His man espying it, said in derision,
"Master, remember how you saw the
vision!"
"Pease, knave!" quoth he, "I did not
see one rag
Of such a coloured stuff in all the flag."

J. H.

## The Novelist.

No. XIII.

### THE CRUEL FATHER.

Felicia was the only daughter of Don Garcia, who was the last male of that celebrated family. Her mother died before she was two years old; and her father, until she came to years of discretion, treated her with the utmost tenderness, on account of the death of her mother, that he might be able, as much as lay in his power, to alleviate her loss, by his paternal endearments.

When she arrived at the age of seventeen, she was admired by all who saw her, on account of her great beauty, wit, and many other accomplishments; while all the young noblemen in Spain solicited the honour of her hand.—Among all her suitors, she was most charmed by the behaviour of her favourite Don Alonzo; and many happy hours did these two lovers enjoy in the company of each other.

Unluckily for the lovers, it so happened that the father of Don Alonzo and Don Garcia, (who were before this time upon the most friendly terms), met together at a friend's house, where a trivial dispute arose, but which at length was carried to such a pitch, that they both parted with mutual enmity, each declaring that their children should not be joined in marriage to the opposite party.

As soon as Don Garcia arrived at his own house, he strictly charged his daughter, as she valued her father's honour, no longer to listen to the addresses of her lover: the father of Alonzo also gave him the same charge.

Don Garcia fearing lest Felicia might be carried away from his house by the stratagems of Alonzo, eagerly pressed her to give her hand to Don Sancho, another lover of her's, whom she detested on account of his many vices; as the only reason her father had for wishing her to be married to him was, that he was of the noblest family of all her other suitors, without considering the difference of dispositions between Don Sancho and his daughter.

Felicia, in vain, urged to her father her hatred of him; he was resolute in his determination, and insisted that she should give her hand in less than a fortnight. She, however, (determined within herself never to marry him), sought as much as possible to acquaint her lover Alonzo, with her unhappy destiny, and, by means of a faithful servant, she at length accomplished her purpose.

When Alonzo read the letter, he was like a person distracted; he threw himself upon a couch, and gave up all his soul to despair; at length, when reason got the upper hand, he considered by what means he might be able to assist her. After much thought, he resolved to challenge Don Sancho that day. In the dusk of the evening, he put on his sword and sallied out in quest of his rival, whom he found, and after a few words between them, each drew his sword, when Don Sancho made a thrust and run Alonzo through the body.

The news was immediately spread abroad that Don Alonzo was slain; which at last reached the ears of Felicia. As soon as she heard it, she ran out of the house into the garden, and threw herself into the river, which flowed by the side of it. She was seen by some fishermen, who came to her assistance immediately, but it was too late—she was found dead, and in that situation she was carried home to her father, who repented, too late, of his cruelty, which had brought his daughter to such a miserable end.

## Miscellanies.

### BEGGARS IN IRELAND,
IN 1822.

I attempted, says Mr. Reid, in his Travels, to count the number of beggars I met to-day, as I had sometimes done in Ulster; but I found it impossible, they were so excessively frequent.—Near Naas I met two miserable looking women, accompanied by seventeen children. Queen's County abounds in bog, some of which lies low, and appears marshy for want of a way to discharge the rain water. The crops of corn and potatoes look well; the peasantry appear badly supplied with the

necessaries of life, and every place swarms with beggars, who solicit charity in a manner different from those in the North, where a woful countenance is always presented, and some dire misfortune usually related: but here the application is often made with a smile, and followed by a facetious story, or mirth-moving display of spontaneous wit.

To an elderly man who accosted me in this strain, I remarked, "You must have a light heart, notwithstanding your distress;" to which he replied, "Yes, Sir, I *have* a light heart, and the world for a *praty* garden," at the same time slapping his hand against his thigh, which flung aside the skirt of his thread-bare mantle. This man happened to have a biscuit which I had given him still in his hand; looking wistfully at me, he asked for another; "it is for a sick man," said he, "who wants it more than I do." Not having the means of complying with his request, "then," said he, chuckling with a sense of internal pleasure, "*Phil Corrigan* must get this, for I got my supper last night, and he got neither dinner nor supper." Saying this, he went over to the road side, where a very miserable man was sitting, and seating himself down by him, forced him to eat it, at the same time cheering the poor creature's spirits with some lively remarks upon the ragged group around them.

Towards Gort, the road and country improve a little, and continue to do so nearly three miles north of that little town; then they grow worse again, and for eight or nine miles the country is wholly unproductive—an acre of it would scarcely feed a goose. I never saw so complete a picture of desolation; the eye wanders over an immense tract of country, in which neither tree, nor shrub, nor vegetable of any sort, is discernible. Fuel too is wanting; and yet there are cabins scattered over it, around which a scanty verdure, produced by extreme art, is an exception to the general barrenness, and swarms of children, the dressing or undressing of whom gives their mothers no trouble whatever.

In the course of the journey I alighted, and went into several cabins, which are almost as destitute of furniture as the children are of clothing. In one I found eight persons; a man, two women and five children, all, except two of the latter, labouring under fever. Each of these two had a raw potatoe in its hand, but there was no fire to cook them, nor was there a creature that could give another a cup of water; there was not so much as a cup of water in the house. Four lay in one corner, with nothing between them and the clay floor but a few old rushes, and no covering whatever but the ragged garments they wore. The other two lay in the opposite corner, on a similar bed, with a thing over them that had once been a blanket, and was now absolutely moving with vermin. Gracious Heaven! what will become of this afflicted family? The only cooking utensils in the place were two iron pots, and an old tin saucepan. I desired my driver to fill them all with water from a pool close by, but he refused to touch any of them, lest he should catch the fever.—I was glad to learn that this iron-hearted calculator was not born in Ireland or Britain! A poor stocking-man came up before I went away, who consented to attend them one day, and most cheerfully went off to a huckster's, to procure a scanty supply of the necessaries of life. In another cabin into which I went, there were two persons sick, one with fever, the other, consumption.

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## JOHN SPRIGGS.

Run away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged thirty-five, a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high-burned brick blue, with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads (*i. e.* takes snuff and tobacco); he is so loquacious, that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a *pack of cards* in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other: he is a great liar, and can varnish a falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on when he went away a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since changed to a round one, with a blue-body coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last disguised in a clean shirt. N. B. It is supposed that he did not go off without a companion, as he is a great favourite with the fair sex. For the mere sake of bringing such a runagate to justice, a reward of three dollars will be paid for his apprehension by applying to any magistrate in the state any day before the 1st of August next.—*Vermont (United States) Journal.*

## THE FRIENDLY HEROES,

A NORTHERN TRADITION.

Asuithus and Asmundus were heroes and companions in arms. They had fought and conquered together during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the North. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favourite dog, (as was the mode of the times), placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern, armed as he was, and in consequence of a mutual vow which had passed between them, insisted on being closed up with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the entrance of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders. It chanced that a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited by the hopes of finding some vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pioneers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way, when instead of the solemn stillness of a tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage. The tale he told to the Norwegian, was as frightful as his own appearance. "As soon," he said, "as the tomb was closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer the buried survivor. He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator; but that he had at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcase."

## THE BRAHMINS.

The following is the invocation of the Brahmins to the elements at their funeral solemnities:—

O EARTH! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns!

O FIRE! thou hadst a claim in our brother; during his life he subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body: thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

O AIR! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him!

O WATER! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight!

## MATHEWS AT CARLTON HOUSE.

Previous to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments by command of his Majesty at Carlton Palace. A select party, of not more than six or eight persons, were present, including the Princess Augusta, and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During the entertainment, (with which the King appeared much delighted), Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in the Stranger, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognise; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous; he is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine, observed his Majesty; when I was Prince of Wales, he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble, said the good-humoured Monarch.—May I request your attention, said the King to his attendants, peers and lords, who stood near the sofa, on which he and the ladies were seated. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bedchamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose and prefaced his imitations, by observing, I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose, placed my box on the table before him, saying, "Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff." He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—(Here his Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble) "I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but, in future, do extend your Royal Jaws a little wider, and say, OBLIGE." The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and

manners, and had an astonishing effect on the party present. It is a circumstance equally worthy of the king and the scholar. Mathews, at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen; on one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble earl were closely engaged on some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in the carriage, at the door (it being very cold weather); at length her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism.—This he had repeated three several times, at intervals, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer; at length, Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied, somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come, and fellow, do you in future say, 'TISM."

## FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN LAPLAND.

A person employed by the North Sea Company at Copenhagen to make discoveries in the most northern countries of Europe, gives the following account of the funeral ceremonies practised in Russian Lapland:—Coming (says that traveller) to the house of a native deceased, we saw the corpse taken from the bear-skins on which it lay, and removed into a wooden coffin by six of his most intimate friends, after being first wrapped in linen, the face and hands alone being bare. In one hand they put a purse with some money, to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of Paradise; in the other, a certificate, signed by the priest, directed for St. Peter, to witness that the defunct was a good Christian, and deserved admission into Heaven. At the head of the coffin was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, a saint greatly reverenced in all parts of Russia on account of his supposed friendship for the dead. They also put into the coffin a rundlet of brandy, some dried fish, and rein-deer venison, that he might not starve on the road. This being done, they lighted some fir-tree roots, piled up at a convenient distance from the coffin, and then wept, howled, and made a variety of strange gestures and contortions, expressive of the violence of their grief.

## WINTER IN PARIS, IN 1823.

The English in Paris are now to be distinguished by the smart frock, or well-cut surtout, and with the corresponding liveliness of step, both strongly contrasted by the lounging, shivering gait of the Parisians, muffled up in the uncouth and unwieldy box-coat, or strutting with affected pomposity under the folds of the quiroga (a coat worn in compliment to the Spanish Patriot), the right wing of which is always thrown across the breast—over the left shoulder, and descending behind, displays the crimson velvet facing with which it is embroidered, while one hand peeping from under the chin, performs the duty of a clasp, derogating most lamentably from the otherwise comfortable appearance and theatrical stateliness of the mantle.

On the Basin de la Vilette, near the Barriere St. Martin, the same superior disregard of the inclemency of the season is manifested by the English, who were left undisputed masters of the field, and went through a number of beautiful evolutions upon the ice. One party executed with admirable precision several quadrilles, without making a single *faux-pas* in the intricate chain—others engraved their own initials, or G. R. upon the frozen tablet, while the more aspiring and dexterous essayed and succeeded in the spread eagle. Deterred equally by the cold and the rivalry of John Bull, not a single French skaiter appeared upon the Basin or the Canal d'Ourcq.

In the streets of Paris the English were not idle. The Marquis of Worcester, in a superb sledge, headed a line of at least a dozen similar machines; several French were amongst his followers, one of whom was the Duc de Guiche. Flying past the Tuilleries, up the Rue Rivoli, across the Place Louis Quinze, ascending the Champs Elysees, back again, up the Rue de la Paix, and along the Boulevards, this cortege had a picturesque and fine effect. From the centre of each car rose a species of mast, which was surrounded by a gaudy and nodding plume of feathers; the trappings of the horses by which they were drawn, studded by innumerable glittering bells, while (the pun is irresistible) the *Belles* in each vehicle vied

with each other in the profusion and costliness of the furs in which they were enveloped.

## SIMON MORIN THE FANATIC.

It was amidst the feasting, pleasures, and gallantry of a brilliant court; it was in times of the greatest licentiousness, that this unfortunate madman was burnt at Paris in the year 1663. He imagined he saw visions, and carried his impiety so far as to believe he was sent from God, and that he was incorporated with Jesus Christ.

The Parliament prudently condemned him to be confined in a mad-house. What was remarkable, there happened to be in the same house another impious ideot, who called himself the Eternal Father. Simon Morin was so struck with the folly of his companion, that he saw his own, and appeared for a time to have recovered his senses. He declared his repentance to the magistrate, and, unfortunately for himself, obtained his liberty. He relapsed soon after into his former impiety and dogmatism. His unhappy destiny brought him acquainted with St. Sorlin Desmarets, who for many months was his friend, and who afterwards, from a jealousy of his reputation, became his most cruel persecutor.

This Desmarets was no less a visionary than Morin. His first follies indeed were innocent. He printed the tragi-comedies of Erigone and Mirame, with the translation of the Psalms; the romance of Ariane, and the poem of Clovis, with the office of the Holy Virgin turned into verse. He also published dithyrambic poems, containing invectives against Homer and Virgil. From such follies he proceeded to others of a more serious nature. He attacked Port-Royal; and after confessing that he had converted some women to atheism, he commenced prophet. He pretended God had given him, with his own hand, the key of the Apocalypse; that with this key he would reform the whole world, and that he should command an army of a hundred and forty thousand men against the Jansenists.

It would have been very reasonable and just to have confined him with Simon Morin; but can it be believed, that he found credit with the Jesuit Annat, confessor to the king? He persuaded him, that poor Simon would establish a sect almost as dangerous as the Jansenists themselves. In short, becoming so abandoned as to turn informer, he procured an order to seize the person of his rival, and Simon Morin was condemned to be burnt alive!

When he was led to the stake, a paper was found in one of his stockings, begging forgiveness of God for all his errors. This should have saved him, but his sentence was confirmed, and he was executed without mercy.

## DUELLING.

On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique, or private quarrel of a single individual, might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires recourse is had to terminate it in what is called "the custom of the frontiers." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety, and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious, and the recital of them may serve to illustrate what is mentioned. The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifled pistol mounted on a carbine stock, placed himself in the middle of the field: and, conscious that he should infallibly destroy his enemy if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, two more in his holsters, two in his breast, a carbine at his back, a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and, galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk, at length, perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead. The wily German had put some

gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.

## THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

We in the dark eclipse, with filial awe,
Trace the all-gracious Parent of the spheres. *Eudosia.*

Soon after sun-set on Sunday evening, the 18th ult., that part of the eastern hemisphere from which the Moon was expected to rise *eclipsed* became enveloped with clouds of a deep purple die, from which there emanated shades of a livid hue that diffused themselves obliquely over a vast expanse. Yet so attenuated was the veil these shades seemed to spread, that it soon appeared to be studded with stars.—Among those "burning spangles of sidereal gold" there became conspicuous, about five o'clock, Aldebaran, Betelgueze, the glowing Capella, and the beauteous twins, Castor and Pollux. Through these vapours even Procyon arose to the view, and proud Orion showed his flaming belt; but still

——"The Queen of night,
Yet, o'er the raven plumes of darkness shed
No placid ray."

About a quarter past five, however, soon after the middle of the greatest obscuration, the face of the moon emerged *for a minute* from the dusky mist, not indeed arrayed in beauty, not beaming with smiles, but, as it were, disfigured with blood; and such

——"As when the Sun, new risen,
Looks through the *horizontal misty air*
Shorn of his beams."

At length the whole disc of the moon, which became quite conspicuous about half-past five, assumed until six a deep copper colour, with which long black streaks for some time commingled. The spectacle now presented was indeed grand—but, it was *awfully so*. For a sister planet, the friend and favourite, and "ever dear companion" of our earth, which we have been accustomed to behold walking in brightness, appeared to have, all at once, exchanged the Throne of Majesty for the Pavilion of Death; whilst the Sceptre of Darkness seemed to rest on the Orb that is wont to pour forth Oceans of Light.—This deep red colour, which is frequently visible on the Moon's disc in the midst of a total lunar eclipse, is (as we learn from Joel, ii. 31,) expressed by "*the Moon's being turned into blood.*"—This remarkable phenomenon is caused by the Sun's lateral rays, in their passage through the dense atmosphere of the earth, being inflected into the shadow by refraction, and falling pretty copiously upon the Moon's disc, are reflected from thence to the eye of the spectator. If the earth had no atmosphere, the Moon's disc would then be as black as in a solar eclipse.

A little after six o'clock, when the Moon began to emerge from the earth's shadow, the illuminated portion of her disc was rendered more beautiful by the pleasing contrast it imposingly presented between the dread-inspiring hue of gloomy copper and the gladdening effulgence of living gold. At fifty-eight minutes past six, the Moon, having assumed its wonted rotundity,

——"Now reigns
Full orb'd.....and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things."

"Now shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies."

We beg leave to remind our readers, that the Moon will set *totally eclipsed*, at ten minutes past 4 o'clock on the morning of the 23d of July. But there cannot be a similar lunar eclipse in the evening before the 14th of November, 1826, when the Moon will rise totally eclipsed about half-past four in the afternoon.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

### TO A LADY AFRAID OF WASPS.

My gentle Myra tell me why,
Astonish'd from a wasp you fly,
When he around you hovers;
He does but tell, and tells you true,
How many pleasing charms in you
His piercing eye discovers.

Your cheeks disclose the peach's bloom,
Your breath emits its sweet perfume,
And honey's fragrant dew
Is scatter'd on your coral lips,
And this he wishes but to sip,
And taste a kiss from you.

ON A LADY FAR ADVANCED IN YEARS, AND WHO WAS A GREAT CARD PLAYER, HAVING MARRIED HER GARDENER.

Trumps ever ruled the charming maid,
Sure all the world must pardon her,
The destinies turned up a spade,
She married John the Gardener.

BALLAST.

Ben hired a nag, but 'twould stumble of course,
And by falling endanger poor Ben,
Aye, and over her bows, sir, this crazy old horse
Would unship, and unship him again.
"Vast! there's nothing like ballast," said Backstay, and laughed,
So he tied to the tail of his steed
A bushel of pebbles to trim her abaft,
And prevent her from pitching ahead.

L. O.

REMARKABLE CUSTOMS.—There were formerly two customs, *fostering* and *gossipping*, peculiar to Ireland, and not known in any other nation, the remains of which are not quite abolished. The *rich* men sold or exchanged their children, and the *poorer* sort bought them. *Fostering* was considered a stronger alliance than blood, and was the cause of many strong combinations and factions. The English lords and freeholders banished their own followers by intolerable oppression; and by, means of these customs they became, in one country, like the Irish, in their language, their dress, their manner of fighting, and all the customs of life. As for oppression, extortion, and other trespasses, the weaker had never any remedy against the stronger; therefore no man could enjoy his life, his wife, his lands or goods, in safety, if a *greater* man had an inclination to them.

Pocock, on the authority of some Arabian Historians, relates a singular usage, which prevailed amongst some tribes of Arabs, of tying a camel over the grave of the deceased, where it was left to perish without food, lest its master should suffer the disgrace of travelling on foot in the other world.

CRIME.—Villains are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry VIII. committed murder, to avoid the imputation of adultery: and in our times, those who commit the latter crime, attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife, by signifying their readiness to shoot the husband.

RAISING RENT.—A farmer in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord, "John, I am going to raise your rent." John replied, "Sir I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot *raise* it myself."

When Roman citizens accused of any crime were summoned to appear before the Judges, both they and their relations appeared in old and soiled robes, in order to excite compassion. It was also customary for all persons to dress thus in times of public calamity.

The custom of giving thanks at meals prevailed amongst heathen nations, by offering to their Gods, a part of what they were about to eat or drink.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must once more remind our Correspondents, that no letters can be received, unless post-paid; and that all communications intended for The Mirror must be addressed to the Editor, and not to Mr. Limbird, who would be subjected to a very heavy tax, if he did not refuse all the unpaid letters, and consign them to the Dead Letter Office, in Lombard Street.


## Advertisement.

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This day is published, in 12mo. price Sixpence, to be completed in 124 Numbers, embellished with upwards of 100 Portraits of French Generals, &c. No. 1, of

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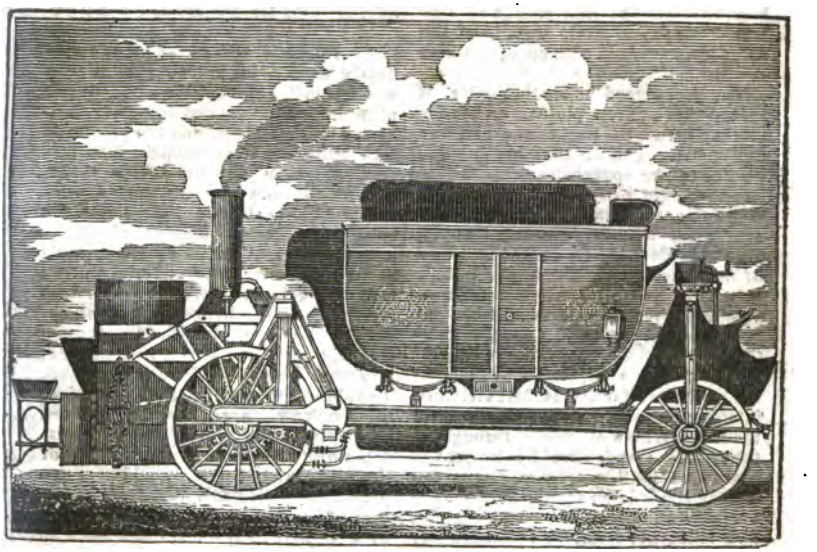
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XVI.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## Patent Steam Carriage.



Our engraving this week presents a singular instance of the application of mechanical power—in fact, one of its proudest triumphs—the construction of a machine adapted to the transport of goods, without the necessity of animal labour. This is a carriage (for which Julius Griffith, Esq. of Brompton-Crescent, has obtained a patent) to be propelled by steam upon common roads. The carriage, which has been constructed under the eye of Mr. Griffith, assisted by Mr. F. Bramah, at Pimlico, is twenty-seven feet in length, including seven feet for the fire, boiler, cylinders, and the mechanism connected with the driving-wheels.

Instead of an axle-tree passing through both the front or both the hind wheels, as is usual in other carriages, the axis merely passes through the nave of each wheel sufficiently to support on each side uprights, which strengthen and connect the frame of the waggon. From the hind part of this frame, or bed, proceed two perches, inclining inwards until they meet: and, being joined a few feet before they reach the front wheels, they form the bed of a revolving perch; this revolving perch is connected with the bed of the fore part of the carriage, or front wheels, and by its rotatory motion, when either of the wheels is more elevated or depressed than the other, preserves the horizontal position of the carriage.

The direction of the carriage is effected by the action of a bevel pinion connected with a spindle, which is governed by the coachman; this pinion acts on a wheel, whose movements compel those of certain iron braces fixed to the exterior of the front wheels, which turn upon the same spot where they touch the ground; so much power is gained by this pinion, that little force is required from the coachman to produce the necessary direction.

In addition to every other kind of security that the most profound reflection has enabled Mr. Griffith to adopt, there are two safety-valves calculated at fifty pounds upon a square inch, whilst every part of the steam apparatus has been proved at the rate of 200 pounds upon a square inch.

From these safety-valves, as well as from the cylinders, the steam is conducted into two condensers, formed of flat copper tubes; that part of the steam which is condensed, falling to the bottom of the condenser, is conveyed to the reservoir of water for further use, whilst the uncondensed steam is conducted through the chimney, and here extinguishes such sparks as may occasionally find their way from the charcoal, combined with coke, of which the fire is made.

The fire, placed under the boiler, is surrounded by iron plates, and so far removed from the part of the carriage destined for goods, that no possible danger can be apprehended.

The weight of the carriage (which is in form of a caravan), and the whole apparatus, may be calculated at 1½ ton: it is destined to carry three tons of merchandize, making a total of four tons and a half upon wheels conformable to the regulations established by law, and subject to the usual restrictions.

Actuated by a disposition to promote the public welfare, it is Mr. Griffith's intention to reduce the prices now paid for the carriage of goods throughout the country; and, should it be proved that Mr. Griffith's steam carriages can convey goods in an equally secure manner with other waggons, at the rate of five miles per hour, or 100 miles per day of twenty travelling hours; and, at a freight, 25 per cent. cheaper than the present prices, there can be no question that he will have deserved well of his country and of mankind.

## ROB ROY.

This reputed chief of the warlike Macgregors was the hero of various exploits, commemorated in traditional story; and many of his "deeds of fame" display a generous magnanimity, which, in happier circumstances, might have rendered him an eminent benefactor of the human race. In early youth, he was distinguished by a passionate admiration of the poesy of his country, and he is said to have recited several thousand lines. Rob Roy's intimate acquaintance with the soul-exalting relics of bardic composition, no doubt, tended to inspire the liberal humanity, which softened the harsher features of his intrepid—or, perhaps, desperate character. The love of nature led him in boyhood, and in maturer age, to delight in wandering alone through the hills and glens of his native land. In peaceful times, he would, probably, have been conspicuous as a poet; and if, instead of aggression, he had found protection from the powerful borderers of his little property, he was gifted with talents to anticipate the translator of Ossian. Tradition makes him the deliverer of many distressed damsels. On one occasion, travelling alone, through the sequestered passes of *Glenetive*, his natural taste for the sublime was excited by the picturesque grandeur of those romantic scenes. The sun had nearly dipped his golden hair in the western main; but some parting tinges played upon the rugged towering pinnacles of *Cruachan*, and the profound tranquillity of nature was unbroken, except by gentle murmurs of the tides, that with solemn placidity gave a character of life to the waters of the lake. He threw himself along a mossy rock, and gazed on the magnificent perspective, until the slim outline could scarcely be traced, between him and the horizon. From enrapturing reveries, he was startled by female shrieks; and, drawing his trusty blade, he sprung forward to follow the sound. The shrieks were stifled; but the voices of men drew nearer, and they seemed in hot altercation. Rob Roy laid himself down among "tall rank grass of the wild," and distinctly could hear two persons disputing in a high English accent. The one expostulated in behalf of a captive lady—the other insisted upon his right to extort a compliance with his dishonourable solicitations. They still proceeded, through trackless paths; and Macgregor, with silent determination, pursued. They soon disappeared, as if elves of the wood had descended to their *Tomhans*. The screams of a female furnished a direction; while the Celt no longer stood in perplexity, and he lost not a moment in shaping his course according to the sounds, which led him to a decayed turret, the only remains of a fortress, situated upon a craggy eminence. The voice was, at times, suppressed, and then burst forth with frenzied energy. Rob Roy feared not the face, nor the arm of man; but he afterwards confessed, that early impressions of supernatural agency daunted his courage. Again he recollected, that "the gleaming counterspell, the steel of the mighty, was in his hand, and he pressed onwards, to unravel the mystery. He could discover no door, no window, in the half ruined tower; but he perceived, after surrounding the rock, that from a tangling thicket the tones of distress were most audible. The moon emitted

some feeble rays, by which he discerned a vaulted passage, which, with cautious steps, he explored. A faint glimmering of light guided him, where, with disordered dress, dishevelled tresses, and a lovely countenance, marked by tears, he found in a large apartment, a female stretched upon some grass, nearly exhausted by violent efforts. On seeing Rob Roy, she attempted to rise, saying, "If you come to end my life, cheerfully shall I meet the blow. Death is my only refuge." "Yield not to despair, lady," he replied, "Rob Roy Macgregor comes to release you. But every moment is precious, quickly tell me your name and your wrongs." "I am," said the lady, "a daughter of the chief of ——, treacherously decoyed from the castle of my father, by a knight of England. He and his friend were visitors; they persuaded my mother to let me go out to ride with them, to learn some of the fine performances of English ladies in hunting; and after going some miles, I was forced into a stranger sloop, and carried away. I now find that each of the friends had designs on me. They deceived each other; but the younger has honour and pity." "Remain as you are," said Rob Roy, "I hope soon to return with good tidings." The chief, with an air of authority, stalked into a vault, where two gentlemen were harshly debating, and three armed men paced the floor. They all shrunk back from the terrible apparition. "Shame to manhood!" said Macgregor. "A lady of high birth insulted! tremble! for even the demons of darkness are stirring in her cause." After a pause, the elder knight said, "You, at least, are no airy demon, but substantial flesh and blood, and shall feel this, if you do not instantly take yourself off." He made a push at Rob Roy as he spoke; but the chief was the most dexterous swordsman of the age, and soon laid his adversary at his feet. Calling for a parley, the younger knight was disposed to restore the lady; nor did the mercenary seamen oppose it, being unwilling to risk the consequences, when no further reward from their employer could be expected. Rob Roy bound up the wound of the elder knight, and by a shorter way, he and the lady were conveyed to the sea-side. In less than forty hours, the battlements of —— castle were visible. At some distance from the common landing place, Macgregor desired to be put on shore. He proceeded with rapid steps to the castle, to inform the chief of his daughter's safety, and to claim his hospitality for the wounded knight, for whose security he had pledged his honour. The younger knight was married to the lady, and the elder suffered to depart, unmolested, to his own country, for the chief considered himself bound in honour and gratitude to fulfil the terms promised by Rob Roy.

In ancient times, and among chiefs of more modern date, the engagements made by a friend were esteemed inviolable by the party concerned.

A rivulet which runs near the spot where Fletcher of Cameron, a follower of the Macgregor chief, murdered the boys who came as spectators of the battle of Luss, is called the stream of young ghosts; and it is believed, that if crossed by a Macgregor after sunset, he will be scared by unhallowed spectres. This is a remarkable proof that superstition is not only irrational, but unjust; since neither of the alleged murderers were of the Macgregor clan, and the chief, when he compelled the boys to enter the church, instead of standing exposed to random shots from the combatants, had no view but to preserve their lives, and to detain them as hostages, if circumstances required a pledge for the safety of his own people. Yet superstition represents the ghosts of the victims peculiarly hostile to the clan of Macgregor. So late as the year 1757, every spring, the tragical fate of the scholars of Dunbarton was commemorated by the boys of that ancient town. They assembled on the supposed anniversary; the dux of the highest class was laid on a bier, covered with the clergyman's gown, and carried by his companions to a grave, previously opened. The whole school, bearing wooden guns reversed, performed the ceremony of interment, and recited *Gaelic* odes over the dead, allusive to the horrible massacre. They returned singing songs of lamentation in the same language.

There are records to show that Sir Humphrey, laird of Luss, under pretence of desiring a permanent reconciliation, invited Macgregor of Glenstrae, and the principal vassals of his clan, to meet him at Lennox; but he prepared five hundred horsemen, and three hundred foot, to form an ambuscade, and cut off the retreat of the Macgregors. Their chief came from Rannock, with only two hundred followers; but they were a chosen band; and having discovered symptoms of enmity in the Colquhouns, they marched homewards with due precaution. At

*Glenfruin* they were attacked, and the youths from Dunbarton school having come out to view the fray, Macgregor, anxious to secure hostages from among the sons of so many powerful tribes, surrounded and confined them in the church, as we formerly related. The Macgregors had no friend at court to contradict the misrepresentations of their powerful foes. All their loyal services were forgotten—all they had done and suffered for the gallant Bruce—all their achievements with Glencairn, and several highland clans, when they defeated Cromwell's troops at *Aberfoyle*. They were prohibited from bearing their hereditary name, and hunted with blood-hounds, like the most noxious beasts of prey. These cruelties form the best apology for Rob Roy, and his clan, in retaliating upon their oppressors; and no act of cruelty or meanness has been imputed to Rob Roy. The lawless propensities of a freebooter were softened by the humanizing influence of a poetical imagination, and in some measure exalted by the pride of ancestry, and natural greatness of soul. His death was in conformity to the romantic peculiarities of his life. A life of harassing vicissitude had undermined his robust constitution, but his spirit was unsubdued, though his person evidently sunk under decay; and after manfully resisting his infirmities, he was confined to bed, when a gentleman who had done him a wrong, came to see him. Being informed that the stranger asked admission to his chamber, he exclaimed, that "an enemy must not behold Rob Roy Macgregor in the posture of defeat." He made his family raise him up, put on his clothes, and warlike accoutrements, and then he received the visitor with dignified civility. When he was gone, the dying man desired to be again laid in bed, and ordered the piper to be called in. He cordially shook hands with the "voice of war," instructing him to play "*cha teill mi tuille*"—(I shall never return), and not to cease sounding the pipes while breath remained in the breast of Rob Roy. He was punctually obeyed, and expired with "the voice of battle," pealing around him. His funeral was respectably and numerously attended.

The chivalrous alliance on the steel of their fathers which formed a prominent feature in the characteristics of the *Gael*, has in some instances produced heavy loss to their posterity. Macdonald of Kesshock was offered a written charter for his lands in the fourteenth century; but he spurned at the proposal, saying, "no *clan-donald* shall hold his right by a sheep's skin. The sword of their fathers shall remain, as it has been from the earliest time, a sufficient charter for the brave." In the sixteenth century, the superior reclaimed those lands, and they were lost to the family of Kesshock. The accomplished and valiant descendant of the first mentioned leader of the brave, being asked in the year 1744 the average revenue of his estate, replied, "I can bring to the field five hundred fighting men." The feudal power his lands afforded was all he deemed worthy of computation.

In the reign of George the First, the Grant chieftain was offered a patent of nobility, which he declined, saying, "who then would be laird of Grant?" This feudal chief felt, and expressed in a few emphatic words, that no euphony of sounds could add to the wealth and power derived from his wide-stretching, and populous lands.

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## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

'Tis said, in a bower by fairy hands wrought,
Once Beauty in slumber repos'd,
And morn, noon, and even, no waking time brought,
For her eyes were by magic spell clos'd.
But time did the charm of this witchery break,
And though ages had pass'd o'er her now,
The rose and the lily were fresh on her cheek,
And no wrinkle was seen on her brow.
For softly she slept, and her dreams were so sweet,
Spotless innocence reign'd in her breast,
And passion was still, in that sacred retreat,
And unbroken by care was her rest.
When Beauty awoke, and had look'd on the scene,
This dark scene of sorrow and sin—
She return'd to her bower, so lone and serene,
And peacefully slumber'd again.

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## LOVERS' VOWS.

Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing,
Smooth and untroubled o'er the flow'ry vale,
On thy green banks, once more the wild rose blowing,
Greets the young Spring, and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas, at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One still too dear, first breath'd his vows to thee,
Wear this, he cried, his grateful love disclosing,
Near to thy heart, in memory of me.

Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave is faded,
Love's brighter flower can never bloom again;
Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Call back the vows that once to heaven were plighted,
Vows full of love, of innocence, and truth;
Call back the scenes in which thy soul delighted,
Call back the dream that bless'd thy early youth.

Flow silver stream, though threatening tempests lower,
Bright, mild, and clear, thy gentle waters flow
Round thy green bank, the spring's young blossom's flower,
O'er thy soft waves, the balmy zephyrs blow.

Yet all in vain, for never spring arraying
Nature in charms, to thee can make it fair,
Ill-fated love clouds all thy path, portraying
Years past of bliss, and future of despair.

GLENARVON.

## SIGNS AND OMENS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror,*

SIR—A short time since, residing at a friend's house, one morning I was much surprised to find the youngest daughter in tears, and the whole of the family looking very sorrowful: on my inquiring the cause, to my utter astonishment the mother informed me, in a desponding tone, that her dear darling Angelina had had the misfortune to break a looking-glass, which foreboded seven years ill-luck. Before I had time to ridicule such folly, the eldest came running into the room, acquainting her mother that she had tumbled up stairs. Thank Heaven, ejaculated the silly parent, this is a good sign, for you will be shortly married. At dinner time the salt was spilt, which was considered as an omen of sorrow; and on a round cinder dropping from the grate, it brought smiles upon the countenances of all, as it was a sure sign of a full purse. This sunshine lasted but a little while, and the brow of my hostess was soon clouded, for an oblong one popped out of the fire, which she said represented a coffin, and that was a certain sign of death. At supper time an altercation ensued between the sisters; for the eldest, seeing some sparks in the candle, joyfully cried out, that there was love-letters coming from her dear George; but upon Angelina's pointing her finger to the flame, she angrily rebuked her sister for intercepting them. This day was but a mere epitome of the rest during my abode in my friend's house. Their various and absurd signs and sayings defy all calculation; but, as a specimen, I shall enumerate some of the most fanciful, for the amusement of your readers.

Itching of the eye-brows .... indicates that some one is wishing for you.
——— right eye .... ——— that you are going to laugh.
——— left eye .... ——— cry.
——— nose .... ——— lose a friend.
——— lips .... ——— get a strange kiss.
——— elbows .... ——— bed-fellow.
——— right hand .... ——— receive money.
——— left hand .... ——— pay away.
——— knees .... ——— kneel in a strange church.
——— feet .... ——— walk on strange ground.

That most people only amuse themselves with these omens and signs, I allow; but that there are many persons weak enough to credit them is well known in every house in town and country; and in many instances the best education cannot eradicate the idle impressions early inculcated by a superstitious parent. My friend himself, who in every other respect is a man of sense, never accepts an invitation of a Friday, believing it to be

a *dies infaustus*, and always remains at home to consult his musty astrological MSS. A neighbouring humourist invites him oftener on this day than on any other, but superstition prevails over a keen appetite. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, QUIZ.

## THE RATTLESNAKE.

Mr. Pierce, the author of a Geological work on America, had a living rattlesnake two months in his possession, and every day watched its manners. He immediately killed most birds and small animals, when put into his cage, but did not eat them. He permitted a toad, however, to remain weeks with him unmolested, and allowed it to leap upon his body and sit upon his head. When he opened his mouth his fangs were not visible unless he was provoked; at other times they were covered with a membrane like a scabbard, only they were drawn back, so that the sheathing membrane formed only a slight protuberance on each side of the upper jaw. If irritated, he flattened his head, threw it back, opened his mouth wide, and instantly the fatal fangs were shot out of their sheaths like a spring dagger, and he darted upon his object. "After his death," says Mr. Pierce, "I examined the fangs:—they are shaped like a sickle; a duct led from the reservoir of poison at the bottom of the tooth, quite through its whole length, and terminated just by the point, which was exceedingly sharp. Thus the fang is darted out at the will of the animal; it makes the puncture at the instant, and simultaneously the poison flows through the duct, and is deposited in the very bottom of the wound. As this rarely fails to touch a blood-vessel, the venom is thus instantly issued into the system, and, without delay, commences the march of death through every vein and artery."

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the rattlesnake is the taming of this reptile; and this has actually been done by a Mr. Neal, who has now an exhibition of tame rattlesnakes in the United States, which, as may naturally be expected, attracts great curiosity. We copy the following account of this exhibition from a New York paper:—

Mr. Neal is a Frenchman; while in North Carolina, he attempted to procure some rattlesnakes, for the purpose of making out a collection. But some of the observations and experiments he made, induced him to believe the possibility of taming this poisonous reptile; he finally made the trial, and has succeeded. What is the process he employed, is unknown to us—he probably availed himself of the power, which a control over the appetite of the animal gives him—he dwells very much too on the charms of music: while inflamed by hunger, and irritated by the application of hot iron, the creature is soothed and softened by a slow and plaintive strain.

Mr. N. has two rattlesnakes—the male, which is 4 feet 8 inches long, has 8 rattles to his tail, thus proving him to be 9 years old—he has had this snake 4 years.—The female is much smaller, and has 5 rattles; she has been with him 33 months. So great is their docility, that he will take them up, after speaking a sort of jargon to them, and stroking down their backs, as if they were so many strings—he will make them crawl up his breast and face, caress and kiss him, coil round his neck, and while one of them is thus hanging around him, he will take up and exhibit the other. The perfect harmlessness of the reptile, and even attachment to his keeper, is astonishing. Meanwhile Mr. N. is himself thoroughly at his ease—completely self-possessed, diverting the spectator with the exhibition of his snakes, or instructing them by his explanations. He says, he has no fears himself; for, independently of his command over the animal, he is satisfied he can cure the bite of it—of the remedy he makes no secret.—Wash your mouth first with warm sweet oil, and then suck the wound; next, drink most copiously of the decoction of the snake-root, until it operates as a strong emetic. This is the regimen he recommends—and which he believes to be infallible.

There is no deception practised upon you. He opens the mouth of the snake, and shows you his fangs. They are in the upper jaw alone—two on each side, and have the faculty of renewing themselves, in case they are drawn out by a violent blow—the fang is within the mouth, bent, sharpened and sheathed like the claw of a cat, and turned towards the throat—the orifice through which the poison is ejected is a small groove on the upper side of the fang, between its point and the upper curve—the poison bags lie at the roots of the fangs.

Perhaps no one has had so good an opportunity of studying the habits of the animal. His remarks will of course form a valuable addition to natural history. He is an intelligent man—and a

memoir may be expected from him, when he arrives in Europe. The male snake has just cast his skin—and the new one is most beautiful. The tail has a fine glossy black. He says, they renew their skins every two months; three times in the year: perhaps from October to April, they remain torpid, and this function is suspended. Most probably, it varies in different snakes with the quantities of food they can obtain. Mr. N. generally feeds his once a week.

They have also a rattle every year after the first.—They scarcely ever shake it but when they are strongly excited, or to strike the attention of their prey. He contends that the use of their rattles is to draw upon themselves the eyes of their victim, which generally consists of the fleetest animals, as birds, squirrels, &c. As soon as the eyes meet, he says the process of charming commences. He believes in this faculty, for he has seen it exemplified in a garden by his own snakes; the victim will hop from bough to bough, and rock to rock, overcome with apprehension, until approaching each other, the snake seizes him.

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## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE,

A SCOTTISH SONG.—BY MR. PRINGLE.

The summer evening's caller breeze,
Refreshing nature's face around,
Made music 'mang the waving trees,
The burnie wimpled to the sound;

When on a green and bonny knowe,
Wi' modest gowans sweetly sprent,
Wi' tearfu' ee' and pallid brow,
Poor Jeanie rais'd her wild lament:

" O weary on the ruthless wight
That crush'd my fondest hopes and me;
O weary on the stormy night
That bore my laddie o'er the sea!

" Sigh on, thou breeze—ye birdies sing,
For me, your sweetest notes are vain—
O nought on earth can pleasure bring,
For he will ne'er come back again!

" Nae mair, nae mair at early morn
I'll meet him on yon sunny brae,
And dewy evening will return
Without a charm—*he's* far away!

" The sad saut tear, I aye maun weep,—
My throbbing heart will soon be still—
And mine shall be the lang lang sleep
'Neath the greensward by yonder hill!—

" Wha murmurs at the Power aboon,
Why is the sob of sorrow rais'd?
O gin ye say God's will be done,
Ye soon shall sing his name be prais'd!"

In glad amaze, now Jeanie rose,
And joy beam'd in her bonny face,
As reddening like the summer rose,
She sank into her lad's embrace!

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## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

When the Emperor Francis had determined upon the union between Maria Louisa and Napoleon, he was not ignorant of the animosity borne by his daughter, wife, and mother-in-law, (Maria Beatrix d'Este), against his intended son-in-law. He had not the courage to make the first overture to his daughter; but charged the Countess Chanclos, governess to the Princess, to use every persuasion to prepare her for a close and near alliance with the French Emperor.

The Countess, thinking she had found one evening a proper occasion for introducing this subject, informed the Princess, that the Emperor, her father, had affianced her to the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. No words could do justice to the Princess's emotions upon hearing this declaration: she fell down upon the sofa, screaming, fainting, and crying, "No, no, never will I be married to such a monster;" and she forbade the Countess, once for all, ever to repeat his name in her presence.

The Countess having reported to the Emperor the ill success of her overture, his wishes and feelings inclined him to undertake the matter himself. On the day and hour appointed, accompanied by his daughters Leopoldina and Clementina, he repaired to the apartments of the Princess; and, with that paternal affection which characterises this sovereign, with candour and sincerity stated the necessity of such an alliance, as being the only means left to save the Imperial Family, and the whole country from subjection; that, should she persist in her refusal, they would be obliged to abandon the Empire a second time to the conqueror.

This conversation took place in a room, the windows of which opened upon the ruined walls and demolished fortifications of Vienna. Maria Louisa, taking her father by the hand, led him to the view of what that devoted city

had already experienced—a scene of wide-extended desolation. "Can you (said she) give the hand of your beloved child to such a destroyer?"—"True, (said Francis) but the evils which you deplore—all the misfortunes of the country—arise from the laws of war; the destructive machinations of which will begin with more fury than ever, involving the state, and all of us, perhaps, in one common ruin."

The Emperor, observing the repugnance of his daughter, yet feeling the necessity of this sacrifice, besought the Princess with tears, and with so much importunity, that she could no longer resist. "Be composed, my beloved father (said she), and weep not so bitterly, my good sisters; you shall be obeyed: from this moment I will do every thing that you require of me."

It is asserted by the Countess Chanclos, who was present, that when the Princess Leopoldina (then between thirteen and fourteen years of age), had seen the aversion of her eldest sister to this union, she said she would be married to the Emperor Napoleon, to deliver them all out of their painful situation. The Emperor Francis, tenderly smiling, replied, "You are a child; you don't understand what you say."

The Princess Maria Louisa was then married by proxy to her uncle, the Archduke Charles; after which she was accompanied by the whole Imperial Family to Branau, the frontier town.—There she was confided to the care of the Queen of Naples, Napoleon's sister, and Murat's wife. Proceeding on her way through France, the Emperor Napoleon met her near Compiegne, and in the open road, entered her travelling coach.

In the month of June, 1810, Count Joseph Metternich, brother to the Austrian prime-minister, and one of the chamberlains that accompanied the Princess to Paris, returned to Vienna, and, with other dispatches for the Imperial Family, was charged by the Empress Maria Louisa with an autograph letter, in German, for the old Count Edling, her quondam governor. The following is a translation of, and extract from, the same:—

My dear Count Edling,

I have received from you so many testimonies of your kind care and affection, that I feel an ardent desire to inform you, by Count Joseph Metternich, of the particulars of my present situation. When I left you, and all my friends in Vienna, I saw the good people plunged in deep sorrow, from the persuasion that I was going as a sacrifice to my new destination. I now feel it an agreeable duty to assure you, that, during three months' residence at this court, I have been, and am, the happiest woman in the world. From the first moment I saw, and met the Emperor Napoleon, my beloved husband, he has shown me on every occasion such respectful attentions, with every token of kindness and sincere friendship, that I should be unjust and ungrateful not to acknowledge his noble behaviour.

Believe not, my dear Count, that this is written by any order from my husband; these sentiments are dictated from my heart: nor has any one so much as read the letter.

The Emperor, who is at this moment by me, but will not know the contents, has desired me to send you, in his name, the insignia of the order of the Legion of Honour. This he had promised you, as a mark of his high esteem for you.

Respecting your wish to visit me at Paris, my husband and I will be very glad to see and receive you, in the month of September, at the Tuilleries; we shall then have returned from a little tour. You will then be a witness of my satisfaction, which I cannot describe to you in this letter.

Adieu, my dear and good Count Edling, remember me to all my beloved family and friends; tell them that I am happy, and that I thank God for this felicity. God bless and preserve you, my dear Count; and believe me that I remain, for ever, your affectionate

MARIA LOUISA.

*Paris, June* 16, 1810.

*Monthly Magazine.*

## NADIR SHAH'S TENT.

Nadir Shah, after his plunder of Delhi in 1739, set out on his return to Persia, laden with the spoils of the country which had been the scene of his depredations. In his journey back, wherein he obtained conquests over the Afghans, Sindians, Turcomans, &c. he was accompanied by Khajeh Abdulkerreem, a Cashmerian of distinction, who published a memoir of that conqueror's return. This was translated from the original Persian, and published at Calcutta, by Francis Gladwyn, Esq. From his summary history of that predatory incursion, I extracted his description of Nadir Shah's tent.

Nadir Shah, when at Delhi, had such

a profusion of jewels, that he ordered the Moabir Bashy to make up arms and harness of every kind, inlaid with precious stones, and to ornament a large tent in the same manner. For this purpose, the best workmen that could be procured were employed a year and two months, during the march; and, when Nadir Shah arrived at Herat, the Moabir Bashy informed him that a great number of the following articles were prepared: Horse-harness, sword-sheaths, quivers, shields, spear-cases, and maces, with sundelees or chairs of different sizes; as also a large tent lined with jewels. The tent was ordered to be pitched in the Dewan Khaneh, or Public Hall, in which were placed the Tucht Taouffee, or Peacock Throne, brought from Delhi, the Tucht Nadery, with the thrones of some other monarchs; together with the inlaid sundelees. Publication was made, by beat of drum, throughout the city and camp, that all persons had liberty to come to this magnificent exhibition, such as had never before been seen in any age or country. Nadir Shah was not pleased with the form of the tent; and, besides, from its being lined with green satin, many of the jewels did not appear to advantage. He therefore ordered it to be taken to pieces, and a new one to be made; the top of which, for the convenience of transportation, should be separate from the walls, such as in Hindostan is called a Rowty.

When he returned to Meshed, from his expedition into Turan, this new tent being finished, was displayed in the same manner as the former one; but its beauty and magnificence are beyond description. The outside was covered with fine scarlet cloth, the lining was of violet-coloured satin, upon which were representations of all sorts of birds and beasts, with trees and flowers, the whole made of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones; and the tent-poles were decorated in like manner. On both sides of the Peacock Throne was a screen, upon which was represented the figures of two angels in precious stones. The roof of the tent consisted of seven pieces; and when it was transported to any place, two of these pieces packed in cotton, were put into a wooden chest, two of which were a sufficient load for an elephant; and the screen filled another chest. The walls of the tent, the tent poles, and the tent pins, which latter were of massy gold, loaded five more elephants: so that for the carriage of the whole were required seven elephants.—*Ibid.*

## MODE OF LIVING IN PARIS

There is hardly any such thing as a domestic fire-side in Paris. The French have no comforts at home, and pass their leisure in coffee-houses and eating-houses. During the winter there is no place so wretched as one's own dwelling; a good fire cannot be had without opening the doors and windows, the chimnies being so badly constructed as to cause the greatest inconvenience from smoke, unless a great deal of wind is allowed to enter the apartment.—Wood is the fuel used by the Parisians; and it is so dear, that, in order to keep up one fire from morning till night, one must pay at least 14 or 15 francs a week. Such a fire, as a very poor person in England can afford to have, will here cost a franc a day: the poor, therefore, are destitute of this comfort. They get a little charcoal and an earthen pot, with which they make their coffee and soup. Those who are able breakfast at a coffee-house, and dine at a restaurateur's. A Frenchman of small income, who has no housekeeping, breakfasts upon dry bread, and dines at a restaurateur's, for 22 sous to 2 francs, according to his means, where he has soup, three dishes, bread, half a bottle of wine, and desert. Very few persons make more than two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; the former, where the means are equal to it, is generally *à la fourchette;* at the latter, the quantity eaten is enormous; indeed the French are the greatest eaters in the world. A labouring man, who has only bread for his dinner, will, if he can get so much, eat from four to six pounds at this meal; and the Frenchman who dines at a restaurateur's, generally eats two pounds, besides his soup and three dishes. At the leading restaurateur's, a good dinner will cost seven or eight francs, exclusive of wine; but it is only doing justice to the French to say, that at their cheapest eating-houses the dishes are good, and the customers have silver forks with clean napkins. A Frenchman may well be disgusted at the mode of conducting business in the very best eating-houses in London, when he contrasts them with the establishments of the same nature in Paris. The poor people who can get any thing to eat (many are without food for two days together) live upon soup made of vegetables and bread. The middle classes are also very economical in their mode of living; a very respectable tradesman and his family of seven or eight persons will dine for about 1s. 6d.—

One of the dishes is an excellent dish made from beans called *haricots*; the beans are boiled for some time, and, when perfectly soft, they make a good dish, with a little butter, parsley, pepper, and salt. To the water in which they were boiled, herbs, one of which is sorrel, are added, and one or two eggs are also beaten up and put in. When these have boiled for a short time, the soup is really excellent, and at the same time nutritious. Louis XVIII. has this dish three or four times a week, and many persons of rank also have it from choice. As there is so little comfort in the private houses, the French men and women are as little at home as possible. They go to the coffee-houses, and take a cup of coffee, a bottle of beer, or a glass of sugar and water. At some of these coffee-houses there are plays acted, which the customers see gratis; but the performances are of the lowest description, as may well be imagined. The French are also very economical in their parties, and I think properly so. In England, if a tradesman has a few friends, nothing is thought of but eating and drinking, and the guests talk of the party the next day, not of the society which they meet, but of the good things which they devoured. Here society, and not stuffing one's belly, is considered; a little punch and cake is all that is offered: even sometimes in the best families there is no refreshment. The visitors dine late before they go to the party, and return home to take refreshment at their own expense before they go to bed.

*European Magazine.*

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## PETER PINDARICS;
### *Or, Joe Miller versified.*
### No. II.

### A DUEL.

Jack a quarrel had with Joe, [foe;
A lad who ne'er had injured friend or
Save that one night by chance.
("Twas at a country dance,)
He set his heel directly on Jack's toe;
To tread upon one's toe is not so
much, [a touch.
But Jack had corns and could not bear
Jack then let slip a furious oath,
That one of them should fall, or
both; *
And hasted home a challenge to indite,
For be it known, Jack could not write
A single word;
So 'twould have been in him monstrous
absurd,
To try to put his thoughts in black and
white;
He did much better,
He got Sam Scratch to write the letter.
When Joe received the gentle *billet doux*,
He trembled and look'd rather blue;
Indeed 'twas no great wonder,
For thus the challenge ran,
"Fire and thunder!
You same Joe,
That trod upon my toe,
Meet me to morrow like a man;
I'll make the light shine through you,
if I can,
Your friend, et cetera, Jack Blunder."

Now, though poor Joe was terribly
alarm'd,
Fearing perchance he might not 'scape
unharm'd,
He it accepted,
And this was more than Jack expected,
Who in his turn was almost scared to
death,
Well knowing that a ball might stop
his breath:
But he had gone too far to turn about,
Of course resolv'd to fight it out.

Suppose at length the *warriors* in the
field,
Scarce yet determined for to fight or
yield;
With heavy heart each took his stand,
A pistol in his trembling hand,
With *powder* loaded;
For, reader, let me whisper in your
ear,
The seconds wisely left out lead, for
fear
Their friends might be by bullets incommoded.

The word was given—off went the pistols—crack,
Flat as a flounder fell heroic Jack,
And cried aloud, in a piteous strain,
"Alas, my friends, I'm slain!
I'm slain!"
Joe hearing this, thought it was true
forsooth,
For sure a dead man would speak
nought but the truth,
And fearing that perchance the law
On him might lay its heavy paw,
He left the field, forsook his native
shore,
Went off to sea, and ne'er was
heard of more,
Jack having found at length he
was not dead,
Got up, went home, and sneak'd
away to bed.

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* "For one or both of us the time is come." SHAKSPEARE.

# The Novelist.

No. XIV.

## THE MIDNIGHT MURDER.

In the county of Galway, in Ireland, there lived a young couple, the children of two neighbouring cottagers, who were betrothed to each other from the earliest period of infancy. Their parents were of the lowest class of peasantry, and possessed no inconsiderable share of the national characteristics. With dispositions inherently good, their passions had been inflamed by the pressure of acute poverty, and finally induced them to join the rebellion, which terminated in the death of E—— and his associates.

It happened that the father and mother of the young girl, with the youth to whom she was betrothed, were sitting round their fire-side, when a sudden knock at the cottage-door induced them to hasten to the gate. A tall elegant stranger, closely muffled in a military cloak, entered their humble dwelling, and through the folds of his roquelaure attentively surveyed the groupe. He appeared young, noble, but wrapt in gloom; which, at the period to which I allude, was felt more or less by every Irish patriot.

After a long pause, he relaxed somewhat in his scrutiny, and, having insisted on the departure of the females, commenced an animated recital of the civil dissensions of Ireland, and terminated his discourse by solemnly conjuring the cottagers, as they valued their rights, their liberties and their principles, to participate in a rebellion, which was raised for the preservation of their country.

His appeal was not lost upon his audience. The iron of slavery had entered into their souls; they had felt the sting of poverty, and were ready to embrace any prospect of ultimate emancipation. They had hearts too that could feel, and hands that could wield a sword; and as the stranger saw the tears coursing down their cheeks, he embraced them with transport, and promised to meet them on the ensuing evening, on the bleak moor which adjoined the village where they resided.

The night soon arrived; and having taken an affectionate farewell, the one of his betrothed bride, the other of his wife and daughter, the couple set forward on their march. As the clock from the village church struck eight, they entered on the place appointed for their meeting. At the remotest corner of the moor they observed a man hastening to join them. It was the stranger: he hailed their appearance with enthusiasm, and taking a hand of each, desired them to accompany him in silence. The party soon quitted the moor, and, as they cut rapidly across the high road, discovered a numerous company of horse-patrol, scouring along with swords drawn, and steel helmets flashing through the darkness of the night. By creeping under the hedges they were easily enabled to avoid them; and when the sound of their receding steps could be heard no longer, they cautiously stole from their hiding-place, and pursued their midnight march.

They had now entered on a dark mountain-pass, enclosed on either side by precipices, which rose to an awful distance above them. Beyond towered a gloomy forest of pines; and to the right in the distance appeared the bleak hills of Wicklow. The dead of night drew on; and as the wind roared through each opening cleft in the mountains, the spirits of the travellers assumed a corresponding tone of dejection. They moved along in silence—not, however, without an occasional murmur from the cottager and his son-in-law, as to the direction of the road they were pursuing; and they had already commenced an expostulation, when the moon peeped through the mass of clouds in which she was buried, and revealed the expanse of the deep blue ocean, which roared at the base of the mountain along whose summits they were winding.

In a few minutes they had gained the further side of the pass, and could distinctly hear the hum of human voices, and see the dim flickerings of a hundred torches, revealing to their surprise a cavern which seemed yawning to receive them. They advanced towards the entrance, where a sentinel, with a pike in his hand and a broad-sword by his side, was stationed. "Who goes there?" he exclaimed, levelling his weapon at the approaching party. "Friends," was the reply. "The watchword."—"The Emerald isle," returned the other, and hastened on, accompanied by his two astonished associates.

After winding through a narrow passage that admitted but one at a time, their eyes were dazzled by the glittering radiance of torch-lights, which illumined the dark vaults of the cavern. A charcoal fire burnt in the middle of the cave, and threw a sulphurous

glare on the ferocious features of the surrounding group. From the centre of the arched roof a lamp was suspended, and on every side hung broadswords, pistols, and other instruments of destruction. On the entrance of the stranger with his companions, the rebels advanced to meet him, and paid him that involuntary respect which true dignity never fails to elicit. He had now thrown off his mantle, but his features were still carefully concealed. He was habited in a simple suit of green, and advancing towards his two companions, recommended them to the rest of the group as friends to the liberty of Ireland. They were received with shouts of applause, the fearful oath of allegiance was taken, and they were equipped with arms to be used in the ensuing contest.

Among the number of those who held their nightly meetings in the cavern, was an old enthusiast, well known by the name of "Allan of the Moor." He was a reputed wizard, and had no inconsiderable influence over the assembly by the wild and savage singularity of his demeanour. His face was cadaverous; his matted hair thinly strewed over his wrinkled brows; but his eyes were as the eyes of the dead. As his prophecies, the effects of a distempered imagination, invariably announced a successful issue to the contest, the rebels daily received a formidable addition to their reinforcements. They remained with their families during the morning, and assembled each night in the cavern, but with such precaution, that they were enabled to baffle the penetration of the soldiers who were stationed in companies throughout the country. The troubles of Ireland meantime raged with unabated energy; the sentiments of liberty were tortured into the language of treason, and the military oppressed the unfortunate peasants with unexampled despotism. The whole of the lower classes, on whom the yoke fell the heaviest, resolved at last to take the earliest opportunity of recovering their freedom.

On a gloomy night in autumn, they assembled in Thomas-street, Dublin, where they had previously deposited their arms, and awaited in anxious expectation the signal that was to announce their rising. As the Castle clock struck the hour of eight, lights were seen burning on the summits of the neighbouring hills; the roar of musquetry was heard, and a fearful contest took place in the crowded streets of the city. The alarm-bell was immediately rung, the riot-act read, and the drums of the military called to action. At this instant, a party of rebels, with the young stranger at their head, moved towards the Castle. A regiment was ordered to attack them; but such was the fury of their charge, that the soldiers were dispersed on the first onset. They had now gained the Castle-walls, and sword in hand the stranger, followed closely by the cottager and his son-in-law, mounted the ramparts. This last was shot dead at the first attack, and the other two separated from each other by the violence of the struggle. Numbers at length prevailed; the rebels were eventually subdued, their commander imprisoned, while the cottager was almost the only one who escaped. For days subsequent to the battle, he continued wandering about the streets in hopes of encountering the stranger, with whose fate he was yet unacquainted.

As the hour of trial approached, he resolved to enter the hall of justice, and boldly endeavour to address him. The conviction of the rebels had in part commenced; a deep silence prevailed, and a young man was busy in his defence. He was of a noble and commanding aspect, with a countenance shaded by the gentlest melancholy. But his voice—it struck immediately to the agonized feelings of the cottager, and convinced him that the person he now beheld, was the stranger of his fancy—the Emmett—the patriot of his country. He denied the charge of treason with the most impassioned eloquence, and sighed while he recalled the memory of the girl he loved, but whom he had given up in his superior attachment to his country. He wept, but he wept not for himself; and the tears that had never fallen for his own misfortunes, stole down his faded cheek, when he reflected on the miseries he had entailed on the poor associates of his rebellion. For himself he sought not pardon; but he supplicated the mercy of the judge for the wretched he had misled, and concluded with that affecting appeal to posterity, which can never be forgotten: "Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; but let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character." Even this appeal fail-

ed of its effect; he was condemned to die the death of a traitor, and his execution was ordered for the ensuing Monday.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmett himself, he wept, and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long-past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and, though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection.

At this instant the evening bell pealed from the neighbouring church. Emmett started at the sound; and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at the moment: ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile approached, to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but, as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired, it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time on earth. *

*(To be concluded next week.)*

* It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that Emmett is no ideal character, but he was executed in Dublin for high treason, in endeavouring to excite a new insurrection in Ireland.

# Miscellanies.

## PRISONS IN VENICE.

BY DR. MOSELEY.

When I was in Venice, I descended into the cells of the Prigioni Publiche, or Great Common Prison. Here—even here—the soul of man clings to his body; and shows no more symptoms, or prescience of immortality, than if that body were on a bed of down, canopied in a gorgeous palace.

In the morning, when I set out on this gloomy expedition, Dominico Zacchi, my Venetian servant, who had attended Lord St. Asaph, Sir George Beaumont, and several other English travellers, during their residence at Venice, took his leave of me. This was on the 16th of September, 1787. Dominico thought that I would never return, or if I did I might "a tale unfold" that would endanger my safety at Venice. But he said, from what he had heard, he did not think it possible for me to survive the foul and pestilential air I had to encounter.

It was with some difficulty that I obtained permission from the inquisitors, which was granted me merely on account of my being an English physician; a character much respected at that time in Venice. I wished to have seen the Sotto Piombi, where the state prisoners were kept, but that was refused. Here, under the roof of the public buildings, they are confined; exposed to the rigour of winter's cold, and summer's heat, and the vicissitudes of scorching days, and chilling nights.

I was conducted through the prison, with one of its inferior dependants. We had a torch with us. We crept along narrow passages, as dark as pitch. In some of them, two people could scarcely pass each other. The cells are made of massy marble; the architecture of the celebrated Sansovino.

The cells are not only dark, and black as ink, but being surrounded and confined with huge walls, the smallest breath of air can scarcely find circulation in them. They are about nine feet square on the floor, arched at the top, and between six and seven high in the highest part. There is to each cell a round hole of eight inches diameter, through which the prisoner's daily allowance of twelve ounces of bread and a pot of water is delivered. There is a small iron door to the cell. The furniture of the cell is a little straw and a small tub: nothing else. The straw is renewed, and the tub emptied, through the iron door occasionally.

The diet is ingeniously contrived for the perduration of punishment. Animal food, or a cordial nutritious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venetian justice. Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest; from the admonition of her sad existence, by the gaoler's daily return.

I saw one man who had been in a cell thirty years; two who had been twelve years; and several who had been eight and nine years in their respective cells.

By my taper's light I could discover the prisoners' horrid countenances. They were all naked. The man who had been there thirty years, in face and body, was covered with long hair. He had lost the arrangement of words, and order of language. When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise; and expressed fear and surprise; and, like some wild animals in deserts, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning from me if he could.

One, whose faculties were not so obliterated, who still recollected the difference between day and night, whose eyes and ears, though long closed with a silent blank, still languished to perform their natural functions, implored in the most piercing manner that I would prevail on the gaoler to murder him; or to give him some instrument to destroy himself. I told him I had no power to serve him in this request. He then entreated I would use my endeavours with the inquisitors to get him hanged, or drowned in the canal d'Orfano. But even in this I could not serve him. Death was a favour I had not interest enough to procure for him. This kindness of death, however, was, during my stay in Venice, granted to one man who had been "from the cheerful ways of man cut off" thirteen years.

Before he left his dungeon, I had some conversation with him; this was six days previous to his execution. His transport at the prospect of death was surprising. He longed for the happy moment. No saint ever exhibited more fervour in anticipating the joys of a future state, than this man did at the thoughts of being released from life, during the four days' mockery of his trial.

It is in the canal d'Orfano where vessels from Turkey and the Levant perform quarantine. This place is the watery grave of many who have committed political or personal offences against the state or senate; and of many who have committed no offences at all. They are carried only through the city in the middle of the night, tied up in a sack, with a large stone fastened to it, and thrown into the water. Fishermen are prohibited on forfeiture of their lives against fishing in this district. The pretence is the plague. This is the secret history of people being lost in Venice.

What I now unfold in regard to the prison in Venice, is known but to a few people. I have reason to believe that no foreigner besides myself ever witnessed the scene I have related—the exploring of which nearly cost me my life. The heat and want of air in the passages so oppressed my strength and respiration, that I could scarcely walk or breathe when I left the prison. Sweat ran through every pore of my body—my clothes were, to my coat-sleeves, wet through—I staid too long there. I went to St. Mark's Place as soon as I could, and, by the assistance of the trembling Dominico waiting for my return—the blessed light of day—fresh air—and a few glasses of Maraschino, I was enabled to get to my lodgings at the Scudo di Francia, on the side of the great canal near the Rialto, where I was for several hours extremely ill, and for several days much indisposed.

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## SATURDAY.

In glowing terms I would this day indite
(Its morn, its noon, its afternoon, and night),
The busiest day throughout the week—the latter day;
A day whereon odd matters are made even,
The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven,
The scouring pail, pan, plate, and platter day,
A day of general note and notability.
A plague to gentlefolks and prime gentility,
E'en to the highest ranks—nobility!
And yet a day (barring all jokes) of great utility,
Both to the rich as well as the mobility.
A day of din—of clack—a clatter day;
For all, howe'er they mince the matter, say,
This day they dread;
(A day with hippish, feverish, frenzy fed) [Saturday.
Is that grand day of fuss and bustle—

### INKLE AND YARICO.

Who has not shed a tear over the affecting story of Inkle and Yarico! Few, we believe, who have read it, or seen the exquisite drama that is founded upon it. The following is the original narrative, divested of the embellishments of poetry:—

"An English ship having put into a bay, sent some of her men ashore to try what victuals or water they could find; but the Indians perceiving them to go far into the country, intercepted them on their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood, where some were taken, and some killed. A young man, whose name was Inkle, straggling from the rest, was met by an Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen in a cave, and there fed him till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last seeing them on the shore, the boat was sent for them, took them on board, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came to Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, who had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave. And so poor Yarico for her love lost her liberty."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

### CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Here lies entomb'd old Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipp'd, and cut his toe off;
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts then took to mortifying,
And poor old Roger took to dying.

Here lies the body of Joan Carthew,
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Cue,
Children she had five,
Three are dead, and two alive,
Those that are dead, chusing rather
To die with their mother, than live with their father.

ON A TOMBSTONE AT GUNWALLAW, NEAR HELSTONE, IN CORNWALL.
*It may be read backwards or forwards.*

Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we—
Die all we shall.

ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who, on the twenty-ninth of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

ON THE PARSON OF A COUNTRY CHURCH.

Come let us rejoice, merry hearts at his fall,
For if he had liv'd he'd have buried us all.

AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

Here lieth Martin Elphinston,
Who with his sword did cut in sunder the daughter of Sir Harry Crispe, who did his daughter marry.
She was fat and fulsome;
But men will sometimes eat bacon with their bean,
And love the fat as well as lean.

IN A VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD IN NORFOLK.

Here lies James Bunn,
Shot by a gun.

ON A TOMBSTONE IN ESSEX.

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They no care had, nor pain,
And the wife *wore the breeches.*

CHOCOLATE.—Chocolate, called in the Mexican language, chocolatl, was first made in Mexico. Both the name, the tools, and the proceeding in preparing it, have been borrowed by the Europeans from the Mexicans. Vanilla and honey were added to cacao, in order to render that beverage more wholesome and agreeable. The use of wax and tallow candles was unknown to the Mexicans: they burned wooden flambeaux, and kindled fires by rubbing pieces of wood against each other.

The three longest reigns in British history are those of three Kings, each the third of their respective names. Henry III. reigned 53 years, Edward III. 51, and George III. 59.

At Hastings there are the ruins of an ancient fortification, one of the parts of which presents, from the opposite hill of the East cliff, a most perfect colossal bust of his late Majesty George III.

THE SECRET.

In a fair lady's heart once a secret was lurking,
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out,
The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.

But honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white,
Should the captive attempt an elopement to save it,
By giving the lips an admonishing bite.

'Twas said and 'twas settled, and honour departed,
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel,
When right to its tip secret suddenly started,
And half in a whisper escaped from its cell.

Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,
And they bit very smartly above and beneath,
But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,
And they popt out the secret in spite of their teeth.

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MAN.—Every man is a republic in miniature; and although very limited in its parts, yet very difficult to govern. Each individual is a little world, the elements; and having life like the brutes, and reason like the angels, it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future; in him are the principles of life and death, light and darkness; in him, also, are united the most contrary elements and most incompatible qualities.

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GENEROSITY.—King Edward the Elder, lying at Aust Clive, invited Leonil, Prince of Wales, then at Beachly, on the opposite shore, to a conference about matters in dispute between them, but Leonil refused, and thereupon Edward passed over to him; which so affected Leonil, that he leaped into the water, and embraced the boat King Edward was in, saying, "Most wise king, your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly! Mount on my neck, which I have exalted against you, and enter into that country which your goodness has this day made your own."

The first season of performing the Fair Penitent, Mr. Powell represented the part of Lothario: he had a dresser called Warren, who claimed a privilege (which at that time existed, though not always observed) of performing the dead part of the hero, in the fifth act. Powell, being ignorant of the station his man had taken, called aloud for him behind the scenes, in the middle of the last act. The sad representative of death, hearing his master's voice, and knowing that he was passionate, instantly replied—"Here am I, Sir!" Powell, being still ignorant of the situation of his servant, again called, "Come here this moment you son of a ——, or I will break all the bones in your skin!" Warren could no longer delay or resist, and jumped up, hung with sables, which, as it were to heighten his embarrassment, were tied to the handles of the bier: this added to the roar in the house, urged his speed so earnestly, that, with the bier in his rear, he ran against and threw down Calista (Mrs. Barry), overwhelming her with the table, lamp, book, bones, and all the drear lumber of the Charnel-house, till at length he liberated himself, and precipitately took his flight. The play ended abruptly, but not without leaving the audience in high good-humour.

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BLUNDER.—In the reign of James I. an Act was passed to prevent the further *growth of popery*, which, by the mistake of the printer, ran thus: "An Act to prevent the further *growth of poetry*."

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Indian Tale, by E. S. C. shall be inserted in an early number.

Female Heroism, and a choice selection of literary gems, in our next.

Natty Nix came too late for us, and his excellent article is ephemeral, but we shall be much obliged by the articles he promises.

The favours of our kind and constant correspondents W.W., C. J., J. Francis, Iders, J. M., F. L., Alfred, W. L—e, John Drax, X. Y. Z., E. S., W. H. Young, H., and D. B., have been received, and shall have immediate attention.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XVII.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1823. [Price 2d.


## Monument to Mr. Perceval, in Westminster Abbey.

We present our readers this week with a spirited engraving of the Monument erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the unfortunate Spencer Perceval, Esq.; for permission to make a drawing of which, as well as that of Mr. Fox, given in Number XIV., we owe our best thanks to the very Reverend the Dean of Westminster. On a handsome sarcophagus of black and white marble, lies extended a full length figure of the lamented Statesman, after the assassin's hand had bereft him of life, though not of that air of placid determination which so much distinguished him when living, and which in death did not desert him.

Patriotism, Integrity, and Justice, personified by three female figures, are represented mournfully contemplating the lifeless remains of their once eloquent advocate. Above this monumental groupe is a basso relievo, telling the story of his fate. It is a correct picture of the scene in the lobby of the House of Commons, when Mr. Perceval, as he was passing into the House, fell lifeless from the shot of Bellingham, and the assassin was seized by the shocked and indignant by-standers. The figures of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham seem portraits, but none of the others in the groupe.

The monument is by Mr. Westmacott, and both in its general conception and execution does credit to his abilities as an artist.

The fate of Mr. Perceval is connected with two historical recollections of more than ordinary singularity. Mr. Perceval had an ancestor who also fell by the hand of an assassin; and a Member of Parliament, when on his way to the House, was once before assassinated by a Bellingham.

The ancestor of Mr. Perceval was Robert Perceval, second son of the Right Honourable Sir P. Perceval, Knt. —In 1657 he dreamt that he saw his own spectre, bloody and ghastly, and was so shocked at the sight that he swooned away. Soon after, communicating the particulars to his uncle, Sir Robert Smithwell, he was found dead in the Strand, murdered.

The story of the former Bellingham assassination is thus related in an extract from the Rolls of Parliament, in the reign of Henry VI. A. D. 1448: "Sir Thomas Parr, Knight, one of the knights of the shire for Cumberland, representeth, that on the 14th of March, as he was coming towards the said Court of Parliament, Robert *Bellingham*, late of Burnetsted, in the county of Westmoreland; Thomas *Bellingham*, late of the same, and three others, upon certain ground, called Cornwallise Ground, beside the Crane in the Ward of Vintry, in London, by which the highway of the said Sir Thomas lay to go to the water of the Thames, from his lodging place, and from there to the said High Court of Parliament, being at Westminster, lay in wait of the same said Thomas, *to the intent to have murdered or slain him, and there with such intent assault made upon him.*"

The Hon. Spencer Perceval was the second son of the late Lord Egmont, by a sister of the Earl of Northampton. He was born in the year 1763, and was returned Member for Northampton in 1796: in 1800 he became Solicitor-General, and in 1802 Attorney-General. On the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1809, he became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, which offices he continued until his death, which took place on Monday, the 11th of May, 1812. As Mr. Perceval was that evening entering the lobby of the House of Commons, he was shot through the heart, with a pistol ball, by John Bellingham. So much attention was paid to the victim, and so little to the assassin, that he might have escaped; but he coolly sat down on the adjoining bench, with the pistol in his hand; and when the murderer was inquired for, he replied, "I am the unfortunate man that did it—my name is Bellingham—it is a private injury—I know what I have done—and I submit myself to the laws." Bellingham, who had at one time a good deal of commerce with Russia, had suffered such injuries there as entirely ruined his prospects in life; he thought the English Government ought to have interfered in his behalf, and memorialized it frequently to no purpose. The unfortunate man who thus took vengeance in his own hands, was tried on Friday, the 15th of May, found guilty, and executed on the Monday following.

## BOILING FOUNTAINS IN ICELAND.

The valley of Regham, in Iceland, is richly cultivated and watered by a fertile stream; it is remarkable for containing several hot springs or boiling fountains, which throw up water to an immense height, and so hot that no person can touch it without being scalded. The principal of these springs, called the Geyser, issues from a circular mound of siliceous earth; at the top of which

is a large circular basin, about forty feet diameter, from the centre of which the water issues. A modern traveller gives the following account of a visit to this famous spring:—

At nine o'clock I heard a hollow subterraneous noise, which was thrice repeated in the course of a few moments; the two last reports followed each other more quickly than the first and second had done. It exactly resembled the distant firing of cannon, and was accompanied each time with a perceptible, though very slight shaking of the earth; almost immediately after which, the boiling of the water increased together with the steam, and the whole was violently agitated. At first, the water only rolled without much noise over the edge of the basin, but this was almost instantly followed by a jet, which did not rise above ten or twelve feet, and merely forced up the water in the centre of the basin, but was attended with a loud roaring explosion: this jet fell as soon as it had reached its greatest height, and then the water flowed over the margin still more than before, and in less than half a minute a second jet was thrown up in a similar manner to the former. Another overflowing of the water succeeded, after which it immediately rushed down about three-fourths of the way into the basin.

Describing one of these jets which rose in a column of water not less than ninety feet in height, and about fifty-one feet in diameter, the traveller says, the bottom of it was a prodigious body of white foam; higher up, amidst the vast clouds of steam that had burst from the pipe, the water was seen mounting in a compact column, which, at a still greater elevation, burst into innumerable long and narrow streamlets of spray, that were either shot to a vast height in the air in a perpendicular direction, or thrown out from the side, diagonally, to a prodigious distance. The excessive transparency of the body of water, and the brilliancy of the drops as the sun shone through them, considerably added to the beauty of the spectacle. As soon as the fourth jet was thrown out, which was much less than the former, and scarcely at the interval of two minutes from the first, the water sunk rapidly in the basin, with a rushing noise, and nothing was to be seen but the column of steam, which had been continually increasing from the commencement of the eruption, and was now ascending perpendicularly to an amazing height, as there was scarcely any wind, expanding in bulk as it rose, but decreasing in density, till the upper part of the column gradually lost itself in the surrounding atmosphere. I could now walk in the basin to the margin of the pipe, which descends vertically to the depth, according to Povelsen and Olafsen, of between fifty and sixty feet. It was full twenty minutes after the sinking of the water, from the basin, before I was able to sit down in it, or to bear my hands upon it without burning myself.

My tent was next pitched at the distance of three or four hundred yards from the Geyser, near a pipe or crater of considerable dimensions, in which I had hitherto observed nothing extraordinary. At half past nine, whilst I was employed in examining some plants gathered the day before, I was surprised by a tremendously loud and rushing noise like that arising from the fall of a great cascade, immediately at my feet. On putting aside the canvass of my tent, to observe what could have occasioned it, I saw within a hundred yards of me, a column of water rising perpendicularly into the air, from the place just mentioned, to a vast height; but what this height might be, I was so overpowered by my feelings, that I did not, for some time, think of endeavouring to ascertain. In my first impulse I hastened only to look for my portfolio, that I might attempt, at least, to represent upon paper what no words could possibly give an adequate idea of; but in this I found myself nearly as much at a loss as if I had taken my pen for the purpose of describing it, and I was obliged to satisfy myself with very little more than the outline and proportional dimensions of this most magnificent fountain. There was, however, sufficient time allowed me to make observations; for, during the space of an hour and a half, an uninterrupted column of water was continually spouted out to the elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, with but little variation, and in a body of seventeen feet in its widest diameter; and this was thrown up with such force and rapidity, that the column continued to nearly the very summit as compact in body, and as regular in width and shape, as when it first issued from the pipe; a few feet only of the upper part breaking into spray, which was forced by a light wind on one side, so as to fall upon the ground at the distance of some paces from the aperture. The breeze, also, at times, carried the immense volumes of steam that accompanied the eruption

to one side of the column of water, which was thus left open to full view, and we could clearly see its base partly surrounded by foam, caused by the column's striking against a projecting piece of rock, near the mouth of the crater; but thence to the upper part, nothing broke the regularly perpendicular lines of the sides of the water spout, and the sun shining upon it rendered it in some points of view of a dazzling brightness. Standing with our backs to the sun, and looking into the mouth of the pipe, we enjoyed the sight of a most brilliant assemblage of all the colours of the rainbow, caused by the decomposition of the solar rays passing through the shower of drops that was falling between us and the crater. After the water had risen to the vast height above described, I ventured to stand in the midst of the thickest of the shower of spray; where I remained till my clothes were all wetted through, but still scarcely felt that the water was warmer than my own temperature. Stones of the largest size that I could find, and great masses of the siliceous rock, which we threw into the crater, were instantly ejected by the force of the water, were shivered into small pieces, though so solid as not to be broken but by very hard blows from a large hammer, and were carried up frequently higher than the summit of the spout. We were informed by the people living in the neighbourhood, that in the spring of last year (1808), a violent shock of an earthquake was felt, which made an aperture for another hot spring, and caused the whole of them to cease flowing for fifteen days.

## EASTERN BARBARITY.

BY WILLIAM RAE WILSON, ESQ.

The most distressing sight in this town (St. Jean d'Acre), says Mr. Wilson, is the number of deplorable objects to be met with, whose faces have been so dreadfully disfigured by that Herod, or tyrant of the day, who struck such terror over this country, namely, Achmet, the former Pacha or Djezzar, an appellation given as descriptive of butcher, to which he was so justly entitled, from that frightful catalogue of atrocities of which he had been the author. On entering it, I was accosted by a young man, sitting at the principal gate, asking alms, who was blind of both eyes, which had been *plucked out* by Djezzar, to whom he had given offence. At every other step, indeed, in going along the streets, I met some person or other, old or young, who had either been deprived of an eye, ear, or nose. When the physician of the present Pacha (a ruler as much distinguished for humanity as the former was execrated on account of barbarity), favoured me with a visit, he related a number of horrid circumstances that would freeze the very blood of man; not only as to Djezzar destroying the countenances of so many inhabitants, but those butcheries committed from caprice or amusement, and whose secluded wives had been sacrificed, the number of whom could never be properly ascertained.

The following fact may just be sufficient to shew the extent to which the vindictive cruelty on the part of this monster had been carried:—One of these unhappy creatures, having been discovered in a state of pregnancy by an Albanian officer, Djezzar not only put her to death by plunging a dagger into her breast, but actually tore a child from the womb with his own hands. This blood-hound also, not being able at one time to discover the authors of some wrong he conceived had been committed in the Seraglio, put to death about 40 of his officers, who being seized and laid bound on the ground, were most inhumanly cut in pieces by Janissaries with swords.

Having mentioned to the physician I had a letter to the Minister of the present Pacha, who acted in the same capacity to Djezzar, it led him to allude to the state of his countenance, from having been included in those acts of barbarity committed. This distinguished public character, having in a single instance incurred the displeasure of Djezzar, was called before him, and informed, that had he not been a man of talent and found useful, his head might have been struck off; but as Djezzar had occasion for his services, he would put nothing more than a mark upon him, viz. *by depriving him of his nose.* The executioner was accordingly ordered in with his instrument, and commanded to do his duty. Feeling, however, for the situation of the Minister, and wishing to execute the orders sparingly, he only cut off the *point* of his nose. On this Djezzar, enraged at the executioner's disobedience of a peremptory order, snatched from him a large knife, employed in this savage operation, and with this cut off, *brevi manu, the whole of the executioner's nose!*

## UNPATRONIZED MERIT.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air. GRAY.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—In the vicinity of Wood-street, and just on the spot where a few years since was discovered the remains of Lord Chancellor Jefferys, of bloody remembrance, dwells poor Young, an artist of no mean capacity—aye, young indeed in age as in name, drudging from early morn to eventide, to keep the spark of life flickering in its socket, and prevent its utterly extinguishing amidst the blaze of genius which has of late years illumined this modern Babylon; but, alas! for humble merit, that must "creep a'neath those giant legs to ferret out dishonourable graves," yet to ferret out poor Young, you must ascend, as I have done, to the very summit of the dwelling, where he nestles and toils with breathless intermission, a hack, in truth a hack, to one of those pests yclep'd picture-dealers. Poor Young! how I regret that thou canst not draw thyself out of the meshes of thy entangled net, and burst forth the modern Ostade, as thy peculiar talents well deserve the designation. But, alas! thou hast neither friend nor patron to cherish and encourage thee amidst the gloom of poverty which surrounds thee. And yet by this very artist I have seen copies from the old masters Ostade, Teniers, &c. than which nothing can be more just and exact. Place them side by side, you might be agreeably puzzled to determine between them; even a connoisseur might be deceived. But Young does not rest his merit here. A copyist may possess very little genius; but Young is not merely a copyist. We will take his original design—his Cobbler—look at the expression in that eye—his very soul seems intent on the workmanship of his hands, that at the finish he may take a *whet* at the pot beside him—every thing is in unison and harmonizes—the ballads pasted up—the table of the public debt—the list of taxes—and, above all, his favourite Sir Francis, with rights and liberties for ever staring him in the face. And then the colouring in this picture, how chaste and natural—nothing gaudy—all as in life: the outline drawn with minute precision, without stiffness or appearance of labour—the lights thrown in with admirable judgment, producing the strongest and most surprising effects, all harmonising and forming a real treat to the admirer of native genius. Poor Young! were it possible for an humble observer to elicit for you observation, that should be quickly done; but, alas! merit, like mushrooms, springs up to be trodden under-foot, too exuberant in the present day to be prized and cherished, and is suffered to sink unheeded into the "tomb of all the Capulets."*

H.

* Without being able at the present moment to verify the statement in this letter, we give it immediate publicity, in order that, if true, we may be the means of pointing out true genius to public patronage; and notwithstanding the severity of our correspondent's concluding remark, we are persuaded that if Mr. Young possesses the talents he describes, he will not long remain in obscurity. We shall be glad if H. will furnish us with some further information on the subject.—*Editor.*

## EPISTLE TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

This morning I sent by the coach,
Your basket of various wants,
And trust that I shall not encroach,
By enclosing a shawl of your aunt's.
It was sent to be dy'd a deep blue,
But could not—you need not say why—
For the fact is (I only tell you)
'Twas too old and too shabby to dye.

I have put in some stockings to mend,
And beg you will net me a purse;
New wristband the shirts which I send,
Which for wearing are getting the worse.
Old Debby has plenty of time—
You're an excellent giver of hints,
Of *garters* I thought all the time,
When I got the white worsted at Flint's.

All your excellent pickles are done;
I am glad that the season draws near,
When you think of your dear absent one,
Who cannot partake of your cheer,
Except in the shape of goose-pie,
A turkey, or basket of game;
And such things as one cannot buy—
In London scarce known but by name—

Such as thick bottled-cream and spice-cake,
Your wine sours, deliciously fine;
The sweetmeats they tell me you make;
Not to mention your gooseberry wine,

Which Sir Thomas, my intimate friend,
Protested, again and again,
(As he begg'd for some more I would send)
Was superior to any Champaigne.

A pot of such raspberry jam
As your's, I have sought for in vain;
And sure such a nice little ham
I never shall meet with again,
As that which was sent by your ma:
Bless me! I had nearly forgot
To beg you will thank your papa,
For the couple of wild ducks he shot.

I should like you to get me a dog—
Perhaps you've a good one to spare;
You can send it by some stupid log,
That will bring it scot free; but take care,
That he does not expect a spare bed;
I will give him a dinner or so—
I got nothing by harbouring Ned,
Some two or three winters ago.

There's a man that makes nice walking sticks,
It is not many miles from your farm;
I wish you'd ride over and fix
On one like my uncle's at Yarm.
And get me a skin nicely dress'd—
A sheep's, buck or doe's, I don't care,
For rugs they're decidedly best—
What I purchase in London soon wear.

For my time I have made you no charge,
Nor coach-hire for popping about;
But I'll not on such trifles enlarge—
You will pay me in some way, no doubt.
Your papa may look out for a horse,
And consult ma—I must not pay dear;
He will think it no trouble, of course,
Remembering for what you send here.

*London.* C. E. A.

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## THE FIRE IRONS;

### OR, FAMILY QUARRELS.

*(From Jenkin Jones's "Pros and Cons for Cupid and Hymen").*

Mr. Chose was gravely reading the original Hafen Slawkenbergius, at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chose sat darning old worsted stockings at the other. By some untoward accident, the fire-irons were all on Mrs. Chose's side. "My dear," said Mr. Chose, "how miserable it makes me to gaze on any thing that looks un-uniform: be kind enough, my dear, to let me have the poker on my side." Mrs. Chose, who was busy taking a long stitch at the time, replied, "I'll give it you presently, my love."—"Nay, pr'ythee, put me out of pain at once; 'tis absolutely quite distressing to my eye—the fire-place looks like a sow with one ear." "One fiddle stick! How can you be so excessively whimsical?" "How d'ye mean, whimsical?" "Lord, man! don't be so plaguy fidgetty." "No, madam, I am no such thing!" "Pray, sir, don't put yourself in such a fluster." "I tell you I am not in a fluster." "I say, sir, you are. For shame! How can you throw yourself in such a passion!" "I in a passion!" "Yes, sir, you are." "'Tis false!" "'Tis true!" "Madam, 'tis no such thing." "S'death, do you think that I'll submit to such provoking language?" "You shall submit." "I won't." "You shall." "I shan't." "I'll make you." "You can't." "By Heavens, madam." "By Heavens, sir." "Hold your tongue, Mrs. Chose." "I wont't, Mr. Chose." At it they went, ding dong, with poker and tongs. The more he ranted, the more she raved; till at last, vieing to outdo each other in provocation, the contention ran so high, that Mr. Chose declared he would not live with Mrs. Chose an hour longer; and Mrs. Chose declared she would not sleep another night beneath the same roof, much less in the same bed! "Madam," said the husband, "'tis time that we should part." "With all my heart," said the wife. "Agreed!" said he. "Agreed!" echoed she. A lawyer was absolutely sent for, to draw up the articles of separation; being made "*mirable dictu.*" A peace-loving, strife-quelling, sort of man, he begged to hear the particulars that led them to come to such a harsh conclusion. He was ordered to proceed to business; but obstinately persevered in his refusal. Addressing himself to the husband, he said, "Are you both fully agreed upon a separation?" "Yes, yes!" exclaimed both parties. "Well, sir, what are your reasons for so doing?" "Sir, I can't inform you." "Madam, will you be so kind as to acquaint me?" "Indeed, sir, I cannot." "If this is the case," said the peace-loving lawyer, "I venture to pronounce your quarrel has originated in something so frivolous that you are both ashamed to own it." He urged the point so closely, that he at length extorted the truth; nor did he desist from his friendly interference until he had the satisfaction to re-establish the most perfect harmony. Warned by his friendly admonitions, this wedded couple grew more circumspect in their words, less aggravating in their manners, and, in short, quite left off wrangling, and lived happy.

## TURKISH WOMEN.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

From some of the windows I look across that harbour called the Golden Horn by the ancients, and from others can see the sea of Marmora, the islands therein, and a part of the Seraglio; from mine, I saw yesterday, the Sultan sitting on a silver sofa, while his boats, and many of the people who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden. A magnificent sight, as they are of a light shape, gilt, and painted very beautifully. We had a large telescope, and saw the Ottoman splendour very distinctly. The sultan dyes his beard black, to give himself a young look, and he is known at a considerable distance by that, which contrasts singularity with his face, that is extremely livid and pale. The kiosk, which contained him and his silver sofa, was not very large, and like a hundred others to be seen on the canal. It is strange how words gain, in other countries, a signification different from the meaning they possess in their own. *Serail* or Seraglio, is generally understood as the habitation, or rather the confinement for women; here it is the Sultan's residence; it cannot be called his palace, for the kiosks, gardens, courts, walls, stables, are so mixed, that it is many houses in many gardens.

The streets both of Pera and Constantinople are so narrow that few of them admit of a carriage; the windows of every story project over those under them, so that at the upper people may shake hands sometimes across the street. No Turk of any consequence makes a visit, if it is only four doors from his own, but on horseback; and, on my arrival here, I saw one who landed in a boat, and had a fine grey horse led by four men, that went a long way round, which he mounted gravely, to get off in a few minutes.

As to women, as many, if not more than men, are to be seen in the streets, but they look like walking mummies. A large loose robe of dark green cloth covers them from the neck to the ground; over that is a large piece of muslin, which wraps the shoulders and the arms, and another which goes over the head and eyes. If I was to walk about the streets here, I would certainly wear the same dress, for the Turkish women call others names, when they meet them with their faces uncovered. When I go out I have the ambassador's sedan chair, which is like mine in London, only gilt and varnished like a French coach, and six Turks carry it, as they fancy it impossible that two or four men can carry one; two Janisaries walk before with high fur caps on. The Ambassadors here have all Janisaries as guards allowed them by the Porte. Thank Heaven, I have but a little way to go in this pomp, and fearing every moment the Turks should fling me down, they are so awkward; for the platform, where people land and embark from and to Pera, is not far from this house.

I saw a Turk the other day lying on cushions, striking slowly an iron which he was shaping into a horse-shoe, his pipe in his mouth all the time—nay, among the higher order of Turks, there is an invention which saves them the trouble of holding the pipe—two small wheels are fixed on each side of the bowl of the pipe, and thus the smoaker has only to puff away, or let the pipe rest upon his under lip, while he moves his head as he pleases. Perhaps, it is lucky for Europe that the Turks are idle and ignorant—the immense power this empire might have, were it peopled by the industrious and ambitious, would make it mistress of the world. At present it only serves as a dead wall to intercept the commerce and battles which other powers might create one another.

The Turks in their conduct towards our sex are an example to all other nations; a Turk has his head cut off, his papers are examined, every thing in his house seized, but the wife is provided for; her jewels are left her.

The harem is sacred even to that rapacious power, which has seized the master's life only because he was rich. It may be said, that in Turkey, likewise women are perfectly safe from an idle, curious, impertinent public, and what is called the *world* can never disturb the ease and quiet of a Turkish wife. Her talents, her beauty, her happiness, or misery, are equally concealed from malicious observers. Of misery, unless a Turkish woman is beyond conception unreasonable, I cannot imagine that her portion can be great; for the wife whose wretched husband earns subsistence by carrying water, or burthens, sits at home bedecked with jewels, or goes out as her fancy directs, and the fruits of his labour are appropriated to her use. In great houses, the wives of the Turks, who compose the train of a Turkish husband, are destined to be subservient to the state of the first wife, and she treats them as she pleases.

## CHARING CROSS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—I think your correspondent W. is not quite correct in his statement respecting Charing-Cross; the *whole name* was evidently derived from the circumstance of the Funeral Procession of Edward the First's Queen having rested at that place, and called in French (which language was in general use among the higher classes at the time), *Chère Reine*, or, Dear Queen's Cross; so that the village of Charing obtained its name from the cross.

Your's, &c. P.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ANECDOTES OF ECCENTRICITY.

*The Saddler's Daughter.*—A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will, that she should lose the whole of her fortune, if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

*Saucy Arrangements.*—Mr. John Langley, an Englishman, who settled in Ireland, where he died, left the following extraordinary will:

"I, John Langley, born at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own hand-writing. I do leave all my house goods, and farm of Black Kettle, of two hundred and fifty-three acres, to my son, commonly called Stubborn Jack; to him and his heirs for ever, provided he marries a Protestant woman, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me Oliver's whelp. My new buck-skin breeches, and my silver tobacco-stopper, with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmell, when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table, in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best *aqua vitæ*, and each one a skein, dish, and knife laid before him; and when the liquor is out, nail up my coffin, and commit me to earth, whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand, this 3d of March, 1674.

"JOHN LANGLEY."

Some of Mr. Langley's friends asked him why he would be at such expense in treating the Irishmen whom he hated? He replied, that if they got drunk at his wake, they would probably get to fighting and kill one another, which would do something towards lessening the breed.

*Economical Sportsman.*—Some years ago, there lived in London a very extraordinary sportsman, a Mr. Osbaldeston, who was clerk to an attorney. He was the younger son of a gentleman of good family in the North of England; and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, and whose offspring, from that time, became a source of amusement to him. With half a dozen children, as many couples of hounds, and two hunters, did Mr. Osbaldeston keep himself, family, dogs, and horses, upon an income of sixty pounds per annum. This, too, was effected in London, without running into debt, or ever wanting a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be remarked, that after the expiration of the office hours, he acted as an accountant for the butchers of Clare-market, who paid him in offal: the cleanest morsels of this, he selected for himself and family; and with the rest, he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept. Once or twice in the season, he hunted; and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen knowing the economy of his hunting establishment, connived at his sporting over their manors.

*Sailors.*—The eccentricity of British sailors is proverbial, and displays itself in the heat of action, and the calm of peace. How many interesting anecdotes are already related of these bulwarks of Britain; and how many more a close observer in one of our sea-ports might record! After the battle of Camperdown, in which the plan of breaking the line was adopted so successfully, it became a favourite amusement with the sailors, who came on

shove, to hire coaches, or post-chaise, and mounting the roofs, form a line, and cross each other in the streets. The top of a coach, is the post of honour with a British tar. A sailor in his way to town some years ago, rode on the top of a post-chaise, until a heavy rain induced him to go inside. He overtook a marine, who asked him to give him a lift. "That I will," said the sailor, getting out, and again mounting the roof of the coach, "go down below, but shiver my splinters if any marine shall ever board a vessel I am in."

Careless of danger, an English sailor sees nothing but victory and prize-money in an engagement. "There," said a British tar, when his captain did not deem it advisable to attack a Spanish vessel under large convoy, "there goes fifty pounds of my money forever."

Ever jealous, and ever proud, of his country, a British sailor will not see it second in any thing. After a severe engagement with the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, which was a drawn battle, the vessels of each fleet lay along-side each other, incapable of further hostility. A Dutchman, anxious to show his agility, ran up to the top of the main-mast, and stood on his head on the summit. A British sailor, jealous for the honour of his country, mounted his mast with equal agility, but in attempting to invert his position, he fell, the ropes broke his fall, and he reached the decks without receiving any injury. Turning to the Dutchmen who had been witnessing his exploit, he said, "there, mynheers, do that, if you can."

During the campaign in Egypt, some sailors in the harbour of Alexandria, took it into their heads that they would go and drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar. How to get there, was, however, a matter of some difficulty, but not too great for a sailor to surmount. A paper kite was made to fly directly over the pillar. A two inch rope was then tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope, one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up and drank their punch, amidst the shouts of the astonished multitude who had collected round the spot. The sailors, eight in number, left the initials of their names inscribed on the pillar. They discovered what was not before known, that there had formerly been a statue on the pillar, the foot and ancle of which are still remaining.

*Percy Anecdotes.*

## ANTIQUITY.

But I have a terrible crow to pick with this latter personage, Signor Antiquity, as a mighty stalking-horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous. We never hear so much palaver about the time-hallowed institutions and approved wisdom of our ancestors, as when attempts are made to remove some staring monument of their folly. Sir Matthew Hale, that great luminary of law, after having condemned a poor woman to death for witchcraft, took occasion to sneer at the rash innovators who were then advocating a repeal of that statute; and falling on his knees, thanked God for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments handed down to us by our venerable forefathers. Bacon, who was so far beyond his age in all matters of science, was not less credulous than the weakest of his contemporaries, and published very minute directions for guarding against witches, under which imputation many scores of wretched old women were burnt in the reign of that sapient Demonologist James the First. The worthy Druids, who sacrificed human victims to their idols, were "our illustrious Ancestors;" and if required to select instances from more modern and civilized times, I would point to those of "our enlightened forefathers," who wasted their lives and fortunes in seeking the Elixir Vitæ and Philosopher's Stone—who practised torture upon suspected criminals—who believed in the efficacy of the King's touch for curing the Evil, and transmitted to us many other practices of barbarism and ignorance, which have become happily exploded, though not without great difficulty and opposition. Nay, have not we ourselves, who are fated to be the sage and revered progenitors of future canters, seen a Spanish army fighting for the restoration of the Inquisition and despotism? Have we not in our own country witnessed the existence of the Slave Trade, and heard the denunciations of its supporters against those who would subvert "the glorious institutions handed down to us?" Have we not moreover living believers in Joanna Southcote, and metallic tractors, and animal magnetism, and fortune-tellers, and the efficacy of the Sinking Fund, and the danger of Popery, and innumerable other phantasms and delusions which poor Posterity will be bound to adopt as gos-

pel, if the seal of time is to be always acknowledged as the signet of truth?

The lawyers of all ages are generally among the blind advocates of Antiquity. As a body, I believe them to have made incalculable advances in respectability and principle since the days of James the First, who, on receiving the great seal which Bacon had been compelled to resign for his manifold corruptions, exclaimed—"Now, by my soul, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this, for as to my lawyers I think they be all knaves:"—but in expansion of intellect, in capacity for enlarged views, or perception of abstract truth, I apprehend them to be still far behind the age in which they live. Certain trades invariably injure the organ of bodily sight, and the law seems to be a profession which has a strong tendency to contract and debilitate the mental pupil. Its disciples are so accustomed to look with other people's eyes, that they lose the use of their own; because precedent is omnipotent in the Courts, they think it must be infallible in the world. They study acts of parliament, commentaries, cases, arguments, dicta of judges, and receive their fiat with such implicit deference, that they cannot, or dare not, find their way out of the maze to look for any thing so simple and elemental as truth. Habituated to follow the bark of the leading hounds, they cannot recognise the game even if it crosses their path; or if this simile be deemed too canine, I would respectfully hint that they worship the priests and the shrine too much to have any reverence left for the goddess. They argue with examples, not reasons, and adduce what people thought centuries ago, not what they ought to think now. They have deputed their faculties to Blackstone and other sages—they speak judgments, but use none, and generally go astray if left to the guidance of their original sagacity, as horses, if they miss their driver, will run their heads against a post or a wall. What they have spent their lives to learn, they would not willingly unlearn: you may prove that it is cruel, or false, or pernicious, which they will not gainsay, for these are points which they have not studied; but they silence you with one triumphant argument—it is law; a declaration which they usually wind up with the established flourish about hallowed institutions and approved wisdom, and so forth.—I describe the influence of their studies upon the profession in general, and need not offer my testimony to the honourable and splendid exceptions which it has furnished in all times, and in none more signally than our own.

Bibliomania is an amusing illustration of this blind idolatry for whatever is ancient; though I will venture to assert that no good book, since the invention of printing, ever became scarce, and that in an immense majority of cases rarity is in exact proportion to worthlessness. The old types, and binding, and decorations, might be adored, as savages worship idols for their barbarism and ugliness; but when they ventured upon the experiment of reprinting some of these treasures of antiquity, the bubble burst at once. The Arcæaica and Heliconia induced people to read what they had hitherto only thought of buying, and they then discovered upon what gross trash and woeful rubbish they had wasted their precious guineas.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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## SIGNIFICATION OF FEMALE CHRISTIAN NAMES.

*Agnes*, derived from the Greek, means Chaste.

*Anne* and *Hannah*, Hebrew, favoured (with any excellence or mercy).

*Barbara* must be an exception to the rule that names have arisen from the good wishes of parents; if derived from the Latin, it is a name not very much to be coveted. In the Dictionary we find its meaning, unpolished, foolish, cruel, savage; it may, however, as Peregrine, have been given to a stranger.

*Blanch*, French, fair.

*Catherine*, Greek, purified, pure.

*Caroline* and *Charlotte* appear to be the feminine of Charles.

*Clara*, Latin, almost explains itself in its English sense: it may be understood as signifying fair, noble, illustrious.

*Dorothy*, Greek, the gift of God.

*Elizabeth*, Hebrew, God hath sworn.

*Esther* is a Persian name. Esther, the Jewish captive, whose history is related in the Holy Scriptures, was named in her own country Hadassah (Esther II. 8), but, as was customary, lost her name with her liberty.

*Helen* has been derived from a Greek word, to draw, because the beauty of the famous Helen attracted so many admirers; and from Hellas, the ancient name of Greece.

*Jane.* Janus is by Macrobius used as a name of the sun; thus Jane or Jana may, as Phœbe, mean the moon.

The different derivations of Janus are too uncertain and numerous to particularize.

*Isabella* is Spanish for a bright bay colour.

*Laura*, perhaps from the Latin for laurel.

*Lucy*, from the Latin prænomen Lucea, from Lucee, to shine, synonymous with Clara, or from the child being born *prima luce*, early in the morning.

*Louisa* is most probably the feminine of Louis or Lewis.

*Lydia* is a country of Asia Minor, said to be so called from Lud the son of Shem; its inhabitants were very effeminate, and it might be therefore considered an appropriate name for a female, or very probably the woman of Lydia were remarkably beautiful. The name occurs in Horace.

*Margaret*, Greek, a pearl. We find in Mr. Archdeacon Nares's "Glossary," that Margarite or Margaret was formerly used to signify a pearl in the English language (as in Latin and French); and in Drummond's "Poems," 1656, p. 186, is the following epitaph on one named Margaret:

"In shells and gold *pearles* are not kept alone,
A *Margaret* here lies beneath a stone,
A Margaret that did excell in worth
All those rich gems the Indies both s end forth."

*Martha*, Syriac. The mistress of a family; such was the character of Martha, the sister of Lazarus.

*Mary* is derived from the Hebrew, but it is of doubtful signification; it may mean either the bitterness of them, as Mary the sister of Moses was so named during the bitter Egyptian captivity, or a drop of the sea, or even be synonymous with Martha.

*Phœbe* was the Greek name for the moon, the sister of Phœbus the sun, supposed to mean the light of life.

Let no parents name their daughter *Priscilla*, if it be derived from the Latin, unless they mean to call her a little old woman.

*Rebecca*, Hebrew, Fat. Belzoni relates in his Travels how great a beauty plumpness is still considered in the East.

*Rose*, the flower of Sharon.

*Sarah*, Hebrew, a princess. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was called Sarai, till her name was changed by the express command of the Almighty. "And God said unto Abraham, as for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall her name be." Gen. xvii. 15. Sarai means my princess; Sarah, the princess not of one family, but of many nations, as we read in the next verse: "She shall be the mother of nations."

*Sophia*. Greek, Wisdom.

*Susan*, Hebrew, a Lily. Susiana, an antient province of Persia, is by some supposed to have been so called from its being a country abounding in lilies; the Persian name of that flower assimilates to the Hebrew.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. XV.

### THE MIDNIGHT MURDER.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

With the earliest peep of dawn numerous detachments of cavalry paraded the streets of Dublin, and a file of soldiers were stationed on the scaffold. As the heavy bell from the prison tolled the appointed hour, the criminal, arrayed in a suit of mourning, made his appearance on the platform. He bowed to the populace with serenity, but smiled with ineffable contempt, while the executioner approached to draw the cap over his face. "Away with your mockery," he passionately exclaimed; "do you think that the soldier who has braved death in the field, fears to meet it on the scaffold?" The man, terrified by his indignant countenance, hesitated to perform the office, but dashing the cap from him, threw the rope around the neck of his victim. A deep silence reigned throughout the multitude, broken at intervals by the muffled drums of the soldiers, and the distant roar of artillery, that announced the commencement of the tragedy. At this moment, the eyes of the sufferer rested on the cottager, who by dint of persuasion and artifice had contrived to force himself opposite the scaffold. Emmett sighed as he beheld him, smiled faintly in token of recognition, and pointing upwards, signified that it would not be long before they should both meet again in heaven. All was now ready for the execution, which awaited only the fatal signal. It was given by the officer stationed on the scaffold, and soon the heavy trampling of the horse-guards, and the doubled roll of the war-drums, announced that Emmett—the noble-minded, but misguided Emmett—had met with the fate of the brave.

On the failure of the rebellion, the cottager, secure from the inferior part

he had acted, hastened to return home. The cruelties he had so lately witnessed had hardened his natural moroseness, and poverty, augmented by despair, had inspired him with the feelings of a dæmon. The road to his cottage lay near the cavern where he had first been seduced from his allegiance. He paused for an instant as he beheld its gloomy front darkening in the moonlight, and resolved once again to enter. As he reached the avenue, a low groan, proceeding from the further end of the recess, arrested his attention. He listened in breathless anxiety, and, guided by a faint light that glimmered in the distance, threaded the winding labyrinths of the cavern.

A few paces brought him into the well-known vault, in which, stretched on a pile of straw and faggots, lay the extended figure of "Allan of the Moor." His countenance, at all times repulsive, was now strikingly savage. His eyes, deep set in their sockets, glared with sepulchral wildness; and a few lank hairs, twined round his sunken cheeks, seemed like worms coiling round a skull. On the entrance of a stranger he started from his couch, and stood in an attitude of defiance, like Cain, when the almighty curse first reached him. "Behold," he exclaimed, as recognizing his former companion he rushed with him to the mouth of the cave, "behold, all that remains of the weird Allan of the Moor. I have bled for my country, and see how it requites me. Wounds and old age are all that is left."

The cottager inquired how he had been disabled, and was told that he had been present at the late skirmish in Dublin, where he was wounded by a treacherous pikeman of his own party, and with difficulty escaped to the cavern. "My days are finished," he continued; "friends, relatives, wife, children, have all gone before me to the grave, and I have nothing to do on earth. But for you," he added, "hope still remains, seize it then as the means of revenge. Already the British fleet floats upon the Western wave, and the blood-hounds pursue us to annihilation. But may my curse, a curse that has withered the blossom on the bough, and the child at the mother's breast, be upon them till they writhe in the torments of the damned!"

As he uttered these imprecations, he raised his arms to heaven, and shouted with a frantic yell of triumph. The sound attracted the attention of some horse patrol, who were scouring the country, and they galloped towards the cave. The wizard heard their approach, he beckoned to his companion, and together they retreated into the recess. Here having stretched himself once again upon his couch—"Listen, fellow-sufferer," he said, giving the expiring torch to his companion, "to the last words of Allan of the Moor. A train is laid through this cave communicating with my couch of faggots. When you entered, I was on the eve of firing it; but the spirits of hell are propitious, and the hour of retribution arrives."

The shouts of the approaching party were now distinctly heard; nearer they advanced, nearer, nearer still, and already their horses' hoofs clattered on the road that overhung the cavern. Allan grasped the hand of the cottager, and, pointing to the train, waved a mute farewell. Nerveless with awe, his companion rushed into the open air, and saw by the dim moon-light the figures of the advancing squadron. They beheld him from their elevated position, and called on him to surrender his arms. The moon beams shone full upon his figure; and as he stood in the defile below, with the torch in his hand, and the frown of defiance on his brow, he looked like Satan in the vaults of Pandæmonium.

"No nearer," he exclaimed, "on your lives advance no nearer." "Forward," said the leader of the squadron, and the sword already glittered in his hand. The cottager marked his time, the whole troop had now reached the road that led above the cavern, and nought impeded their advance. "It must be so," he exclaimed; "I warned you, but you derided my admonition, and your blood be upon your own heads." With these words, he stooped—he fired the train. A wild shout was heard, the earth yawned asunder, and the squadron vanished like smoke before his eyes.

For days, weeks, months, he continued wandering about the country, a wretched blighted being. His food was the acorn of the wood, his drink the water of the marsh, for who will succour the outcast? At length, as the necessity for concealment abated, he resolved to return to his cottage.

It was dusk when he arrived, and the voice of wailing was loud within. He entered, and beheld his wife with a young woman seated by her side, and his daughter, the child of his pride, dying of positive indigence. Unacquainted with the cause of her com-

plaint, he turned an inquiring glance upon his wife, and was informed that neither herself nor her daughter had eaten any thing for the last two days. Her countenance darkened as she spoke, and with a grin of diabolical import she drew her husband from the room, and whispered in his ear that the young woman who lodged in their cottage, had saved a guinea while at service, and proposed that it should be appropriated to themselves. The point was soon decided, and at midnight they entered the room where the two females reposed on the same truck. In order to ensure the destruction of their victim, they remarked that she was stationed nearest to the door, while their daughter slept contiguous to the cottage-wall. Having carefully ascertained this point, they entered an adjoining apartment, and conversed in an audible tone upon the way in which the murder should be perpetrated.

In the mean time the young woman, roused by the conversation, and overhearing the frequent repetition of her name, listened in breathless silence, and became but too soon acquainted with the proposed treachery. Not a moment was to be lost; she hastily changed places with her sleeping companion, and crept to the cottage-wall. All was now silent; but in a few minutes the door was lifted gently on its latch, and a head was thrust forward. The form advanced, and was succeeded by another, bearing a dark lantern in her hand. They approached the bed in quiet, but in the agitation of their movements the light was extinguished. The young woman continued in the most fearful suspence, and could distinctly hear the sharpening of the murderous weapon. In an instant the bedclothes were drawn down, the neck bared, the knife drawn across the throat of the victim. The death-rattle followed, and a long deap sigh announced that the *midnight murder* was effected.

The wretches removed the body, and, followed at a slight distance by the young woman, who resolved to track their footsteps, bore it to the grave that had been dug for its reception. The night was wild and tempestuous, the wind howled across the moors, and every succeeding gust spoke of unrelieved solitude. The guilty couple felt the silent awe of the moment, and, as they stole along with their lifeless burden hanging on their arms, listened with renewed affright to each passing moan of the breeze. They had now reached the extremity of the garden, and cast the corpse into the burial-place. It sunk with a heavy sound into the grave; the face was turned upwards, and a sudden flash of lightning revealed the features of their daughter, for whose sake the murder had been committed.

They were roused from their trance of agony by the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the dim light of their lantern beheld a form clad in white approaching the grave. The conscience of the murderers instantly took the alarm, and suggested to their disordered imagination, that it was the ghost of their slaughtered child. Struck to the soul with the sight, her past guilt rushing full on her mind, the feelings of the mother were unequal to the struggle, and she dropped senseless on the body of her daughter. The father returned in a state of phrenzy to his cottage, was impeached on the evidence of the young woman who had encountered them at the grave, and, together with his wife, was shortly afterwards executed for the murder. Before he died, he confessed the share he had taken in the rebellion; but solemnly persisted in affirming that he was driven to despair by the unexampled indigence of his family.

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# Miscellanies.

## HORRID EXECUTIONS IN ANTIGUA.

Extract of a Letter from Antigua, Jan. 15, 1736:—"We are in a great deal of trouble in this island; the burning of negroes, hanging them on gibbets alive, racking them upon the wheel, &c. takes up almost all our time, that from the 20th of October to this day, there have been destroyed sixty-one intelligent negromen, most of them tradesmen, as carpenters, masons, and coopers. I am almost dead with watching and warding, as are many more. They were going to destroy all the white inhabitants of the island. Court, the king of the negroes, who was to head the insurrection; Tomboy, their general; and Hercules, their lieutenant-general; who were all racked upon the wheel, died with amazing obstinacy. Mr. Archibald Hamilton's Harry, after he was condemned, stuck himself with a knife in eighteen places, four whereof were mortal, which killed him. Col. Martin's Jemmy, who was hung up alive from noon to eleven at night, was

then taken down to give information: Colonel Morgan's Ned, who, after he had been hung up seven days and seven nights, that his hands grew too small for his handcuffs, he got them out, and raised himself up, and fell down from a gibbet fifteen feet high without any harm. He was revived with cordials and broth, in hopes to bring him to a confession; but he would not confess, and was hung again, and in a day and night expired. Mr. Yeoman's Quashy Coomah jumped out of the fire half burnt, but was thrown in again; and Mr. Lyon's Tim jumped out of the fire, and promised to declare all, but it took no effect. In short, our island is in a poor miserable condition, and I wish I could get any sort of employ in England."

## DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT.

A beautiful Bengal elephant, about nine feet high, was purchased in London about six years ago, and conducted through different parts of Europe by a female, with whose presence the animal always appeared to be pleased. He had been exhibited at Geneva, in Switzerland, about a fortnight, and gratified every one by his docility and sagacity. In departing for Lausanne, as usual, in the middle of the night, and conducted by his two male keepers, he had scarcely cleared the gate of the town, when, without any apparent cause, he fell into a paroxysm of anger, and pursued his keepers into the town, whither they thought it proper to flee. His mistress, who intended to follow him in the morning, was greatly alarmed at the information; but on gently approaching him, and offering him dainties, she enticed him into an inclosure; but, finding him still untractable, she desired that he might be killed as speedily as possible, greatly fearing the same consequences which had been experienced at Venice a few years before by a similar animal, of which she had been also the proprietor. Poison was first resorted to. They first administered three ounces of Prussic acid, mixed with ten ounces of brandy (a favourite liquor of the animal). He seized the bottle, and swallowed it at one draught, drew back into the court, lay down a few moments, then rose up, recommenced his sport with the things around him, and remained entirely unaffected by this most terrific of all poisons, a single drop of which, placed on the tongue of a dog, produces instant death. Three ounces of the oxid of arsenic were afterwards given him, and the same dose again repeated, but without any effect. About an hour afterwards he was shot through the head with a cannon ball, and expired without a struggle. Notwithstanding the poison he had taken, three or four hundred individuals ate of his flesh without inconvenience. His skeleton was carefully preserved for the Museum of Natural History, and his skin will be used, after due preparation, for covering an artificial animal to be placed in the same inclosure. The occurrence at Venice, and that just described, very properly suggest doubts of the propriety of suffering these animals to be taken about the country without greater precaution. In India, where they are domesticated, when one of them is seized with a paroxysm, he is immediately placed between two others, and sometimes a third is put behind him, which soon reduces him to order.

## ANECDOTE OF LAVALETTE.

When Lavalette had been liberated from prison by his wife, and was flying with Sir Robert Wilson to the frontier, the postmaster examined his countenance, and recognised him through his disguise. A postilion was instantly sent off at full speed. Many times Lavalette urged his demand for horses. The postmaster had quitted the house, and given orders that none should be supplied. The travellers thought themselves discovered, and saw no means of escape in a country with which they were unacquainted. They resolved upon defending themselves, and selling their lives dearly. The postmaster, at length, returned unattended, and then addressing himself to Monsieur de Lavalette, he said, "You have the appearance of a man of honour, you are going to Brussels, where you will see M. de Lavalette, deliver him these two hundred Louis d'ors, which I owe him, and which he is no doubt in want of;" and without waiting for an answer, he threw the money in the carriage, and withdrew, saying, "You will be drawn by my best horses—a postilion is gone on to provide relays for the continuance of your journey."

## SUPERNATURAL WARNING.

The following singular narrative appears in the Life and Errors of John Dunton, to whom it was related by the wife of Dr. Phœnix:—

"Some years since, having been delivered of a girl, two ladies, that were then the Doctor's patients, desired the

baptising of the child might be deferred till they were able to go abroad, because they had a mind to stand gossips to it. But the two ladies, not being well enough to go abroad so soon as they thought at first, a month's time was passed since the birth of the child, all which time it remained unchristened. But one day, as the Doctor's lady was in her chamber, looking for something which she wanted in a press, on a sudden she cast her eyes back, and saw, sitting down in a chair, an uncle of her's, who had been dead several years: at which, being somewhat surprised, she asked how he did? And he, on the contrary, asked her, what was the reason she did not christen the child? She told him, it was because her husband promised two ladies should be gossips to it, and they were both yet indisposed, and could not come. The spectrum then called her to come to him, which she accordingly did; and he embraced her in his arms, and kissed her naked bosom, which, she said, she felt extreme cold. He then asked her where her husband was? and she told him where. After which, he charged her to let the child be christened the next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and then went away, she knew not how. When the Doctor came home, his lady told him what she had seen, and desired the child might be christened, according to the charge given by the spectrum; but the Doctor was unbelieving, and still resolved to defer it till the two ladies should come to be gossips. But the time prefixed by the spectrum being past, and the child not christened, that night the bed clothes were attempted to be pulled off, she crying out to the Doctor for help, who pulled the clothes up with all his strength, and had much ado to keep them on; his wife, in the mean time, crying out grievously, that somebody pinched her. And the next morning, viewing of her body, they found she was pinched black and blue in several places. This did not yet prevail with the Doctor to have his child christened, till the two ladies should come to be gossips. But a day or two after, when the Doctor was again abroad, and his lady alone in her chamber, there appeared to her another spectrum, in the likeness of her aunt, who had been dead near twenty years before, with a coffin in her hand, and a bloody child in the coffin, asking her, in a threatening manner, why the child was not christened? She replied as she had done to her uncle before, that her husband delayed it on the account of two gossips, which could not yet come. Whereto the spectrum, with a stern countenance, said, 'Let there be no more such idle excuses, but christen the child to-morrow, or it shall be worse for you;' and so disappeared. The lady, all in tears, tells the Doctor of the spectrum, and prevails with him to have it christened the next day; and, in three days after, the child was overlaid by the nurse, and brought home in a coffin all bloody, exactly like that which was shown her by the last spectrum. The Doctor confirmed that part of the story which related to him; and as to the spectrums, his lady averred, before myself, Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Price, that what she related was nothing but truth."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

ORIGIN OF EATING GOOSE AT MICHAELMAS.—The custom of eating goose on Michaelmas-day is said to have originated with Queen Elizabeth. Being on a visit to one of our sea-ports when our fleet had gone to oppose the Spanish Armada, just as she had one day sat down to dinner, of which a goose formed a part, news was brought her of the total defeat of the enemy. Her Majesty, at the immediate moment, ordered that the dish then before her might be served up on every 29th day of September, in commemoration of such a glorious event.

ACCOMMODATION.—The following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman whose premises had suffered by some nightly depredators. "Those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that, if agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present; and as it may be some little inconvenience getting over the paling, the gate is left open for their accommodation."

EPIGRAM.

Let him who hates dancing, ne'er go to a ball,
Nor him to the ocean, whom dangers appal;
Nor him to a feast, who already has din'd,
Nor him to a court, who will speak out his mind.

THE LAWYERS.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" says the loosing client, "how comes yaw
To be such good friends, who were such foes just naw?"
"Thou fool," says one, "we lawyers, t..ough so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but—what's between."

The Coronation Stone removed from Scoone, in Scotland, by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey, is called *Jacob's Pillow*, because it has long been asserted to be the stone which Jacob rested his head on when he alighted and went to sleep, "the sun being set," as he was travelling from Beersheba to Haran, to solicit the hand of Rachel, one of the daughters of Laban. And it was when so sleeping, "that he dreamed he beheld a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven," &c.

The Year, from an old Almanack.—January, for new year's gifts; February, for pancakes and valentines; March, for leeks in Wales; April, for fools; May, for milk-maids and their garlands; June, for green peas and mackarel, beans and bacon; July, for hay in the country; and August, for corn; September for oysters; October, for brewing good beer; and November, for drinking it. After all these have passed, some for work, but all for eat and drink. After all comes December, with the barns full of corn, the larders full of beef and pork, the barrels full of beer, the ovens full of Christmas pies, the pockets full of money, the masters and mistresses full of charity, and the young men and maids full of play.

As the Emperor Basilius Maredo was exercising himself in hunting, in which he took great delight, a great stag running furiously against him, fastened one of the branches of his horn in the Emperor's girdle, and dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life, which a gentleman of the retinue perceiving, drew his sword, and cut the Emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person: but observe the reward—he was sentenced to death, for putting his sword so near the person of the Emperor, and suffered accordingly.

AN AMAZON.—A Bill has passed the Houses of Assembly of Pennsylvania, granting an annuity to Molly Macauley, for services she rendered during the revolutionary war. It appeared, this heroine had braved the hardships of the camp, and dangers of the field, with her husband, who was a soldier of the revolution, and the Bill in her favour passed without a dissenting voice.

ON TWO UNIVERSITIES.

'Tis no wonder why Oxford and Cambridge abound
In such excellent stores of deep learning profound;
Since so many we see come from thence every day,
And scarce ever are known to bring any away.

A circumstance of a very extraordinary nature lately occurred in Pembrokeshire. Daniel Evans, of Llanuwthan, near Fishguard, impelled by a *benevolent* wish of providing a coffin for the interment of his wife (who was considered dangerously ill, but is now in a fair way of recovery), went to the above town for that purpose; but, so narrow and imperfect is human foresight, that, after having completed the bargain, he became intoxicated, returned home that evening, and at ten o'clock the following morning, he himself stood in need of the same article, which was kindly intended for his beloved spouse.

EPIGRAM.

When dress'd for the evening, the girls now a days
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave,
Nor blame them; for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for *Eve*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Geographical Description of the Isle of Matrimony in our next. The favours of Hudson, W. L-e, E. S. E., Jacobus, Fox, E. G., Plus-ultras, L. G., Philo, and D. Butler, have been received. The song of the "Highland Lassie," in our last, erroneously ascribed to Mr. Pringle, was written by our kind correspondent Tom Tobyklu.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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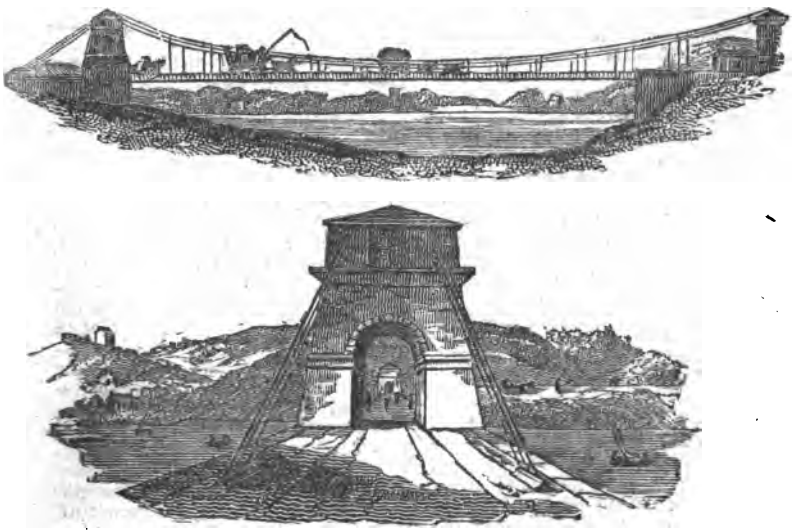
## Iron Suspension Bridge over the Tweed.



Our engraving this week represents one of those extraordinary results of mechanical science which peculiarly distinguish the age in which we live; it is a correct viewing of the Patent wrought-iron-bar Bridge of Suspension which has been recently erected over the river Tweed, at Norham-ford, near Paxton, in Berwickshire, by Captain Samuel Brown, of the Royal Navy, who on this, as on many other occasions, has proved himself an able and ingenious engineer.

The earliest bridges of suspension of which we have any account are those of China; a country so far behind this in mechanics, that it is quite surprising we should be able to learn any thing from it. In the province of Koei-cheou, there is a bridge called the Iron-bridge, which consists of chains of iron reaching over the river, which is extremely deep and rapid, though not very broad. On each bank are raised two massy piles of masonry, to which are fastened chains that cross to the opposite side, and on these are laid broad planks.—Some of the chain bridges of China are of great extent; and Major Rennell also describes a bridge of this kind over the Sampoo, in Hindostan, of about six hundred feet in length.

In the United States of America, chain or wire bridges are very frequent; and near Philadelphia there is one of the latter description of singular strength and lightness. Although it extends over a space of upwards of four hundred feet, and is sufficiently strong to bear almost any number of persons upon it, yet the whole weight of the bridge does not amount to more than 4702 lbs. including the wire 1314 lbs. wood work 3360, and 8 lbs. of nails. Four men would construct such a bridge as this in two months, and the whole expense would not exceed sixty guineas!

In South America, suspension bridges over rivers and ravines are often constructed of ropes. A remarkable bridge of this sort, called the Penipe, crosses the Chambo, in Peru. It is suspended over a ravine, and is about eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This bridge is about a hundred and twenty feet long, and seven or eight broad. In some instances there is only

a single rope, from which the traveller is suspended in a basket, and drawn across, while his mule fords the stream or clambers through the ravine.

The first chain bridge constructed in this country was Winchbridge, over the river Tees, forming a communication between the counties of York and Durham: but the greatest achievement in the art of making a suspension bridge is that of which our engraving gives so correct a representation. This bridge, which is called the Union Bridge, was begun in August 1819, and was opened in July 1820, being executed in less than one-third of the time it would have taken to erect a stone bridge.

The chains of this bridge are twelve in number, ranged in pairs; the one pair being placed over the other, between the points of suspension on each side of the bridge. These chains, and indeed the whole of the iron-work, is made of the best Welsh iron. The chains are worked into a circular form, and measure about two inches in diameter. The links, as they may be termed, consist of rods of fifteen feet in length, and have bolt-holes, which are strongly welded, and neatly finished at each end. These links or rods are connected together by strong shackles, and a bolt is passed through them, which is of an oval form, measuring 2¼ by 2½ inches. At each joint of the three tiers of the catenarian chains respectively, one of the saddle pieces of cast-iron are introduced. The first saddle-piece, with its suspending rod, for example, on either side of the bridge, may be conceived as resting on the upper pair of chains; the next saddle-piece in the longitudinal direction of the roadway, rests upon the middle pair of chains, and the third upon the lower pair, and so on alternately, throughout the whole extent of the bridge. By this means all the chains bear an equal strain, and the joints are arranged in so precise and orderly a manner, that a saddle-piece and perpendicular suspending-rod occurs at every five feet, so that the distance between each pair of suspending-rods forms a space of five feet. The spaces of five feet between the suspending-rods are formed into meshes of six inches square, the height of five feet on each side of the bridge, and answer the purposes of a parapet wall for the safety of passengers.

Though the timber roadway is only about 361 feet in length, yet the chord-line of the main-chains measures no less than 432 feet between the points of suspension, with which they make an angle of about 12°, and in forming the catenarian curve-drop, at the rate of one perpendicular to about seven feet in the length of chain, the versed sine of the middle pair of chains being about 26 feet. The twelve main-chains, with their apparatus, weigh about five tons each, and the weight of the whole bridge, between the points of suspension, has been estimated at 100 tons.

On the Scotch side of the river, the catenarian chains pass over a pillar of ashlar masonry, which measures sixty feet in height, is about thirty-six feet in its medium width, and seventeen and a half feet in thickness. The sides of the lower ten feet of the walls of this pillar are square, but at this height the walls begin to slope at the rate of one perpendicular to twelve horizontal. The archway in the masonry of this pillar, which forms the immediate approach to the roadway, measures twelve feet in width, and seventeen feet in height. Each pair of main chains, being suspended horizontally, pass through corresponding apertures in the masonry, at the distance of about two feet above one another, and go over rollers connected with the building. The links of the main chains at these points are made as short as the strength or thickness of the iron will permit of their being welded, in order that they may pass over the rollers, without distorting or unduly straining the iron. After going through the masonry of the pillar, the chains are continued in a sloping direction to the ground. Here they are sunk to the depth of twenty-four feet, where they pass through great ballast-plates of cast-iron, into which they are stopped by a strong iron spear or bolt, of an oval form, measuring three inches by three and a half inches in thickness. The cast iron ballast plates measure six feet in length, five feet in breadth, and five inches in thickness in the central parts; but towards the edge, they diminish in thickness to two and a half inches. The ends of the chains thus fixed are loaded with mound-stones and earthy matters, to the level of the roadway of the bridge.

On the south side of the Tweed, the pillar or tower of masonry forming the abutment or point of suspension, is built upon a bench or foundation, excavated in the face of a precipitous sandstone rock, and is only about twenty feet in height, but its other dimensions correspond with the upper part of the masonry on the Scotch side.

The roadway is made of timber, on which iron cart-tracks are laid for the carriage wheels. It is eighteen feet in width, and 361 feet in length. The main beams or joisting measures fifteen inches in depth, and seven inches in thickness. The timber flooring or planks are twelve inches in breadth, and three inches in thickness. This great platform is suspended at the height of twenty-seven feet above the surface of the summer water of the river. It is also made to rise about two feet in the centre, and is finished on each side with a cornice of fifteen inches in depth.

The roadway is suspended from the catenarian or main chains by circular rods of iron, which measure one inch in diameter. These perpendicular rods are wedged into caps or pieces of cast-iron, called saddles, which are placed at the distance of five feet apart, and are made to rest upon the shackles or joints of the chains. The attaching of the lower ends of these rods to the beams of the platform which they pass through, is by their embracing a bar of iron which runs along the whole extent of the bridge under the beams of the roadway, on each side. These bars measure three inches in depth, and they are connected with the suspending rods by a spear or bolt, which, in a very simple manner, completes the connexion of the roadway with the perpendicular suspending rods, and chains.

The whole works of the Union-bridge, for masonry, carpentry, and smithery, were undertaken by Captain Brown for the sum of about 5,000*l*., whilst the execution of a bridge of stone must have cost at least four times that sum. The object of its projector, says Mr. Stevenson (from whose paper we abridge this article), was not the realization even of the cost of this bridge, but chiefly with a view to show the application of chain-cables to his favourite object of bridge-building. The trustees for this bridge have, however, presented Captain Brown with 1000 guineas since the completion of the work, over and above his estimated price.

## THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

"How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake.....
.....there's a fearful point."
ROMEO AND JULIET.

In the *Causes Celèbres*, we find the following romantic story related as having actually occurred in France, and been the cause of a judicial proceeding in the courts of that country; with what truth will be afterwards seen.

"Two merchants, living in the street St. Honorius, were connected with each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortunes, and both engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son, who, in his turn, was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits authorized by both fathers, who with pleasure observed the disposition of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the lady as a lover. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and, like a virtuous woman, discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such.

"We may readily suppose her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from her tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life.

"The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her lethargic paroxysm. It was no hard task to make her

entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf: so that, when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and, to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love.

"About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened: but as fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapturous love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well-known person made such an impression on his mind that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accosted her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her, fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning.

"As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorized to decide in similar cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her. To no other purpose did he represent, that, without the measures taken by himself, the lady would have been rotting in her grave,—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons, suggested by love, which is always ingenious where it is sincere. But, perceiving that the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and, accordingly, made his escape along with the lady to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits."

Some defects in the story, as thus given, will at once occur to every one. It is not said *when* it happened, or *what court* it came before; and to account for the want of any record of the judgment pronounced on the case, the parties are made to evade judgment by flying into a foreign country. It is, in fact, altogether, but an imperfect version of the incident which is said to have really occurred, not anywhere in France, but at Florence, during the great plague, in the year 1400. Dominico Maria Manni, who relates the story, says, that the sepulchre in which the lady was entombed alive was "pointed out even in his day;" and that the path by which she returned to the land of the living had, from this event, received, and was still known by the *Way of Death*. The name of the Florentine heroine was Ginevra de Amieri, and that of her lover Antonio Rondinelli. A father's tyranny, as in the French story, separated those whom nature seemed to have destined for each other; "bathed in tears, Ginevra received the wedding-ring from the hand of a man who had no place in her heart." On the breaking out of the plague, shortly after, she becomes ill, dies (to all appearance), and is buried the same day; "the law," says Manni, "not, perhaps, then existing, which requires that the dead should be kept at least twenty-four hours above ground"—Ginevra's lover does not, like the Gaul, disinter her on a mere speculation of restoring her to life—a clumsy and improbable contrivance; but, in the dead of night, Ginevra herself awakes in the tomb to all the horrors of her situation, forces her way out, and, as becomes a dutiful wife, (albeit in her shroud) hastens to her still weeping and disconsolate husband. A succession of adventures now awaits the wife alive again, which form, indeed, an admirable foundation for a *cause celebre*, although they do not appear to have been so esteemed by the French compiler, who has given the story a turn which excludes them entirely. On knocking at the door of her husband, he looks out from the window, and, terrified at the sight of what he conceives to be the ghost of his departed wife, he hastily conjures it to depart in peace, and, before there is time to undeceive him, shuts the window, and will not face the spirit again. Dreadfully shocked at this reception, poor Ginevra has scarcely life and strength enough left to reach her father's house; but there also her

appearance produces only terror and dismay, and a second time she is dismissed with a *Go in peace, blessed Spirit.* A beloved uncle lived not far distant, and to his door she crawled next. Alas! he is even more frightened than either husband or father; and, instead of the *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*, he is only able to stammer out some unintelligible ejaculations, while he slaps the door in her face. Ginevra could bear this denying of house and home no longer; she sunk on the ground "under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew," and fell as if she was now about to die in good earnest. A thought of her first lover, Rondinelli, now crossed her mind. "Ah!" sighed she, "he surely would not have thus turned me away." The idea gave, happily, a reviving turn to her thoughts. "And why," said she, "may I not try whether he will receive me now, that every one else rejects me?" The way was long to his house; but, gathering strength from the new hopes which began to animate her, she gained his threshold, and knocked. Rondinelli himself opened the door. He also thought the figure before him some unearthly visitant, but, nothing dismayed, asked it calmly "Whose spirit it was?" and "What it wanted?" Ginevra, tearing aside the shroud from her face, exclaimed with an agonized voice, "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, but who was buried—buried alive!" She could say no more, but dropped senseless into his arms. Rondinelli, whom one moment had made the most astonished, delighted, and yet alarmed of human beings, soon brought the whole of his family around the fair sufferer by his cries and exclamations. She was instantly put into a warm bed, and, with the help of proper restoratives, was, next day, able to join the family circle of her lover, and in a few days more was as healthy and blooming as ever! What was now to be done? Was Ginevra to return to the husband from whom the grave had separated her, and to whom she had never been attached? or was she to find a new one in the man she had first and always loved, and who had received her into his arms when all the rest of the world had, as it were, cast her out? Love and gratitude decided the question; and, with the consent and privity of Rondinelli's nearest relations, the two lovers were made one. Unlike the hero and heroine of the French tale, they fled not, however, to a foreign land to conceal their loves; for, on the first Sunday after their nuptials, they appeared publicly together at the cathedral of Florence. The friends of Ginevra instantly recognizing her, were confounded with astonishment; they crowded around her, and, as curiosity and affection dictated, showered on her their questions and congratulations. She explained to them the various circumstances attending her resuscitation; reminded them how one after another they had turned her from their doors; and declared that when thus rejected and disowned by her husband and kindred, she had found a protector (taking Rondinelli by the hand), in one to whom all her love and all her duty were now transferred. Her first husband, however, having no mind to be thus discarded, insisted strongly on his previous right, a right which, as he alleged, nothing but death *in earnest* could dissolve. An appeal was made to the bishop, with whom it lay to decide in such matters. The case was solemnly argued before him; and, to conclude the striking differences between the Italian story and the French version of it,—neither did the lovers evade the decision, nor had they any occasion to evade it. The bishop (Oh! most excellent bishop!) decided, that, under all circumstances, the first husband had forfeited all right, not only to the person of Ginevra, but to the dowry he had received with her, which he was ordered to pay over to Rondinelli.—*Relics of Literature.*

## MARCH.

Among the Romans, March was the first month; and in some ecclesiastical computations, that order is still preserved, as particularly in reckoning the number of years from the incarnation of our Saviour, which is done from the 25th of March. In England (before the alteration of the style), March, properly speaking, was the first month in order, the new year commencing from the 25th; though, in complaisance to the customs of our neighbours, we usually ranked it as the third; but, in this respect, we spoke one way and wrote another. Till the year 1564, the French reckoned the beginning of their year from Easter, so that there were two months of March in one year, one of which they called *March before Easter*, and the other *March after Easter*; and when Easter fell within the month of March, the beginning of the month was in one year, and the end in another.—It was Romulus who

divided the year into months: to the first of which he gave the name of his supposed father, Mars. Ovid, however, differs from this account. In this month it was that the Romans sacrificed to Anna Perenna; that they began their comitia; that they adjudged their public farms and leases; that the mistresses served the slaves and servants at table, as the masters did in the Saturnalia; and that the vestals renewed the sacred fire. The month of March was always under the protection of Minerva, and always consisted of 31 days. The ancients held it an unhappy month for marriage, as well as the month of May.—The following are English proverbs relating to this month:—"March hack-ham comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb." "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom.*" "March winds and May sun, make clothes white and maids dun." "The March sun causeth dust, and the wind blows it about."

P. T. W.

* For dust helpeth the fruitfulness of trees, insomuch as they cast dust upon them: that powdering, when a shower cometh, making a soiling to the trees, being earth and water finely laid on.

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## ST. DAVID'S DAY—THE FIRST OF MARCH.

*March*, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crackt cheeks,
By wilder Welshmen led, and *crown'd with leeks*. CHURCHILL.

St. David, Archbishop of Menevy, now from him called St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, flourished in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, and died at the age of a hundred and forty years. See Pitt's de illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus.

We read in the Festa Anglo-Romana, small 8vo. Lond. 1678, p. 29, that "the Britons on this day constantly wear a leek, in memory of a famous and notable victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats for their military colours, and distinction of themselves, by the persuasion of the said prelate, Saint David." Another account adds, that they were fighting under their king Cadwallo, near a field that was replenished with that vegetable.

So Mr. Walpole, in his British Traveller, tells us: "in the days of King Arthur, St. David won a great victory over the Saxons, having ordered every one of his soldiers to place a leek in his cap, for the sake of distinction; in memory whereof the Welsh to this day wear a leek on the 1st of March."

Mr. Jones, Bard to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, communicated the following lines, which he extracted from a manuscript in the British Museum: a collection of Pedigrees made by one of the Randall Holmes. Harl. MS. 1977, fol. 9.

"I like the Leeke above all herbes and flowers,
When first we wore the same the field was ours.
The Leeke is white and greene, wherby is ment
That Britaines are both stout and eminent;
Next to the Lion and the Unicorn,
The Leeke the fairest emblyn that is worne."

In the "Royal Apophthegms," of King James, &c. 12mo. Lond. 1658, I read the following in the first page: "The Welshmen, in commemoration of the great fight by the Black Prince of Wales, do wear leeks as their chosen ensign," and the Episcopal Almanack for 1677 states that St. David, who was of royal extraction, and uncle to King Arthur, "died, aged a hundred and forty-six years, on the 1st of March, still celebrated by the Welsh, perchance to perpetuate the memory of his abstinence, whose contented mind made many a favourite meal on such roots of the earth."

The commemoration of the British victory, however, appears to afford the best solution of wearing the Leek.

For a Life of St. David, Patron Saint of Wales (who, according to a Welsh pedigree, was son of Caredig, Lord of Cardiganshire, and his mother Non, daughter of Ynyr, of Caer Gawch,) see Anglia Sacra, vol. II. The battle gained over the Saxons, by King Cadwallo, at Hethfield or Hatfield Chace, in Yorkshire, A. D. 633, is mentioned in Britannia Sancta, vol. II. p. 163: in Lewis's Hist. of Britain, p. 215, 217: in Jeffrey of Monmouth, Engl. Translat. Book XII. chap. 8 and 9: and in Carte's History of England, vol. I. p. 228.

In Shakspeare's play of "King Henry the Fifth," Act V. Sc. 1, Gower asks Fluellen, "But why wear you your leek to-day? St. Davy's Day is past." From Fluellen's reply we gather, that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Pistol, whom he afterwards compels to eat the leek, skin and

all, in revenge for the insult; quaintly observing to him, "When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them, that is all." Gower too upbraids Pistol for mocking "at an ancient tradition—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour."

Owen, in his Cambrian Biography, 8vo. Lond. 1803, p. 86, says, "In consequence of the Romances of the middle ages, which created the Seven Champions of Christendom, St. David has been dignified with the title of the Patron Saint of Wales: but this rank, however, is hardly known among the people of the Principality, being a title diffused among them from England in modern times. The writer of this account never heard of such a Patron Saint, nor of the leek as his symbol, until he became acquainted therewith in London." He adds, "The wearing of the leek on St. David's Day probably originated from the custom of Cymhortha, or the neighbourly aid practised among farmers, which is of various kinds. In some districts of South Wales, all the neighbours of a small farmer without means, appoint a day when they all attend to plough his land, and the like; and at such a time it is a custom for each individual to bring his portion of leeks, to be used in making pottage for the whole company: and they bring nothing else but the leeks in particular for the occasion."

Early on the 1st of March, the young maidens of the village of Steban Hethe, now called Stepney, used to resort to Goodman's Fields, the only remains of which now not built upon is the Tenter-ground, in search of a blade of grass of a *reddish tint;* the charm being that the fortunate finder obtained the husband of her wishes within the month.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLE OF MATRIMONY.

The Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frozen zones, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very various and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring, this island experiences the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned, and there is perhaps no island rising above the surface of the ocean in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of Prudence sometimes remove the evils occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season, for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their *tender vines*, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom, by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blights from the eastern regions of luxury. The winters in this island are horrible indeed; for howling and freezing winds from the dreary regions of the north confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season the men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious, and scold immoderately.—There is one thing peculiar to this island (if we may believe what Voltaire says), "that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it." Whoever takes up his abode on this island, must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them, in which case it has frequently been observed that the surviving party has instantly quitted this island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and their partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants a *curtain lecture*, destroys all their felicity. Among the politer part of the inhabitants of this island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company; and it is too common for one to connive at the other's dealing in *contraband goods*, though the laws are very severe against it, and punish the offenders with heavy fines and disgrace. Yet the law has no terrors for many. The arms of this island, by which it is distinguished from all others, are, a plain ring, or, on a field sable, the supporters, Bacchus and Morpheus; the motto, misericordia mihi! and the crest, a death's head upon an hour-glass. The usual diversion of these people is cards, with which both parties frequently try who shall first ruin the other; but matrimonial partners

are never suffered to play in the same company, unless their behaviour announces them utter strangers to each other. People in general, on their first settlement in this island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is here called the *Honey Moon;* but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the island, find that what appeared to them at first as a most resplendent luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour of the imagination. Yet this island may be considered as the garden of pleasure and the centre of all human happiness, in comparison to Bachelor's Island, which is the abode of vexation, the den of discontent, and the vale of misery. EDWIN.

## EPITAPHS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—As you appear to appropriate a corner in the Mirror to the notice of singular Epitaphs, &c. I beg to send to you the following, which has been recently engraven on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of St. Peter's (a village in the Isle of Thanet), the same being *without any date:*

"In memory of George Hill, who lost his life in the 28th year of his age, by a fall from the Cliff at Kingsgate."

Underneath which is inscribed, *in pencil,*

"Against his will
Here lies George Hill;
Who from a cliff
Fell down quite stiff;
When it happened is not known,
Therefore not mentioned on this stone."

And lower down are the following lines (also in pencil)—

"At home, by the powr's, the Hills are not so;
With us they're above us—but here they're below."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
TOM.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

Puisque les choses sont ainsi, je pretend aussi avoir mon franc-parler.
D'ALEMBERT.

This is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular. Writers no longer talk in generals. All their observations are bounded in the narrow compass of self. They think only of number one. *Ego sum* is on the tip of every tongue and the nib of every pen, but the remainder of the sentence is unuttered and unwritten. The rest of his species is now nothing to any one individual. There are no longer any idiosyncrasies in the understanding of our essayists, for one common characteristic runs through the whole range. Egotism has become as endemical to English literature as the plague to Egypt, or the scurvy to the northern climes. Every thing is involved in the simple possessives *me* and *mine*—and we all cry out in common chorus,

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come mine own?

Since, then, the whole tribe of which I am an unworthy member, have one by one poured out their souls into the confiding and capacious bosom of the public; since the goodly list of scribblers, great and small, from the author of Eloise to the inventor of Vortigern—since the Wine-drinker, the Opium-eater, the Hypochondriac, and the Hypercritic, have in due succession "told their fatal stories out," I cannot, in justice to my own importance, or honesty to the world, leave the blank unfilled, which stands gaping to receive the Confessions of a Glutton, and thus put the last leaf on this branch of periodical personality.

I have one appalling disadvantage beside my contemporaries, in that want of sympathy which I am sure to experience from readers in general. Many a man will be too happy to acknowledge himself hypocondriacal—it is the fashion. Others are to be found in great abundance who will bravely boast of their spungy intemperance, and be proud of their brotherhood with the drunkard. Even opium-eating, like snuff-taking, may come into vogue, and find unblushing proselytes—but who will profess himself a slave to gluttony—the commonest failing of all! Nevertheless, with all the chances of public odium and private reprobation impending over me, I hasten to the performance of my duty, and I am proud to consider myself a kind of literary Curtius, leaping willingly into the gulf, to save my fellow-citizens by my own sacrifice.

The earliest date which I am able to affix to the developement of *my* propensity is the month of August 1764, at which period, being then precisely two years and two months old, I remember well my aunt Griselda having surprised

me in an infantine but desperate excess, for which she punished me with a very laudable severity. This circumstance made a great impression on me; and without at all lessening my *propensity*, added considerably to my prudence. My voracity was infinite, and my cunning ran quite in a parallel line. I was

"Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness."

I certainly eat more than any six children, yet I was the very picture of starvation. Lank, sallow, and sorrow-stricken, I seemed the butt against which stinginess had been shooting its shafts. I attacked every one I met with the most clamorous cries for cakes or bread. I watched for visitors, and thrust my hands into their pockets with most piteous solicitings, while aunt Griselda bit her lips for anger, and my poor mother, who was a different sort of person, used to blush to the eyes for shame, or sit silently weeping, as she contemplated the symptoms of my disgraceful and incurable disease. In the mean time every thing was essayed, every effort had recourse to, to soften down the savageness of my rage for food, or at least to turn what I eat to good account. I was pampered and crammed, with my increasing years, like a Norfolk turkey—I had an unlimited credit at the pastry-cook's shop, and the run of the kitchen at home, but in vain. The machinery of my stomach refused to perform its functions. I think I must have swallowed every thing the wrong way, or have been unconsciously the prey of an interminable intestine war; for every article of sustenance took, as it were, a peculiar and perpendicular growth, but never turned into those lateral folds of flesh, which produce the comfortable clothing of men's ribs in general. At fourteen years of age I was five feet ten inches high, covered almost entirely with the long hair that boys come home with at the Christmas holidays from a Yorkshire cheap academy—my bones forcing their way through my skin—and my whole appearance the fac-simile of famine and disease—yet I never had a complaint except not getting enough to eat.

I am thus particular as to my appearance at this period, in the hope, that by this exposure of an unvarnished portrait, I may excite some commiseration for sufferings, which did not proceed from my own wicked will. I was constitutionally a glutton: nature had stamped the impress of greediness upon me at my birth, or before it. In the sucking tenderness of infancy, and the upshooting of boyhood, it was the preponderating characteristic of my nature—no self-begot habit, growing on by little and little, fostered by indulgence, and swelled out, until it became too large for the constitution that enshrined it, like those geese-livers which are expanded by a particular preparation, until they become, as a body might say, bigger than the unhappy animals to which they belong. Will you not then, reader, grant me your compassion for my inadvertent enormities? Must I look in vain for the sympathising tear of sensibility falling to wash out the scorching errors of invincible appetite—as forcible at least as the invincible ignorance of heresy, for which even there is hope in the semi-benignant bosom of the church? To you I appeal, ye cooks by profession—ye gormandizers by privilege—to the whole board of Aldermen—to the shade of Mrs. Glass—to Mrs. Rundell, Doctor Kitchener, and the rest of the list of gastronomical literati, who, in teaching the world the science of good living, must have some yearnings, one would think, for those victims whom ye lead into the way of temptation.

But lest this unsupported appeal to the melting charities of mankind might be ineffectual in its naked exhibition, I shall proceed to cover it with a short detail of some of the particular horrors to which I have been a prey for upwards of half a century, and I think it must be a hard heart that will then refuse me its pity, and a ravenous maw that will not involuntarily close, to shut out the possibility of sufferings like mine.

Up to the age of fifteen, when I presented the appearance faintly sketched above, I may be considered to have gone on mechanically gormandizing, with nothing to distinguish my way of doing so from that common animal appetite which is given, in different proportions, to all that creep, or walk, or swim, or fly. Those vulgar gluttonies, thus eating for eating-sake, unconnected with mental associations, have no interest and no dignity. A man who supplies instinctively his want of food, without choice or taste, is truly *Epicuri de grege porcus*, or may be compared rather to the *Porcus Trojanus* of the ancients, a wild boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals—a savoury, punning parody upon the Trojan horse. Such a man is no better than a digest-

ing automaton—a living mass of forced meat—an animated sausage.

I was sent home from six successive schools, on various pretences; but the true reason was, that inordinate craving which no indulgence could satisfy. I eat out of all proportion; and my father was obliged to take me entirely to himself. My mother was miserable, but of inexhaustible generosity; my aunt Griselda was dead, and I had no check upon me. Doctors from all parts were consulted on my case. Innumerable councils and consultations were held, ineffectually, to ascertain whether that refrigeration of stomach, which they all agreed was the primal cause of my malady, was joined with dryness, contraction, vellication, or abstersion. They tried every remedy and every regimen, without success. The fact was, I wanted nothing but food, for which they would have substituted physic. So that between my mother and my physicians, I had both in abundance—and for the mind as well as the body. The ψυχης Ιατρειον was plentifully supplied me by my father, for I had natural parts, and loved reading. But the whole turn of my studies was bent towards descriptions of feasts and festivals. I devoured all authors, ancient or modern, who bore at all upon my pursuit. Appetite, mental as well as bodily, grew by what it fed on; and I continually chewed, as it were, the cud of my culinary knowledge. I rummaged Aristophanes for the Grecian repasts, and thumbed over Macrobius and Martial for the Roman. While seizing on every delicacy within my reach, I feasted my imagination with dainties not to be got at—the Phrygian attigan, Ambracian kid, and Melian crane. I revered the memory of Sergius Arata, who, we are told by Pliny, was the inventor of oyster-beds; of Hortensius the orator, who first used peacock at supper; of Vitellius, Apicius, and other illustrious Romans,

Their sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts.

These classical associations refined my taste, and seemed to impart a more acute and accurate power to my palate. As I began to feel their influence, I blushed for the former grossness of my nature, and shrunk from the common gratification to which I had been addicted. I felt an involuntary loathing towards edibles of a mean and low-lived nature. I turned with disgust from the common casualties of a family dinner, and began to view with unutterable abhorrence shoulders of mutton, beef, and cabbage, and the like. A feeling, I should rather say a *passion*, (the technical phrase at present for every sensation a little stronger than ordinary,) a passion seemed to have taken possession of my mind for culinary refinements, dietetic dainties—the *delicata fercula*, fit only for superior tastes, but incomprehensible to the profane. A new light seemed breaking on me; a new sense, or at least a considerable improvement on my old sense of tasting, seemed imparted to me by miracle. My notions of the dignity of appetite became expanded; I no longer looked on man as a mere mastigating machine—the butcher and sepulchre of the animal world. I took a more elevated view of his powers and properties, and I felt as though imbued with an essence of pure and ethereal epicurism, if I may so express myself—and why may I not!—my contemporaries would not flinch from the phrase.

My father was a plain sort of man—liked plain speaking, plain feeding, and so on. But he had his antipathies—and among them was roast-pig. Had he lived to our times, he might probably have been won over by a popular essay on the subject, which describes, in pathetic phrase, the manifold delights attending on that dish—the fat, which is no fat—the lean which is not lean—the eyes melting from their sockets, and other tender touches of description. Be this as it may, my unenlightened parent would never suffer roast-pig upon his table, and so it happened, that, at sixteen years of age, I had never seen one. But on the arrival of that anniversary, I was indulged by my mother with a most exquisite and tender two-months porker, in all its sucking innocence, and succulent delight, as the prime dish in that annual birth-day feast, to which I was accustomed, in my own apartment—all doors closed—no ingress allowed—no intruding domestics—no greedy companions to divide my indulgencies—no eyes to stare at me, or rob me of a portion of the pleasure with which I eat in, as it were, in vision, the spirit of every anticipated preparation, while savoury fragrance was wafted to my brain, and seemed to float over my imagination in clouds of incense, at once voluptuous and invigorating. Ah, this is the true enjoyment of a feast! On the present occasion, I sat in the full glory of my solitude—sublimely individual, as the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the Brother

of the Sun and Moon. The door was fastened—the servant evaporated; a fair proportion of preparatory foundation—soup, fish, &c.—had been laid in *secundum artem*—the *mensa prima*, in short, was just dispatched, when I gently raised the cover from the dish, where the beautiful porker lay smoking in his rich brown symmetry of form and hue, enveloped in a vapour of such deliciousness, and floating in a gravy of indescribable perfection! After those delightful moments of dalliance (almost dearer to the epicure than the very fullness of actual indulgence) were well over—after my palate was prepared by preliminary inhalements of the odorous essence—I seized my knife and fork, and plunged in *medias res*. Never shall I forget the flavour of the first morsel—it was sublime! But oh! it was, as I may say, the last; for losing, in the excess of over-enjoyment, all presence of mind and management of mouth, I attacked, without economy or method, my inanimate victim. It was one of my boyish extravagancies to conform myself in these my solitary feats to the strict regulations of Roman custom. I began with an egg, and ended with an apple, and flung into the fire-place (as there was no fire, it being summer season) a little morsel, as an offering to the *dii patellarii*.—On this occasion, however, I forgot myself and my habits—I rushed, as it were, upon my prey—slashed right and left, through crackling, stuffing, body, and bones. I flung aside the knife and fork—seized in my hands the passive animal with indiscriminate voracity—thrust whole ribs and limbs at once into my mouth—crammed the delicious ruin by wholesale down my throat, until at last my head began to swim—my eyes seemed starting from their sockets—a suffocating thickness seemed gathering (no wonder) in my throat—a fullness of brain seemed bursting through my skull, my veins seemed swelled into gigantic magnitude—I lost all reason and remembrance, and fell, in that state, fairly under the table.

This, reader, is what we call, in common phrase, a surfeit. But what language may describe its consequences, or give a just expression to the sufferings it leaves behind? The first awakening from the apoplectic trance, as the lancet of the surgeon gives you a hint that you are alive, when the only taste upon the tongue—the only object in the eye—the only flavour in the nostril, is the once-loved, but now deep-loathed dish! The deadly sickening with which one turns, and twists, and closes one's lids, and holds one's nose, and smacks one's lips—to shut out, and stifle, and shake off the detested sight, and smell, and taste: but in vain, in vain, in vain! But let me not press the point. Forty-two years have passed since that memorable day—forty thousand recollections of that infernal pig have flashed across my brain, and fastened on my palate, and fumigated my olfactories; and there they are, every one, as fresh—What do I say? a million times more fresh and more intolerable than ever. Faugh!—It comes again.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## RURAL FELICITY.

When Village Bells ringing,—and Village Lads singing,
Spreads news of a Wedding around;
Each heart beats with pleasure—to Joy's lyric measure,
And Ecstacy lives in the sound!
Strew'd with roses, the hours dance with rapture before us,
Each voice breathes the muse of Love's happy chorus;—
Round Cupid's gay shrine sweetest flowrets are springing,
The Maiden's cheeks burn while the Roundelay's singing,
And Lovers' hearts throb while they hear the peal ringing,
That tells of a Village's Wedding!

*New European Magazine.*

## PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. III.

### THE FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

A Frenchman in a luckless hour
Sought shelter from a sudden shower
Beneath a gateway, where he viewed
A sow with all her motley brood
Of little pigs: "Ah! ah!" quoth he,
Of colour quel diversite;
Beaucoup I admire dese little ting,
Mai foi, dey thought of eating bring;
En verite, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner;
But den de English laws so strick,
Dey people hang for such a trick;
And though de hunger be bad ting,
Me rather dat than take one swing;
But no one see, and if I 'scape,
And no fear come from my neck cape;
Oh den 'twould be a charmant treat,
Like gourmand, roasty pig to eat;
Ma foi, ma foi, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!"

The point thus argued, one he seized,
And placed beneath his coat well pleased:—
When piggy squeaked so long and loud,
As soon alarmed the neighbouring crowd;
The mother sow loud grunted too,
And piglings, to their brother true,
Soon gave the Frenchman cause to rue.
Swift off he ran—but closely follow'd;
Stop thief! stop thief! the people halloo'd!
In vain, alas! was all confession,
The pig was found in his possession;
Examined straight, and guilty found,
The culprit humbly bowed around,
And said—"Messieurs, attendez vous,
To what I now parlez to you—
'Tis true each vord vat I shall say,
Me be one gentilhomme François;
Me not know vat you call de-teef,
Hear de affair, and den belief;
De mama pig, and children six,
Me own, did my attention fix;
So to dis little pig I say—
Come live wid me a month, I pray;
Then English me did tink he speak,
For he cried out—*a week! a week!*
Well, I reply, de time's but small,
I take you for a *week*, dat's all."

## The Novelist.

No. XVI.

### THOR AND LOKE.

(A CELTIC TRADITION.)

The Hercules and Mercury of the Celts set out with a companion named Thialse in search of adventures. They found in a desert a rock hollowed into vast caverns, as they supposed, which, however, afterwards, they were convinced was only the glove which a giant had dropped. After several such strange events, they entered a city, whose gates and edifices proved that it was inhabited by a race immensely gigantic. The King of the place proposed, according to the custom of those days, that each of the three strangers should give a specimen of his skill in some art or exercise. Loke chose to exert his powers in eating, but he was foiled by an adversary, who not only consumed the meat that was provided for the contest, but also every bone. Thor, whose abilities as a drinker were affirmed to be invincible, found himself unable to empty a horn of liquor which was provided for him; and Thialse, though celebrated for swiftness, was easily vanquished by a puny antagonist. Thor met with two more uncommon humiliations: he was unable to lift from the ground the King's favourite cat, and was brought, in a wrestling match with a toothless old woman, to bend one knee to the ground.

These repeated foils to divinities of such vast power, must have been utterly unaccountable without the help of magic; and magic among the Celts was allowed to rival the power of their deities. In consequence, the King of the Giants, after having amused himself by ridiculing the travellers unmercifully, treated them with a hospitable meal, and having, under pretence of doing them honour, accompanied them out of his city gates—"Now," said he, "it is time to clear up all these mysteries. As to you, Loke, you are not to wonder that you were out-eaten by your antagonist. It was fire which rivalled you in gluttony, therefore the bones were as easy to destroy as the flesh. You, Thialse, could not be capable of out-stripping thought, and it was thought that you had to contend with. You, Thor, were ignorant that the horn at which you pulled so lustily was supplied by the sea, which was actually diminished by your astonishing draught. In your second contest, what your fascinated eyes took for my cat was the world, which, by your vast strength, you actually succeeded in moving. As to the apparently decrepid old woman, with whom you wrestled to some disadvantage, it was no other than *death*, who never before met with a being who could resist her powers." After this *denouement*, the Sorcerer prudently thought proper to vanish, together with his suite, city and all, being justly apprehensive that Thor, who was not fond of being played upon, and who was celebrated for his aversion to the giant tribe, might render the catastrophe, by the help of his club, a little too serious.

J. T. C.

## Miscellanies.

### SPLENDID FETE AT BALLYGROOGAGH.

Ballygroogagh-house, the hospitable mansion of Timothy O'Mulligan, was graced some time ago by the most elegant festivities, on the happy return of their eldest son from the north of Europe, where he had been *incognito* in the humble guise of cook to a whaler.

The principal entrance to the house was most handsomely decorated for the occasion: on one side was seen a

heap of manure, shaped like an ancient tumulus, and tastefully ornamented with hanging straws, &c.; on the other side appeared a stagnant pool, whose smooth surface was gently moved by a duck and drake, who muddled through it with uncommon vivacity and spirit: in perspective was seen a turf-kish, around which a pair of trowsers being carelessly thrown, gave a light and graceful finish to the whole scene.

About two o'clock, the approach of company was proclaimed by the distant clatter of wheel-cars; this deep sound, mingled with the finer tones of cur-dogs barking, whipped children crying, &c. produced a full and mellow volume of the most delightful harmony. The first arrival was that of the dowager Mrs. Fluggins, an eminent *accoucheure;* she was soon followed by the rest of the expected company, who speedily repaired to a grand rustic saloon, the walls of which were painted *a la soot-drop.*

Here a rich and finely-flavoured beverage was handed round in noble wooden vases, which the charming hostess, with bewitching simplicity, called *broth* in *noggins.* Dinner was shortly afterwards served up; a *plateau* was dispensed with, but its place was mostly supplied with a fine skate, cooked up in the Turkish fashion, with all its tails; near it a quarter of delicate veal, which had breathed its last sigh after an existence of five hours. On the central dish was placed a male bird, which, during a life of nine years, had increased to such a size as to excite the admiration of the whole company. There were many more rarities, such as are seldom to be met with at the most sumptuous tables.

After dinner some original sentiments and well-selected songs were given, a few of which are the following:

Mr. O'Mulligan—"A speedy rise to the price of pigs."

Song—*The night that I put the pig under the pot.*

Mr. O'Loughlin—"A merry go round to the foot organ."*

Song—*The weary pound of tow.*

Mr. M'Dade—"The weaver's harpsichord."†

Song—*A weaver boy shall be my dear.*

When the pleasures of the festive board were concluded, preparations were made for dancing. The orchestra, an antique of the most simple beauty, was an inverted creel, on which a single minstrel sat, the interest of whose appearance was much heightened by the loss of his left eye. Mr. Patrick O'Mullaghan, disliking the monotony of the waltz, and the vagaries of a quadrille, opened the ball by dancing a jig with Miss Judy Higgins; they were soon followed by Master Charles M'Dade, who floated into a reel with Miss Nancy Fluggins. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and the elegant revellers parted with mutual regret. We subjoin a description of some of the most admired dresses worn on the occasion, which, from their striking costume, will doubtlessly be the standard for fashionable imitation.

*Ladies' Dresses.*—Mrs. O'Mullaghan—A loose bed-gown robe of linsy-woolsy, petticoat to match, two-and-sixpenny shawl, thrown with graceful negligence over the shoulders; pincushion and scissors suspended from the right side by red tape. Head dress, dowd and skull-cap.

Miss O'Mullaghan—Round gown of striped calico, habit-shirt embroidered *en gobble stitch.* Head-dress, bandalettes of scarlet sixpenny riband.

Miss Nancy O'Mullaghan—A superb old cotton gown, dyed blue for the occasion. Head-dress, crooked horn-comb, and splendid brass bodkin.

Dowager Mrs. Fluggins—Body and train of snuff-coloured stuff, petticoat of deep crimson; the brilliancy of this truly beautiful dress was increased by a pair of large ticken pockets, worn outside of the petticoat. Head-dress, a most valuable antique straw bonnet.

Miss Fluggins—A light drapery of plain yellow linen over a sprigged cotton gown, petticoat gracefully sprinkled with pure coloured spots. Head-dress, large velveteen band, with a mother-of-pearl *button* in front; black worsted stockings, *a la Caraboo.*

*Gentlemen's Dresses.*—Mr. O'Mullaghan—A wallicoat of white drugget, deep blue inexpressibles—wig unpowdered.

Mr. Patrick O'Mullaghan—Jacket and trowsers of blue frize—cravat a blue and white handkerchief.

Mr. Gully—A brown jacket, handsomely patched at the elbows with grey cloth—waist chequer. This gentleman's declining to wear shoes, gave a peculiarly cool and easy freedom to his fine figure.

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* A spinning-wheel. † A loom.

## CHAMOIS HUNTING.

Three hunters were in pursuit of a Chamois, on a glacier which was so

covered with snow, that it was impossible to see the deep chasms into which, when melting, the water precipitated itself in torrents. The foremost of them was walking over one of these treacherous abysses, when the snow gave way, and the poor fellow disappeared. In spite of his fright, he fortunately retained sufficient presence of mind to throw out his arms and legs, when falling in such a manner as to remain suspended between two walls of ice, with a view of the torrents roaring as they fell into the horrid gulph beneath him. His comrades having lost sight of him, began to be apprehensive that he had met with some accident; and on making the signal, previously concerted among themselves, they knew that he was in danger, and required immediate assistance. They returned as speedily as possible to the nearest hamlet, (a good league distant) in quest of cords. Disappointed of finding any, they took a miserable bed quilt, cut it in strips, which they tied together, and flew to the spot where they had left their unfortunate companion, who had continued during all this time in his painful position. They let down the cord they had contrived to make, and which the poor fellow fastened round his body: but oh, horror! at the very moment they had pulled him up to the brink of the precipice, the rope broke, the wretched man fell a second time into the yawning gulph; and to add to his misfortune, broke his arm. His comrades, however, joined the rope, twisted it to make it stronger, and threw it again to their companion, who, notwithstanding the fracture of his arm, fastened it round him, and was at length extricated from his most perilous situation.

## MURDERS WITHIN THE TOWER.

In 1092 a violent tempest did great injury to the Tower; but it was repaired by William Rufus and his successor. The first added another collateral building on the fourth side, between it and the Thames, which was afterwards called St. Thomas's Tower: beneath that was Traitor's Gate, through which state prisoners were brought from the river: and, under another, properly enough called the Bloody; for, until these happier ages, there was little difference between confinement and the scaffold, or private assassination.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

Here fell the meek usurper Henry VI. by the dagger of the profligate Gloucester. Here, full of horrors died, by the hands of hired ruffians, the unsteady Clarence. Here the sweet innocents, Edward V. and his brother, perished, victims to the ambition of their remorseless uncle. And the empoisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury makes up the sum of the known murders, the reproaches of our ancient fortress. We have here a straight-room, or dungeon, called, from the misery which the unhappy occupier of this very confined place endures, the Little Ease. But this will appear a luxurious habitation when compared with the inventions of the age of Louis XI. of France; with his iron cages, in which persons of rank lay for whole years: or his oubliettes, dungeons made in the form of reversed cones, concealed with trap-doors, down which dropped the unhappy victims of the tyrant. Sometimes their sides were plain, sometimes set with knives or sharp-edged wheels: but, in either case, the devoted were certain to fall into the land where all things bore little resemblance to that which they left behind.

T. H. A.

## INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF THE LATE DR. JENNER.

Britons! approach, and view with sorrowing eyes
This sacred tomb, where matchless JENNER lies;
The weeping muse can never half proclaim
The benedictions that attend his name;
Nor sum the praises of the wise and just
That crown his honour'd and lamented dust;
Enough for her in mournful strains to tell
That nature sicken'd when she heard his knell,—
That half mankind were rescued through his skill
From black contagion's most invet'rate ill—
Found in his genius health and grace repose,
And comforts to alleviate their woes!
Then Britons! here your grateful tears bestow,
And bless the sacred shade that sleeps below!

J. G.

### THE HONEST ENGLISHMAN'S WISH.

From bad health, and bad weather, and party's dull strife;
From an insolent miss and a troublesome wife:
From the kindred of such (or by father or mother)
Who most wisely delight in the plaguing each other:
From noisy companions and brew'd tavern wines;
From the wretch who can cant while he mischief designs:
From the dealers in wit, full of scandal and lies;
From a friend who betrays whilst he seems to advise:
From a wrong-headed race of mean narrow-soul'd fools,
Who are fond of their fleecers, and proud of being tools:
From curses like these, if kind heav'n defends me,
I will never complain of the fortune it sends me.
May good sense and good nature be my honest praise,
And I envy not great ones the millions they raise.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

During the French Revolution, a nobleman, who was unwilling to comply with the decree for effacing his arms from his carriage, caused a painter to surround them with a light cloud, through which they still remained visible, and underneath he wrote, *it will pass over*;—the Commandant of the district, however, put the carriage into the hands of another painter, who totally effaced the armorial bearings, leaving in their place this motto—*it has passed over.*

HAYDN.—The celebrated Haydn composed, from his 18th to his 73d year, 113 overtures; 163 pieces for the viola di Gamba, 20 divertismentos for various instruments, 3 marches, 24 trios, 6 violin solos, 15 concertos for different instruments; 30 services, 83 quartetts, 66 sonatos, 42 duets, 2 German puppet-operas (a performance which the Empress Maria Theresa was much attached to), 5 oratorios, 365 Scotch airs, and 400 minuets and waltzes. He was born in 1733, and died May, 1809.

CHARLES THE SECOND.—Soon after the Rye-house plot was discovered, thinking to be severe on the character of his brother, he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The Duke, one day, returning from hunting with his guards, found the King in Hyde Park. He expressed his surprise how his Majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time. "James," replied the King, "take you care of yourself, and I am safe. No man will kill ME to make YOU king!"

MINOR MISERIES.—Shaving after a frosty walk, (when the face is pimpled, skin tender, and hand tremulous), with cold pump water, hard brush, ropy soap, and a blunt razor. Also, shaving with a blister behind each of your ears.

A lady requested her servant to call at a Library for Bracebridge-Hall and Pen Owen; the servant asked for Bracebridge-Hall, and to shew (as he said), the particularity of his mistress, informed the librarian that he had sent a pen short in the last quarter of a hundred. The lady called the next day, and was much displeased that Pen Owen was not sent; the person that attended the library, assured the lady it was not asked for, but the servant had made the mistake, in saying, that there was a pen short, instead of asking for the book, Pen Owen.

POETICAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR A BRACE OF WOODCOCKS.

My thanks I'll no longer delay,
For birds you have shot with such skill,
But though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them brought in a bill.

I mean not, my friend, to complain,
The matter was perfectly right,
And when bills such as these come again,
I'll always accept them at sight.

LEGACY.

Good Master Tapster, I observe
Three Crosses at your door:
Hang up your odd, ill-tempered wife,
And then you will have four.

EPITAPH IN HIGH WYCOMB CHURCH-YARD.

Death is a fisherman—the world we see
A fish-pond is, and we the fishes be;
He sometimes angler-like doth with us play,
And slyly takes us—one by one away.

## EPITAPH ON A WATCH-MAKER IN ABERCONWAY CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies, in an horizontal position,
the 'outside case' of
'Peter Pendulum, watch-maker,'
whose abilities in that line were an
honour to his profession;
integrity was the 'main spring,'
and prudence the 'regulator'
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his
'motions,'
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know
'his key'—
Even then, he was easily
'set right' again.
He had the art of disposing his time so
well, that his 'hours' glided away
'in one continued round'
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky 'minute' putting
a period to his existence,
he departed this life, 'wound up,'
in hopes of being 'taken in hand'
by his 'Maker,'
and of being thoroughly 'cleaned, re-
paired,' and 'set a-going'
in the world to come.

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### A FRAGMENT.
BY LORD BYRON.

When, to their airy halls, my fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptor'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns;
No lengthen'd scroll of virtue and renown;
My epitaph shall be my name alone:
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

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### EPIGRAM.

Tom taken by Tim his new mansion to view,
He observed 'twas a big one, with win-
dows too few.
"As for that," replied Tim, "I'm the
builder's forgiver,
"For taxes 'twill save, and that's good
for the *liver*."
"True," says Tom, "as you live upon
farthings and mites,
"For the *liver* 'tis good—but 'tis bad
for the *lights*."

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LASTING WEAR.—A friend was complaining to Colman that he should be obliged to change his tailor, as he found that a suit of clothes would not last him above half the time it ought to do; and inquired if he could recommend him any place where he could meet with apparel more durable.—"Yes," said Colman, "I can recommend you to Chancery, and there you may have a *suit* that will last you your life."

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of several old and some new correspondents have been received, and are under consideration.

Tom Tobykin in our next.

The Visit to the House of Shakspeare, sent us by a correspondent, has been anticipated in No. XIII. of the Mirror; as the inquiry of G. Hayes has been in No. IV.

We can assure J. W. F. that our neglect of his pieces has been purely unintentional; we may, however, observe that what is termed *Original* Poetry, though one of the most numerous classes of contributions, is not the most acceptable. We shall turn to our portfolio, and either insert or return his pieces according to his wish.

"A Constant Reader" is quite indignant that we have not noticed his contribution: now as we have at least a dozen regular correspondents under that signature, we must request him to be more particular in his description.

We thank R. F. for his amusing correspondence; but are not sure how far we can avail ourselves of his kindness. We shall, however, give an answer next week.

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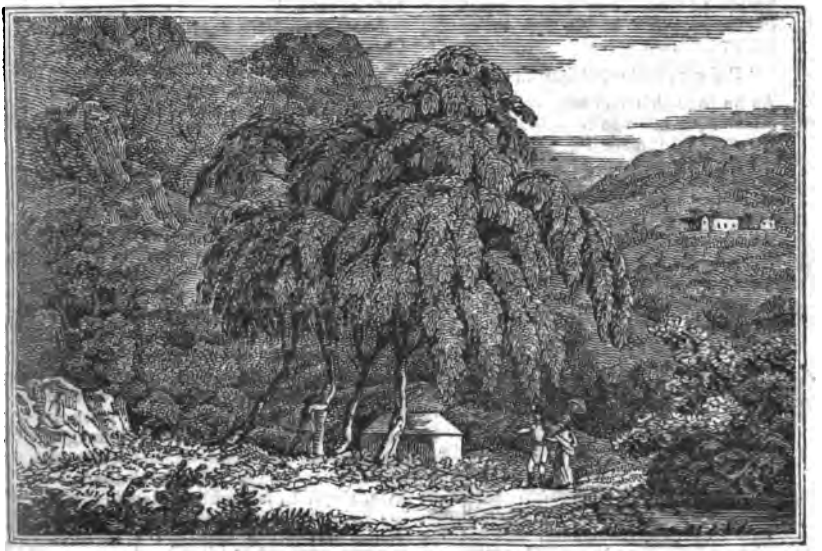
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XIX.] SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1823. [PRICE 2*d*.


## Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena.



Few individuals of any age or country ever occupied so large a portion of public attention, or so excited the astonishment of the world, as Napoleon Bonaparte, whose unassuming tomb on the barren rock of St. Helena, forms the subject of our present engraving. Thus he who but yesterday might

"Have stood against the world, now lies he there,
And none so poor as do him reverence."

Napoleon Bonaparte, "a name at which the world grew pale," who from an humble situation in life created a mighty empire, and placed himself at its head, was born at Ajaccio, in the Island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, the same year that gave birth to our great Captain, the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon was educated at the military school of Brienne, in France. At an early age he entered into the Republican service, and greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, at the time it was in possession of the English. Though at this time very young, he felt that

—"energy divine of great ambition,
That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
And ripen 'em to men, in spite of Nature."

A few years sufficed to place him at the head of the French armies and the French republic. In 1804, he was raised to the throne under the title of Emperor of the French, and crowned by the Pope. The whole continent of Europe soon owned his power: three of his brothers and a brother-in-law, with one of his Generals, were placed on the thrones of Spain, Holland, Naples, Sweden, and Westphalia, which was raised into a kingdom: the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg were created Kings; the Emperor of Germany was compelled to relinquish the title, and accept that of Emperor of Austria; and the King of Prussia, whose capital was several times in possession of Napoleon, retained his title but as a feudal tenure. Such was at one time the power of Napoleon, until, tempting fortune too far, he suffered

reverses, and, after the battle of Waterloo, threw himself on the generosity of the British nation—a generosity which consigned him to the Island of St. Helena. From this captivity the hand of death released him on the 5th of May, 1821, after an illness of six weeks. He gave directions about his affairs and papers until five or six hours before he died. One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which marks the

"Ruling passion, strong in death."

As he found his end approach, he was habited, at his own request, in his uniform of field marshal, with boots and spurs, and placed on a camp-bed, on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and preferred to every other. In this dress he expired. Though Bonaparte is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the by-standers that it was so near. His attendants wished his body to be conveyed to Europe; but on opening the will, it was found that he had left a request that it should be interred in the island, and pointed out the spot where he wished his remains to rest, in a beautiful valley under the pendant branches of the combined shade of several flourishing weeping willows, near his favorite spring, and not far distant from the place of his residence. The grave was ten feet long, ten deep, and five wide: the bottom is a solid rock; the sides and ends are walled in with Portland stone; the top of the grave is elevated about eight inches above the surface of the ground, and covered over with three rough slate stones which had been taken from the kitchen floor of the new house, that had been constructed for his residence. The tomb was railed round with green railing, and a sentinel walked round it night and day, to prevent approach within the railing. There was no inscription upon the tomb. The ground surrounding it, it was understood, was to be laid out as gardens, for the accommodation of those who came to visit the grave of the departed Emperor.

The cemetery of Napoleon is a singular instance of adaptation to the character of the individual buried—a vast rock rising out of the ocean, alone, towering, unshaken and magnificent; a perfect emblem of the genius of the man, as it must appear in future history. When the feminine apprehension of the magic of his name, or hatred to his ashes, that consigned them to such a grave, instead of bringing them to Europe, has subsided, and his virtues and vices are duly weighed, unwarped by modern prejudices, his name, connected with his gigantic exploits, will still more resemble the rock of St. Helena rising "majestic 'mid the solitude of time."

Shortly after the death of Napoleon, Captain Lockerby was at St. Helena, and visited his humble tomb.—While he was ruminating on the narrow spot, that contained all that remained of him that had awed the world, he observed some ladies, who, on their way from India to England in the Moira, had landed and were urged by similar curiosity, to visit the tomb. They had brought refreshments with them, and sat on the grass. One of them approached the well (which it was well known was a favorite of Bonaparte) and drew some water, which they drank. Whether the water tasted uncommonly sweet after that to which they had been so long accustomed on ship-board, or they conceived the Emperor had, in his rocky prison, relinquished the garb and "high imaginations" of the monarch, and assumed the manners and frugality of the anchorite, Capt. L. is unable to decide; but on drinking a draught, one of those ladies seriously observed, "How happy Bonaparte must have been to have such delicious water to drink!" Capt. L. could not help smiling at the philosophy of the female, who could find in a glass of pure water an antidote for the loss of health and liberty, and power, and domestic affection. The ladies filled their empty bottles at the well, observing that they would carry some of the chrystal beverage to England. Capt. L. followed their example, and brought a bottle of it to Liverpool.

We cannot better conclude our notice of this subject than by the following lines, written by a young and provincial poet (Mr. C. A. Hulbert, of Shrewsbury) on

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

The tempest is hush'd, and the Eagle is dead!
His thunderbolts fly, and his wings clap no more!
The plumes that to war and to victory led,
For ever lie folded on Helena's shore.

But where is the tomb that should mark the repose,
Of that bright flaming Comet on History's pages?
Or the shrine which the bay and the laurel crown strews,
Where the song echoes loudly—the Wonder of ages!

Beneath the deep shade of a mute willow only,
O'er his still honour'd relics pale History weeps:
And a letterless stone, midst its mountains so lonely,
Alone marks the spot where Napoleon sleeps.

A few heartfelt tears at his burial fell,
But no orphan, or parent or widow, was there,
And Friendship alone op'd its tear chrystal well,
To water the willows which mourn for him here.

But tears do not speak all the anguish of grief,
'Tis deeper, when pain stops the springs of the eye;
When the heart is confined and deprived of relief,
In the sweet balm of nature, the tear or the sigh.

And the soldier still heaves in his soul that deep sigh,
When he thinks on His glory, remembers His wars,
And with mourning of sorrow which never can die,
Still honours His name and is proud of his scars.

Immortal with man when mausoleums are rotten,
While Genius is honoured, and conquests enhance,
He shall need not the praise of the early forgotten,
His fame is impressed on the bosom of France!

Barren Isle! that dost hold in thy sea beaten bosom,
His ashes—be proud of the treasure that's there;
For Pilgrims for ages shall scatter their blossom,
Till thy deserts smile lovely, thy rocks become fair.

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## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE EPIGRAM CLUB.

The Clubs of London, in their variety and hostility, resemble the Clans of Scotland. The Highland lass ridicules the Lowland lads. So the spurred and booted member of Brookes's, casting an eye of scorn up the vista of Albemarle-street, dubs the Alfred a congress of blue-stocking old women. The Union sets at nought the Verulam, while the brethren of the latter think that, with the title of Lord Bacon, they have exclusively inherited no small portion of his learning and sagacity. The Beef-steak club meets under the roof of the Lyceum; Rich, its founder, was proprietor of Covent-garden theatre: *ergo*, its members must eat and drink within Thespian walls. Partridge would have dubbed this a *non sequitur*; but logic in his day was only in its infancy. The Thespian club assembles at Molard's tavern in Great Russell-street. Every syllable there uttered must smack of the side-scene. If you drink with your neighbour, it is "Measure for Measure." In raising the glass you exclaim, "So the King drinks to Hamlet:" and if you differ in opinion with the gentleman who sits next to you, you ejaculate with Marc Antony, "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth."

Not the least singular establishment of this kind is the "Unsuccessful" club at the Bedford, so called from its members having failed in dramatic writing. One damned farce entitles a man to be a member, *instanter*. If his comedy be withdrawn after the second night, he must be ballotted for. But if his tragedy be hissed off during the first act, he comes in by acclamation, and may order what dinner he pleases. The perpetual president, with a silver catcall at his button-hole, attained that eminence by a long career of damnation. He proudly boasts that, during a seven years' probation, his most endurable dramatic bantling was a melodrame that set every body asleep. He counts his hisses as a warrior does his wounds, and hopes in time, by dint of bad acting, to make the people in the pit tear up the benches.

The last association, and the only one, on which I shall dilate, is called the Epigram Club. Young Culpepper and Captain Augustus Thackeray are members. They assemble at the

Wrekin, and lately had a numerous muster to dinner.

On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer upon a table, whose dinted surface bore evident tokens of many former attacks of the same sort. Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society, that, there, nobody was required to sing: that it was Gothic barbarity to call upon a gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarseness: that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom: and, therefore, that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man was there called upon for a song, but every man for an epigram. Then, addressing himself to the member on his right, with the most amusing gravity, he exclaimed, "Mr. Merryweather, may I trouble you for an epigram?" Mr. Merryweather, thus accosted, begged to remind the company that on the Bow-street side of Covent-garden Theatre, stood a statue of Comedy and another of Tragedy. "You are right, Sir," said Culpepper, "and they both look so sober that it would puzzle Garrick himself to say which was which." "You have hit it, Sir," answered Merryweather; "upon that circumstance hinges my epigram. It is as follows:

With steady mien, unalter'd eye,
The Muses mount the pile;
Melpomene disdains to cry,
Thalia scorns to smile.

Pierian springs when moderns quaff,
'Tis plainly meant to show,
Their Comedy excites no laugh,
Their Tragedy no woe."

A pretty general knocking of glasses upon the table denoted that this sally told well; and the society, as in duty bound, drank Mr. Merryweather's health. "Mr. Morris," said the deputy chairman to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade at the Opera House?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation which is felt by a man who thinks he sees an opening for throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump, the leatherseller. He wore a Domino, but he wanted to go in character." "What character?"—"Charles the Second."—"Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?"—"My epigram."—"Oh, pray let us have it."—"Certainly:

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo," ejaculated the president. "Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Hampstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs, who for the last five minutes had been fidgetting and looking at his watch, with as much disengaged hilarity as falls to the lot of any married man, who is tied down to stage-coach hours, started from a reverie, and begged to inform the company, that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together. "Which circumstance," said Snaggs, "induced me to squib at them after the following fashion:

How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the Cure of souls,
And M. D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure,
One has the Cure without the Care,
And one the Care without the Cure."

The Secretary now read the report of the society, after which Mr. Daffodil being called upon, gave the following epigram:

"To Flavia's shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave
Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool."

This effort was received with some applause, but it did not quite amount to a hit. The company seemed to opine that knave and fool were not fit names to call a lady. It mattered little what they thought, young Daffodil had relapsed into his reverie. The following was pronounced considerably better:

"My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She doats on every thing she sees,
And every thing she doats on buys.

I with her taste am quite enchanted:
Such costly wares, so wisely sought!
Bought, because they may be wanted;
Wanted, because they may be bought."

The chairman's turn arriving, he gave the following:

"Two Harveys had a separate wish
To please in separate stations;
The one invented Sauce for fish,
The other Meditations.

Each has his pungent powers applied
To aid the dead and dying,
That relishes a Sole when fried,
This saves a soul from frying."

"Gentlemen," said the member whose turn was next in succession, "I have a weighty objection to all that has been hitherto uttered. An epigram should not be extended to eight lines; and I believe all that we have heard this evening have been of that length. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra*: if only two, so much the better. Allow me to deliver one which was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money:

Dear Bell, to gain Money, sure, silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

"I am quite of your opinion," said he who followed; "and in narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate husband upon his late wife, I mean to confine myself within the same Spartan limits:

Two bones from my body have taken a trip,
I've buried my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp*."

## MEDICAL AND MERCANTILE SMALL-TALK.

There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near Great Marlborough-street. "Oh, by-the-bye, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw."—"Ay! where did you get it?"—"From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball."—"What was the damage?"—"Oh, the fellow who sent him me, said if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle."—"Have you any part to spare? *(Waiter another chop.)*"—"Why, you may have a limb reasonable."—"Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject."—"What did you give?"—"Two shillings an inch, but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out of joint, to make it an inch longer. But didn't I tell you of the fun we had at Br——'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilish ill-hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as it was applied, the fellow—but wont you have some more porter? *(Waiter, another pint of port.)* The fellow lifted up his brawny arm and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the sexton at St. Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—'and shall justice be *defuted*?'—thwack—'and shall I be *chated* out of my shaving money?'*—thwack—'By Jasus I've floored him!'" "Capital!" cried Jenkins, "I wish I had been there. But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?"—"No, what was it?"—"Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half; the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so."—"Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St. Thomas's?"—"Why, some say Dr. A. and some say Dr. B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?"—"No, but I'm told it's clever: what do you think of the Moxa?"—"A deal of humbug."—"Have you a small skull?"—"Yes, I've two."—"Will you lend me one?"—"Oh, certainly."—"By-the-bye, where do you get your knives from?"—"From Millikin's."—"And your books?"—"I always go to Callow's." "By-the-bye, (whiff, whiff,) I think you havn't changed your dissecting coat, have you?"—"Hush, hush! the people about you will hear: they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamy* in the next box."—This was quite sufficient for me: I had been for some time aware

* I have since discovered that the Surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject before dissection.

of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it, than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

There is a peculiar richness and high-flavour in the confidential communications of a couple of merchants. "Cottons look lively."—"Yes, but ashes are very black."—"Pray do you hold much rum?"—"Dreadful storm last night: poor Jones! he underwrote 7,000*l.* last week. I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way, have you heard that K—— has been flying kites lately?"—"Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K——!"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The late Mr. Tresham used to relate that, while he resided at Rome, there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house; and, on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-room, and eat it before the person who gave the coin; as if in order to show he had put their money to a proper purpose.

A gentleman at Mr. T.'s related the following: A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop, with a penny in his mouth, to purchase a roll for breakfast: he had continued to do this for some time, when, at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and, picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who blamed the man for attempting to hurt the dog, when he resisted having the penny taken from him. The fellow took it in dudgeon, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be *funny* with the dog; accordingly, the next morning he made a roll hotter than the rest, and, when the dog arrived, he proffered it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bread, but, finding it too hot to hold, he dropt it: he tried it again—again it burned him; at length, as if guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker.

A dog, having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing, had the animal brought home, set his leg, and, having cured his patient, discharged him—aware that he would return to his old master; and the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognize him, by wagging his tail, and other demonstrations of joy. One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by this dog, who it appeared was striving to procure admittance for another dog, who had just had his leg broken!—*Monthly Magazine.*

## STANZAS,

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I KNEW thee in thy prouder days;
And still my memory clings
To social hours, whose brighter rays
Seem quivering o'er thy strings.
For yet upon those wires there dwells,
To fancy's kindling eye,
A silent charm, which wakens spells
Of moments long gone by—

When, 'mid the festive, friendly ring,
Which hail'd stern winter's night,
Those chords would round the circle fling
The tapers' mimic light;
And with that mimic light, and thee,
Would thoughts of song combine,
Which made me vow, in minstrel glee,
A wreath for thee to twine.

That dream is past! thy beauties now
Are dimm'd—thy chords are broken;
And I, who should redeem that vow,
Mourn o'er the faithful token.
As *Time* and *Chance*, relentless pair!
Thy fairy form have shatter'd,
So has *the world* or *worldly care*,
Thy poet's visions scatter'd!

*Lady's Magazine.*

## THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh what tongue may give utterance to, what pen pourtray, the intolerable terrors of my *dreaming* hours! For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quotidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multiform modifications, was ever before me. Every possible

form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal, was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing and persecuting me, in all the aggravation of the most exaggerated monstruosities. The scenery which accompanied these animal illustrations was always in keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes, as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision has begun to open upon me; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabanite or a Caraite, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old clothes-man; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strongly fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were of the strangest fantasy, but all presented some resemblance to a boar's head; while the hills showed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that presented the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork, and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights; and, turning my glances upwards, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantastic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught the peaks of the horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig-tails. Atoms then seemed springing from the sand; they were soon made manifest in all the caperings and gambols of a litter of sucking gruntlings. They began to multiply—with what frightful celerity! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colours. They began to grow bigger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no *waking* eye can bring into any possible admeasurement. I attempted to run from them: they galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seemed stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in *their* way, "Come eat me, come eat me!" At other times I pursued them, in the frenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them, but in vain; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying, in horrible chorus, "What a *bore*, what a *bore!* Bubble and squeak! Bubble and squeak!" with other punning and piggish impertinencies of the same cut and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and, rushing from behind between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert; then, gradually expanding to his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off, and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pig-stye, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork-shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering steams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move, immense Westphalian hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge flitches of bacon fell upon me, and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then frightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws, when, called in by my shriek, which was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid-looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choking with pork-pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from this peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular

hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making, on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury Cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnity of the Gothic pile. I entered, I forgot how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow stream of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the middle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a clustre of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in unutterable delight; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted to huge Bologna sausages; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows, were altered into portraits of black porkers; the railings of the different enclosures took the curved form of spare ribs; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar tune, and a confusion of voices sung,

"The pigs they lie," &c.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the mean time the bride approached; but what horror accompanied her! The wreath of roses braided round her head, was all at once a twisted band of black-puddings. Hog's bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of brawn; her muslin robe became a piebald covering of ham-sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh, horror! off a pair of pettitoes; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of THE PIG-FACED LADY!!! Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing, to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gravy came upon me once more; the pillars of the Cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and pease-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin crackled in my embrace, as I pressed to my bursting bosom the everlasting fac-simile of *a roast-pig!*—In after years I took a fit of melancholy enjoyment in setting afloat the humbug of the Pig-faced Lady.

I will not press upon the reader the manifold miseries that attended upon subsequent surfeits, for a period of more than five-and-twenty years. From what I have feebly sketched, some notion may be conceived of the nature and extent of my disorder. I need not, therefore, dwell on the consequences of my second memorable excess, which took place on the occasion of my eating turtle-soup for the first time. The misery in this matter was more from fright than from repletion; for when, after the sacrifice of repeated helpings of calipash and calipee, I found my teeth immoveably stuck together—in the style which my city readers well understand—I was seized with the horrible conviction that I had got a locked-jaw. Imagination worked so powerfully on this occasion, that when I had pulled my mouth wide-open, beyond even its natural capacity, (which is not trifling, believe me, reader), I sat for hours, roaring out for a dentist to punch in two or three of my front teeth, that I might get some sustenance introduced through a quill. Even when I perfectly recovered my senses, I was long before I could bear to sit a moment with my mouth shut, from the dread of a return of my imagined danger. Then came the *dreaming* again—the crawling tortoises; the clammy glutinous liquid; the green fat—but enough of this!

Repeated sufferings like these broke in upon the crust of my constitution, if I may use the trope; so that when I became of age, and possessed of a good fortune without incumbrance, by the demise of my father, and the second marriage of my mother, (who by that step forfeited her jointure, and with *it* every claim on my regard), I was in appearance a middle-aged man, and in mind a septuagenary, of the *common* sort I mean—I, like old Burton, had "neither wife nor children"—my

early attachment—my beautiful neighbour—the protopype—spare me the repetition, reader!—but *she*, you know, *she*—the LADY was lost to me for ever! She had but one failing, poor girl—nervousness, just then coming first into fashion; and she took it strongly into her head, that if she married me, I should play the part of the wolf with the Little Red Riding-hood, and eat her up one night in bed. To avoid this unusual and uncomfortable consummation of our nuptials, she discarded my suit altogether, and I lost her for ever. To get over the effects of this blow, I resolved to look for consolation in the joys of foreign cookery. I determined to travel, and I did travel, in pursuit of what I never have been able to discover—the art of allaying an uncontrolable appetite.—As for the love affair, I soon swallowed my grief.

I shall not enumerate my adventures in distant countries, nor detail my observations on objects foreign to my purpose. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* I shall therefore merely say, that having eaten frogs in France, macaroni at Naples, ollapodrida in Spain, opium in Turkey, camel's-flesh in Egypt, horse-flesh in Arabia, elephant-flesh in India, cat's-flesh in China, and hog's-flesh—no, never, never after the affair of the pig—it was a slip of the pen—I returned to England to sit down to plain beef and mutton; convinced that I had come back to the real, healthy, honest standard of good taste. In the broad interval, however, which I have jumped over so rapidly, I had many and many a visiting of direful consequence. At one time I fancied that I was doomed to die of starvation, and the excruciating agonies then endured from cholics and indigestions (proceeding from my even more than natural efforts to eat up to the standard of sufficiency) beggar all description. On another occasion a horrid apprehension oppressed me, that I should one day—but how express myself in English? I cannot; and I should have been silent per force, did not the *delicacies* of the French language come in to my aid—that I should one day, *me crever le ventre!* To guard against this expected calamity, I had a pair of stays made—yes, reader, I was the first of the dandies—the lacing and unlacing of which, before and after meals, was attended with torments more horrible than those pelting and pitiless showers imagined by Dante for the Gluttons of *his* Inferno.

I forget precisely how many years have elapsed since the exhibition of fat Lambert. It is enough to know, that I went to see the show. I saw him.—Would that I never had! Oh, Heavens! what agonies has that sight cost me! The by-standers who observed me as I entered the room, burst into a loud and involuntary laugh—and no blame to them; for never was there a more ludicrous contrast than Lambert was to me, and I to Lambert. I am six feet five inches and a half high in my stockings; extremely like Justice Shallow, only taller, "like to a man made after supper of cheese-parings, for whom the case of a treble hautboy would make a mansion;"—and I will venture to say that the skeleton of the Irish giant, dressed in my habiliments, and its back turned, might be taken for my figure by my nearest acquaintance. You all remember, readers, what Lambert's figure was. I do, alas! at any rate!—The very instant I saw him, the notion struck me that I had become his second-self—his ditto—his palpable echo—his substantial shadow—that the observers laughed at our "double transformation," for he was become me at the same time—that I was exhibiting as he then was—and, finally, that I was dying of excessive fat. The idea was like an electric shock, and in one moment I felt that the double identity was completed—that the metamorphosis of Salamis and her lover was acted over again in the persons of myself and the fat man—that I, in short, was Lambert, and Lambert me!—I shot out of the exhibition-room—rushed into the street—quitted the confines of the city—run up towards Hampstead-hill—tried back again, and made off in the direction of the river, endeavouring in vain to shake off the horrid phantasm that had seized upon my mind. I darted along with lightning-speed, my long legs seemed to fling themselves out spontaneously, as if they no more belonged to me than Grimaldi's do to him, yet I fancied that I crept with the pace of a tortoise—that my fat totally prevented my quicker motion—that I should be crushed to death between the hedges, the turnpikes, or the carriages that passed me—and thus I ran in the middle of the road, vociferating for assistance, fighting against the foul fiend, and followed by a crowd of draggle-tailed blackguards, till I reached the banks of the river, and saw myself reflected in the stream. Oh,

Heavens! what a delightful sight was that!

"Then like Narcissus——"

But I must leave the quotation unfinished, and come at last to a full stop; for I fear I am trenching upon the privilege—poaching upon the preserve—of some contemporary hypochondriac. If so, if any may have led the way in giving to the world, like me, their *real unexaggerated* Confessions, I can only complain, with the modern poet who accused Shakspeare of forestalling his thoughts, that they, be they who they may, have very unhandsomely and plagiaristically anticipated my own original lucubrations. And now having fairly unbosomed my sins, if they are sins, I trust to receive from a grateful public, in whose interest alone have I compiled these sheets, the absolution which should always follow confession. Then, as is usual in these cases, that having disgorged my over-loaded conscience, I may be allowed to return to my *old courses*—following in this the example of Cæsar, who, according to Cicero, *post cœnam vomere volebat, ideoque largius edebat.* Should any harsh hearer or rigorous reader be inclined to constrain the bowels of his compassion, and still deny me pardon, to him I beg to propose a question in the words of our immortal Bard, which he may answer the next time we meet at dinner,—

"——If little faults
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us!"

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. XVII.

### ELEANOR, THE HEROINE.

One day, turning hastily round the corner of a street, I was struck by the figure of a man, who sought relief from his distress in the charity of his fellow-creatures, but his wan countenance and extended arm alone pleaded for him with mute eloquence. I thought I knew the features, but vainly endeavoured to recollect where; and, giving him a few halfpence, passed on. This idea still haunted me, and I returned in the afternoon, resolving to inquire who he was; but he was not there. The next day, however, I was more successful. He thanked me for my assistance the day before; his name, he told me, was S——. It struck me in a moment; it was the son of my old cottagers. I took him home to my lodgings, and, telling him what I knew respecting his family, desired to hear from him the remainder of his history. "It is a narrative of little but misfortunes," he answered; "but if the relation will, in any way, please you, Sir, I owe it to your kindness not to refuse.

"The night when I was pressed, I was as one stupefied; the next day, however, I became composed. I prevailed on a friend, who had obtained leave to see me, to carry a message to a young woman, whom I was attached to, and to desire her, if possible, to visit me before my departure. He did so, and to the last moment I cherished the hope of seeing her; but it was in vain; she did not come, and our vessel set sail. The neglect from one I had so tenderly loved was more cutting than all the rest. I believed her unfaithful; I deemed myself cast off by all mankind, and left unfriended and alone, to traverse over boundless seas. My dejection of spirits, together with the new life I led, destroyed my health, and I lay for weeks a prey to a raging fever, during which I was nursed, with the greatest care and attention, by a young man, with whom I had contracted a friendship, on board the ship in which I was. He seemed ill suited to the life he had chosen, for he was extremely delicate; but he had something in his countenance which reminded me of Eleanor, and this, perhaps, attracted me to him; for I still loved her, notwithstanding her neglect. Under his care, I at length recovered, and was allowed to venture upon the deck, to inhale the refreshing breeze.

"Here I gazed, with a strange and awful feeling of astonishment, on the immense plain of waters, from which I was separated only by a few boards, and listened, with pleasure, to the rustling of the waves by the side of the vessel, as she cut through the deep. How great, I thought, must be the ingenuity of that being who can pass in safety over this mighty expanse! But I was shortly to see that ingenuity exerted for purposes, and in a manner, from which the soul revolts.

"One night, when the crew had retired to their hammocks, I had been talking to my friend; I had dropped a few words of anger against my neglectful Eleanor. He sighed deeply; and once, I thought, he was weeping; but I attributed it to his compassion. On a sudden, we were alarmed by a loud

call from the mast-head, and a bustling confusion on the deck. I sprang up, for I was then almost recovered from my illness, and went to inquire into the cause of the tumult. One of the sailors pointed out to me a dusky object, which floated on the waves, at a considerable distance, and told me that it was an Algerine vessel, which was bearing down upon us. The uproar had, by this time, subsided, and every one was called to his post. My sensations, at this instant, were almost indescribable. In a few moments, I should be called upon to face death, and, perhaps, to deprive others of existence. This interval, as it were, between life and death, was filled with an awful feeling; it was not fear, nor hope, but a confused mixture of both, which was augmented and sustained by the silence which prevailed; for the first shot dissipated all feelings but those of energy and activity. The hostile vessel now approached, hove to, and summoned us to surrender. A broadside was the reply; and, in a moment, all was smoke, fire, and destruction. The enemy were much superior to us in strength, and, at length, they boarded us. We fought hand to hand. It would be in vain to describe the horrors of the scene; they can only be imagined by those who have witnessed them. Their captain happened to come near me; I aimed a blow at him, with all my force, which he parried, and my sword broke short in my hand. The barbarian lifted his sword to strike me; when my friend, whom I had not seen during the action, sprang between us, and received the stroke which was aimed for me. I caught him as he fell; but that dying shriek—that last expiring glance—that soft pressure—told me all: it was Eleanor! Noble, generous, self-devoted being, who, while I was upbraiding her with neglect, had braved all the dangers of a sea life to follow me, to nurse me, to watch me, and last, worst, and bitterest—to die for me!

"I have little else to relate. We were taken, and afterwards retaken by an American, by whom we were well treated, and carried to New York, where we had some clothes and other necessaries given us. Some of my companions remained there, but I wished to return to my native country. I worked some time as a joiner, a trade to which I had once been accustomed in England; and, at length, gained sufficient to pay my passage to England. I was landed here without money or friends. My fatigue had also injured my health, which I had not perfectly recovered, so that I was unable to gain any thing by labour. I had, therefore, subsisted on charity; in soliciting which, I was so fortunate as to meet with you, Sir, who have so kindly relieved me."

Here his narrative concluded, and I will hasten to the conclusion of mine. I conveyed him home, restored him to his parents, and was amply rewarded with their boundless gratitude. He is now in an eligible situation, which does not require any great bodily exertion; he is comfortable; and, could he forget the unhappy fate of his Eleanor, he might be happy.

## Miscellanies.

### SCOTCH MACHEATH; OR, RETRIBUTION.

It is pretty generally known that the MAIDEN, an instrument for beheading criminals, was introduced into Scotland by Earl Morton, and that he was the first person that suffered by it. M. Guillotine, a French surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement of the Maiden, which became so dreadful an engine of vengeance during the French revolution, also suffered by his own invention. A more obscure person than either of these fell into his own snare. This was Deacon Brodie, who was executed about thirty years ago for robbing the Excise-office in Edinburgh. He was a man of good birth, and his manners more of the Macheath than any culprit that has appeared for the last half century. This Deacon of the Carpenters of Edinburgh invented the drop by which all criminals now suffer in Britain, and, strange to say, he was the first man who was hanged on his own commodious gallows. His friends had some notion that the new invention might not do the business so effectually as the old leap from a ladder in the Grass-market, and they prevailed on himself to adopt some device of a silver tube inserted in the windpipe, for the purpose of still further reducing the chances. The Deacon came forth very gaily with his silver tube, a well dressed peruke, and a very grand silk waistcoat, but, alas! "Brodie's drop" was too much for Brodie! The Deacon's body resisted every effort that was made towards producing re-ani-

nation; and although a foolish story was circulated of his having revived, and became a leading member of Congress in the United States of America, yet it is certain that his own drop finished his life.

## THE JOURNEYMAN TAILOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To stitch, or not to stitch—that is the question!
Whether 'tis better on the board to suffer
The stings of needles for capricious masters,
Or throw away one's thimble, shears, and bodkin,
And so by tramping end them. To stitch and sweat,
No more, and by a tramp to say we end
The head-ach, and the thousand cramps and pains
We cross-legg'd folks are heirs to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To walk, to take a trip,
To rove at large—perchance to beg one's bread!
Aye, there's the rub——
For by this strolling trade what want may come,
When we have shifted from a constant place,
Must give us pain. There's the respect that keeps
One willing prisoner to the shop-board still,
For who would bear the frowns of angry masters,
The jokes and jeers of scavengers and soot-boys,
With all the insult of *unmanly title*,
The *honest* tailor is obliged to take,
When he himself might his quietus make
With trav'ling. Who would slavery bear,
And groan and sweat upon a dreary shopboard,
But that the thought of something worse than stitching,
That sting of poverty, whose unwelcome gripe,
Few travellers escape—puzzles the will,
And make us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
And thus necessity keeps us tailors still:
And thus the native hue of resolution is kept up
By each industrious thought; and tailors too
Of no small pith and moment, by this regard
From tramping turn away, and lose the name
Of *vagrants*.

J— M——n.

## BATTLE WITH A SHARK.

Captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant ship, had arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked the last part of his lading, the sailors who had been employed in the dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves. They had not been there long, before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, upon which they swam back, and all reached the boat but one. Him the monster overtook, almost within reach of the oars, and grasping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of the body; the remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices as implied a union and sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with a horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the unsatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board; he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge his friend, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunged into the deep, armed with a large pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, than he made furiously towards him; both were equally eager—the one of his prey, the other of revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right, and giving him repeated stabs in the belly, the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom—then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, now stained with his own streaming blood above the foaming waves.—The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the

streams of blood issued; till at length, the shark, weakened by loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror, who flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his belly, and united and buried the severed body of his friend in one hospitable grave.

## ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL HARDY.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos Bay, happened to receive undoubted intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish Galleons, under the convoy of seventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo; and without any warrant for so doing, set sail and came up with Sir George Rooke, who was then admiral, and commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him such intelligence as induced him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons, and men of war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George Rooke was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantage made of it, the admiral had Captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance, said, "You have done, Sir, a very important piece of service to the throne; you have added to the honours and riches of your country, by your indefatigable diligence; but don't you know that you are liable at this instant to be shot, for quitting your station?" "He is unworthy of bearing a commission under her Majesty," replied the captain, "who holds his life as aught, when the glory and interest of his Queen and country require him to hazard it." On this heroic answer, he was dispatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

## THE VICISSITUDES OF COMMERCE.

In the year 1346, at the taking of Calais, Yarmouth assisted the King with 43 ships, on board of which were 1075 mariners; and it appears by the roll of the High Fleet of King Edward the Third before Calais, that there were 700 ships, and 14,157 mariners employed on that memorable occasion, and that Fowey then supplied the King with more ships than any sea-port in England, London not excepted. The following is a part of the list:—Fowey 47—Yarmouth 43—Dartmouth 31—Plymouth 26—Shoreham 26—London 25—Bristol 24—Sandwich 22—Dover 21—Southampton 21—Winchelsea 21—Weymouth 20—Looe 20—Newcastle 17—Boston 17—Hull 16. The ships carried from 16 to 30 men each, and the average might be from 25 to 30 each. The navy of England was at that period fitted out in a similar manner to which the militia is raised at present; every sea-port, and other considerable town, being obliged to furnish its quota; the King, on the part of Government, furnishing 25 ships. The circle of importance of the different towns of that day, above 470 years since, when compared with what they are now, gives a most striking proof of the vicissitudes to which commercial places are subject. Truro, in Cornwall, sent nearly twice as many ships as London did, and the names of many of the towns which stood very high in the list, are now almost forgotten.

## MINIATURE PUNCH BOWL!

On the 25th October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russell's, when he was Captain-General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean sea. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. 4 hogsheads of brandy—8 hogsheads of water—25,000 lemons—20 gallons of lime juice—1300 pounds weight of fine Lisbon sugar—5lbs. of grated nutmegs—300 toasted biscuits, and, lastly, a pipe of dry Mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company; and in all probability 6000 men drank thereof.

## COURAGE AND INTEGRITY.

A Caleo, who had been some time tutor to Tham, King of China, ingratiated himself into the favour of that Monarch by acting the part of a flatterer, telling the King what he knew would please him, and omitting what was fit for him to know, which gene-

ally offended the Chinese. One of the Captains took the courage to go to the King, and kneeling before him, the King demanded "what he would have?" "Leave," said the Captain, "to cut off the head of a flattering courtier who abuses you." "And who is that man?" said the King. "The Caleo who stands before you," said the Captain. "What," said the King, in a great passion, "wouldst thou cut of my master's head in my sight too? Take him from my presence, and chop off his head immediately." The officers laying hold of him, in order to execute the King's command, he laid hold of a wooden balaster, which, with their pulling, and his holding fast, broke asunder; and the King's anger by that time being abated, he commanded they should let the Captain alone, and that the balaster should be mended, and not a new one put in its place, "that it might remain to perpetuity as a memorial that one of his subjects had the courage and fidelity (with the hazard of his life) to advise the King what he ought to do for his own and the people's safety."

## WILLIAM WITH THE STRONG HAND.

William with the Strong Hand was the eldest son of William de Albine, who came into England with William the Conqueror, and held large possessions by Knight's service in Norfolk. He is represented by the historians of those days as a man of great personal prowess and extraordinary agility and strength of body. Dugdale tells us why he was called William with the Strong Hand: the occasion was thus, as related by that judicious antiquary:

"It happened that the Queen of France, being then a widow, and a very beautiful woman, became much in love with a knight of that country, who was a comely person, and in the flower of his youth: and because she thought that no man excelled him in valour, she caused a tournament to be proclaimed throughout her dominions, promising to reward those who should exercise themselves therein, according to their respective merits; and concluding, that if the person whom she so well affected, should act his part better than others in those military exercises, she might marry him without any dishonour to herself.

"Hereupon divers gallant men, from foreign parts, hasting to Paris, among others came this our William de Albini, bravely accoutred, and in the tournament excelled all others, overcoming many, and wounding one mortally with his lance; which being observed by the Queen, she became exceedingly enamoured of him, and forthwith invited him to a costly banquet, and afterwards bestowing certain jewels upon him, offered him marriage. But having plighted his troth to the Queen of England, then a widow, he refused her; whereat she grew so discontented, that she consulted with her maids how she might take away his life; and in pursuance of that design, enticed him into a garden, where there was a secret cave, and in it a fierce lion, into which she descended by divers steps, under colour of shewing him the beast. And when she told him of his fierceness, he answered, that it was a womanish, and not manly quality, to be afraid thereof; but having him there, by the advantage of a folding door, thrust him in to the lion. Being therefore in this danger, he rolled his mantle about his arm, and putting his hand into the mouth of the beast, pulled out his tongue by the root; which done, he followed the Queen to her palace, and gave it to one of her maids to present to her.

"Returning therefore into England with the fame of this glorious exploit, he was forthwith advanced to the earldom of Arundel*, and for his arms the lion given him; nor was it long after, that the queen of England accepted him for her husband, whose name was Adeliza (or Alice), widow to King Henry I. and daughter to Godfrey Duke of Lorrain; which Adeliza had the castle of Arundel, and county, in dowry from that king." And in the beginning of King Henry II.'s time, he not only obtained the castle and honour of Arundel to himself and his heirs, but also a confirmation of the earldom of Sussex, granted to him by the third penny of the pleas of that county, which in ancient times was the usual way of investing such great men in the possession of any earldom, after those ceremonies of girding with the sword, and putting on the robes, were performed, which have ever, till of late, been thought essential to their creation.

* Mr. Vincent ridicules this story (fol. 21); but as it is to be found in authors of as good authority as himself, and some of the ancient bearings of the Arundel family have the lion without a tongue, it has at least probability on its side.

# The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

STRANGE VERDICT.—The following verdict was given by a Carlisle Jury on the 31st of January last, in a case where a child had been overlaid in the night by its mother—*Died unseen.*

There is now residing in Blandford-mews, in the vicinity of Portman-square, an old and very intelligent *shaver*, who, in addition to keen instruments and warm water, has the following poetical invitation in his window:

My name is M'Dermot, No. 6, in the Mews,
A knight of the razor, and dealer in news;
Ye dandyfied beaux, who require a *trim* job,
A Brutus, or Titus, I'll well do the job;
And for ladies who wish to add art to their grace,
I've ringlets and tresses to suit each sweet face!
And I wish that each customer quitted their cares,
As easy as I can deprive them of hairs.

METHOD OF TAKING ELEPHANTS.—It is by some supposed that the legs of an elephant have no joints, and hence the beast is unable to kneel, or when thrown down, incapable of regaining an upright posture. Though this idea is refuted by every professor of the *Pidcockian* art, it has given countenance to the profound speculation of one who has handled the subject—mine own grandfather's grandfather, among whose papers I find the following note: —"Yett of the manner in which these bestes are taken will I say one word. Sleeping they reste the weight of their bodys against a tree, the whiche being with much art and cunninge cut away in the night season, occasions the beste so resting to fall. From having no joints, he cannot again raise him; and thus is made an easie prey."

A. D.

ODD TITLES TO BOOKS.

"A Pill for the Author of 'Cranbrook,' a Poem; or, the Doctor Bled with his own Lancet, by Pedro Pilgarlick."

"A Poetical Battery of Two and Twenty Guns (Eight-Pounders), loaded to the muzzles, and discharged at the Whimsicalities of Cranbrook, by Theophilus Thunderbolt."

"Gentlemen looke about you," with this motto—

"Read this ouer if you're wise,
If you're not then reade it twise;
If a foole, and in the galle
Of bitternesse, reade not at all."

A RARE PATRIMONY.—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your *nose* if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (what an idea!) Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars for. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head, when he thought of the jewel.

The newspapers of June 1772, state, that a living adder was found in a block of stone of 30 French feet diameter, the centre of which it occupied. It was twisted nine times round itself in a spiral line; it could not support the weight of the atmosphere, but died in a few minutes after it was taken from the stone. On examining the stone, not the least crevice could be discovered through which it might have crept, nor the minutest opening through which it could have received fresh air, or inhale any sort of sustenance.

NEWTON'S PHILOSOPHY.—Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The following singular and truly whimsical *amende honorable* is extracted from a Lincoln Mercury for February 1806:

Whereas I Benjamin Birch,
Of Boston town (and near the church),
At Stamford market, o'er the bowl,
Got drunk and slandered neighbour Cole;
For which he hath, to my vexation,
By law compelled this declaration:
That I, without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as base as treason,
And therefore do his pardon ask,
A most unpleasant, painful task;
But as I own I was to blame,
Why *dang* it then I'll sign my name.
Boston, Jan. 7, 1806. B. Birch.

An old peevish gentleman of the name of Page, who was doatingly fond of some geese and a gander, found them one morning all gone but the gander, who strutted up to him with a piece of paper tied round his neck, in which was sixpence and the following lines:—

"Pray, Mr. Page,
Don't be in a rage,
Tho' if you should, I shan't wonder;
I've taken your geese
At a penny a piece,
And left the cash with the gander."

Shakspeare was performing the part of a King in one of his own tragedies, standing near the Queen's box, and having given orders to the attending officers, Elizabeth, wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, at that instant dropped her handkerchief; when the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed:—

"But ere this be done,
"Take up our *sister's* handkerchief."

Lord Ross having proposed a small prize as a reward to any one who should find a rhyme to the word "porringer," received the following Epigram:

The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
And now, my Lord, I claim the prize,
For finding rhyme to Porringer.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Beneath this stone a mould'ring virgin lies,
Who was the pleasure once of human eyes:
Her sprightly wit the gravest sage admired,
Her blaze of charms the coldest stoic fir'd!
Wisdom applauded, virtue well approv'd,
The gay admired her much, the gallant lov'd;
Amidst which triumphs death untimely came,
And of this wonder only left a name.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of W. W. Tom Tobykin, and several other correspondents, intended for insertion this week, are deferred to our next, when they shall certainly appear.


## Advertisements.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XX.] SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1823. [PRICE 2*d*.


## Tiger Hunt in Paraguay.

HUNTING the tiger is one of the favourite diversions of the Guanches, a native tribe of Paraguay, distinguished by their singular courage and activity. The deserts they inhabit are much infested by wild beasts, among which the tiger holds the first place; but he has a formidable enemy in the Guanche, who with his *lazo*, a long rope with a noose, never fails to overcome him. The Guanches are very fond of riding, and pique themselves on their skill in breaking in their steed. The plains through which they wander contain an immense quantity of horses and wild mules. Mounted on their well-trained coursers, the Guanches dart on a troop of wild horses, the *lazo* is thrown, and one is caught. The Guanche, who now dismounts, whirls another *lazo* round his captive, who becomes completely entangled: then, without stirrups or bridle, and merely with spurs and words of command, the Guanche masters the impatient animal, which paws the ground, and darts away with the rapidity of lightning. Indignant at his burden he stops, prances and rolls in the dust, and the Guanche rolls along with him. He then darts off again, and, in order to terrify his adversary, who still keeps his seat, traverses rocks, clears precipices, and swims the streams. At length, worn out with fatigue, he falls and submits to the bridle. But it is not enough that the horse becomes obedient and transports his master from one country to another, he must also brave the same dangers with him, and second him in his boldest attacks, even on the tiger, at the mere sight of which almost every animal takes to flight. To the horse, in his wild state, the appearance of the tiger is peculiarly terrific; yet this noble animal is here brought to look his foe in the face, and not to run away until a certain signal is given.

When the Guanche goes to hunt the tiger, he does not take the smallest supply of provisions, although he traverses immense barren plains, which produce nothing but a few stalks that serve for the nourishment of cattle.

When the Guanche is hungry he seeks after a herd of wild horses, catches one of them with his *lazo*, and,

throwing the animal down, cuts off a piece of his flesh with a knife, and restores him to liberty. He quenches his thirst at a spring, and then begins his chase after wild beasts. The hoarse roar of the tiger soon informs him of his prey; he spurs his horse forward towards the monster he intends for a victim; when he meets with him he stands, and then a terrible combat ensues.

Of the manner in which the Guanche hunts the tiger, our engraving presents a most correct and spirited representation, from a drawing by Mr. Arago, who accompanied Captain Freycinet in his circumnavigation of the globe; and to the same author we are indebted for the following interesting account of the tiger combat: "It is not (says M. Arago, in his valuable "Narrative" just published) force but skill which conquers. The Guanche whirls his *lazo;* he speaks, he calls aloud, he is ready for his enemy—his terrible enemy, who, with his belly almost touching the ground, is astonished to see any being awaiting his approach, and provoking him: his eyes roll furiously, he opens his vast jaws, still red with the blood of his last victim, and indignant at finding an opponent, he seeks with his eye for the place on which he intends to spring. The Guanche is all the time fierce, prudent, and tranquil, governing his astonished but obedient courser with his feet; he makes him retreat without turning his face from the tiger, who follows him step by step, watching for a false movement. The Guanche knows this; he therefore makes his horse rear up; the tiger darts forward, and is caught; the horse springs away on his hind legs with all his power, dragging the ferocious beast after him. The Guanche sometimes turns round, and if his *lazo* has only caught the neck of the tiger, he flings a second, which binds the legs, and he is now conqueror. He now dismounts, arms himself with the two knives which he carries in his boots, and sacrifices his victim. Having finished his day's work, he returns to Monte Video, sells the skin of the animal he has killed, caresses his horse, and hastens to seek new dangers.

"If, in the combat with the tiger, it happens that the *lazo* has missed, which is very seldom the case, the Guanche arms himself with his two knives, and defends himself very courageously. The horse sees the danger of his master, and instead of galloping over, presents his own chest to the enemy. His blood flows, but his courage never for one minute fails him—he knows that his master will not forsake him. If the tiger, exhausted by fatigue, allows the horseman a single moment's respite, it is all over with him: the *lazo*, which is always ready at the saddle, is again laid hold of; and for a Guanche twice to miss his aim, is almost unexampled."

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MR. KEMBLE.

The progress of an actor of talent, from his rise to his setting, is a fine exemplification of the truth of Shakspeare's observation; that,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

The course of an actor in the public estimation, strikingly resembles the transit across existence of the character which he represents; and if his transitions on the stage are from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," they are but resemblances of the chequered course of real life.

A gentleman, who for a long course of years held a distinguished rank on the stage, and was much respected in private life, has just "shuffled off this mortal coil," and passed to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

John Philip Kemble, whose death took place somewhat suddenly at Lausanne, in Switzerland, on the 26th ult. was born at Prescot, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757. Like many other eminent actors, he may be said to have been cradled on the stage. At the time of his birth, his father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was manager of a company of comedians, who had a regular routine of performances in Lancashire, and some of the neighbouring counties. And we learn from a play-bill of that time, that when Kemble was only ten years old, he played in his father's company, at Worcester, the part of the *Duke of York*, in the tragedy of *King Charles the First*. The early part of his education he received in the Roman Catholic Seminary at Sedgley Park, Staffordshire. He was afterwards, in the year 1770, sent by his father to the College of Douay, in order that he might be qualified for one of the learned professions. Nature, however, had obviously "picked and chosen" him from the world for a peculiar destination. Even at Douay, he had rendered himself remarkable by his recitations of Shakspeare; and on his return to England,

He made his appearance at Wolverhampton, in the character of *Theodosius*, in *The Force of Love*, without any extraordinary success. His second appearance was in *Bajazet*, in which he produced a stronger impression. The provincial life of an actor presents little besides anxiety, toil, and uncertainty. Of these, Mr. Kemble was not without his share. He has often related to his friends the vexation he felt at continued neglect, while men of stronger lungs, and more boisterous action, were honoured with attention and applause. At York, he distinguished himself by recitations, and at Edinburgh, by delivering an able lecture on sacred and profane oratory. It was, however, a Dublin audience which first appreciated his merits. In 1782, he appeared in that city in the character of *Hamlet*, and in 1783, came out in the same character at Drury-lane Theatre. His reputation was immediately established; but it was not until the year 1788, that he became the monarch of the stage. In 1787, he married Mrs. Brereton, daughter of Mr. Hopkins, the prompter of Drury-lane Theatre.

This event, which Mr. Kemble, we believe, never for a moment regretted, was accelerated by a singular circumstance. The daughter of a nobleman is said to have discovered a strong passion for Mr. Kemble, which induced the father to send to him, and after stating the circumstance, he observed, that effectual means were taken to prevent an union between Mr. Kemble and his daughter, should they mutually wish it. He then proposed to Mr. K. that if he would relieve him from the duty of being a sentinel over his daughter, by marrying some other lady, he would present him with 4,000*l.* but that it must be done within a fortnight. Mr. Kemble consented, and married Mrs. Brereton; but it is said, the Noble Lord did not keep his promise, and that Mr. Kemble never received a shilling from him.

In 1788, Mr. Kemble became manager of Drury-lane Theatre, in which situation he continued, with the exception of a short interval, until the year 1801. During this period, his conduct in that arduous situation was remarkable for firmness, diligence, integrity, and talent. His single energy accomplished a complete reform in the whole system of scenic dress and decoration. *Macbeth* no longer sported an English *General's* uniform; men of centuries ago no longer figured in the stiff court dresses of our own time; and

"Cato's full wig, flowered gown' and lackered chair,"

gave way to the crop, the toga, and couch. Nor were the improvements in the scenery less remarkable and important. The consequence was an *ensemble* such as had never before been seen in any modern theatre. At the close of the season of 1801, he devoted a year to travelling abroad, and on his return in 1803, he purchased a sixth share of Covent-Garden Theatre, became manager, and appeared for the first time on those boards in his favourite character of *Hamlet*, on the 24th of September. Here he continued his career with eminent success, both as a manager and a performer, until 1808, when the tremendous fire broke out which destroyed the theatre.

From this period until the year 1817, Mr. Kemble continued to be the pride and ornament of the British stage. In the month of March in that year, he took leave of the Edinburgh audience; and on the 23d of June, in the same year, he finally retired from the stage. A magnificent public dinner was given to him on the 27th of June, at which Lord Holland presided, when he was presented with a piece of plate, bearing the following inscription:—

"To John Philip Kemble, on his retiring from the stage, of which, for 36 years he has been the ornament and pride, which to his learning, taste, and genius, was indebted for its present state of refinement, and which, under his auspices, consecrated to the support of the legitimate drama, and more particularly to the glory of Shakspeare, attained to a degree of splendour and prosperity before unknown. This Vase, from a numerous body of his admirers, as a mark of their gratitude and respect, was presented by the hands of their Chairman, on the 27th of June, 1817."

Of Mr. Kemble's talents as an actor it is unnecessary to enlarge, since they must be well known to most of our play-going readers: we may, however, observe, that the impressions he produced were the most vivid and the most pleasing, and that there has seldom lived an actor who left behind him recollections more elevated and poetic than John Philip Kemble. His talents ranged over a large field in the drama, and yet, extensive as the list of his characters was, they were not sufficient for his ambition; and he once had it in contemplation to play *Macheath*, in the *Beggars' Opera*. To prepare him for this task, he got Incle-

don to give him some lessons in singing. Tragedy would not suffice Mr. Kemble, and he played the light and buoyant character of *Charles Surface*, in the *School for Scandal*, in defiance of the advice of his best friends, until rallied out of it by one of them, who observed to him, "Mr. Kemble, you have long given us Charles's martyrdom, when shall we have his restoration?"

The histrionic merits of Mr. Kemble are so well estimated in the Ode written by the poet Campbell, the elegant author of the Pleasures of Hope, and presented to him at the farewell dinner to which we have alluded, that we insert it in the Mirror. The Ode was recited at the dinner by Mr. Young, and is as follows:—

Pride of the British Stage
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Reviv'd to Fancy's view.

Like fields refresh'd with dewy light,
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past.

And memory conjures feelings up,
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup,
To "Kemble, Fare thee well."

His was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only acting lends—
The youngest of the Sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime:
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one glance from Time.

But, by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er efface the charm;
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor?
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at Agincourt?

And yet a majesty possess'd
His transports most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear.

But who forgets that white dishonour'd head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair?

If 'twas reality he felt—
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power,
And Sister Magic came.

Together at the Muse's side
Her tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne.

And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause—
Save for the gallantry of Man,
In lovelier Woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly grac'd,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste—

Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in Heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the Tragic page,
And what the Actor could effect,
The Scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth—
And must we lose them now?
And shall the scene no more shew forth
His sternly pleasing brow?

Alas! the moral brings a tear—
'Tis all a transient hour below,
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go.

Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review—
Pride of the British Stage
A long and last adieu!

Mr. Kemble was the author of several dramatic pieces, and adapted several others for the stage, but they are not likely to add materially to his fame, though they contain decisive evidence of his learning and good taste. We shall now close this memoir of Mr. Kemble by presenting our readers

with a correct fac-simile of his handwriting.

## BANKERIANA.

A PUNNING INVITATION TO DINNER IN THE COUNTRY.

*Lombard-street, Feb.* 1823.

If you will give me your company at Cash Hall next Tuesday, I promise that you shall meet two of the greatest *Raikes* in London; but you must grant me your *Bond* not to get *Mello*, for the thaw has rendered the *Brooks* dangerous, and the melted *Snow* has so filled the holes, that you may, before you can say "Jack *Robinson*," find yourself *Down* in a *Pitt* much *Fuller* than you like. Your safest way will be to come by the *Mills* (leaving the *Ridge* on your left), and along the *Brooksbank*; and as you are a great *Walker*, just *Call* in at the *Wells*, as you pass through the *Greenwood*, and inquire for one of the *Hoares* (I strongly suspect there is a *Child* in that neighbourhood): this will not be *Farr* out of your road, if you afterwards cross the *Marsh* at the *Smith's* shop, about fifty yards beyond the *Drummond* Arms. You may bring her with you; but pray don't let it be said you *Forster:* it will give me *Payne* if you do any thing which is not *Wright*. Recollect, she is my *Ward*, therefore don't be too *Free*, but look *Sharpe*, and come whistling "o'er the *Lee*;" for Mrs. *Jones*, my cook, will lose her temper if the *Frys* are spoilt. Although my *Chambers* are small, you shall have the famous *Curries* I told you of, and *Goslings* roasted *à la Curtis*, which the Alderman says are not worth a *Grote* without *Burgess's* sauce. Then to follow, a couple of *Cocks* (which, by-the-bye, are now at a great *Price*), with Maldon *Salt;* and, though last not least, a Yorkshire pie from *Halifax*. A few *Pares* from *Heygate* is the only dessert I have to offer you at this season; but I forgot to mention that you may have your choice of *Barclays* or *Hanburys* after your cheese, as I always take care to have plenty of *Malt*by. You can dress at the Hall, for there's a *Taylor* and a *Barber* close at hand, and my *Clarke*, who will be there, can fetch them; for *Rogers'* still lame from the kick he got from the famous *Trotter* I bought at *Dixons*. Poor fellow, how fervently he *Praed* his limb might be spared. Surgeon *Perring* has been most kind and attentive: I shall always recommend him when *Everett* is in my power. There's not a *Whitmore* business doing than when you were in town. Accounts of the expedition to the N. *Pole* are hourly expected at *Lloyd's*. Although I think you are not much of a *Gillman*, I am sure you are *Towgood* to refuse an extra *Gill* to its success. I would *Fane* hope so; for my own part, I would gladly ride to the tenth mile *Stone* on the *Barnett* road, in this dirty weather, in 29 minutes by *Arnold's* chronometer, to the utter discomfiture of *Martin's* blacking, to hear good tidings from it. So you see *Farquhar* was the successful *Chapman* for Fonthill; but its said, I know not with what truth, that both buyer and seller are so rich, that its only like taking out of *Peter's* purse to put it into that of *Paul*. The Wiltshire folks think Mr. *Newcombe* might have been satisfied to remain in London like a good *Denison;* but, in my opinion, it is not at all surprising that wealthy men should grasp at *Morland* and *Attwoods* when they *Sel*by auction—especially if they *Went*worth the money.

I remain always your's most truly,

DISCOUNT.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE BRAHMUN CASTE OF HINDOOS.

The whole body of the Hindoos is divided into four great tribes, the brahmun, the kshutriya, the vishya, and the shoodra. The work of the brahmun is that of offering sacrifices, and presiding at the presenting of these offerings, reading and teaching the veda, offering gifts, and receiving presents. The work of the kshutriya is thus laid down: "To protect the earth, its cattle, and brahmuns;" that of the vishya is, "to keep cattle, carry on trade, lend upon interest, cultivate land," &c. To the shoodra is assigned "the work of serving the brahmuns."

The law for preserving these orders for ever distinct, enjoins, that the higher order shall not have the least communion with the tribe or tribes below them, in marriage, in eating, or in any degree of familiar friendship,

on pain of degradation, and loss of all earthly connections.

The whole of the literature of the country is assigned to the first tribe exclusively, with all its honours and emoluments. In this arrangement, the actual exceptions to this rule are all contrary to the terms and the spirit of the Hindoo institutions. Upon the sheodra who shall dare attempt to require a knowledge of learning of his country, the most horrible anathemas are poured: for reading the veda "a shoodra is condemned to have boiling oil poured into his throat; for hearing it, into his ears; for committing it to memory, he is to be put to death." Munoo says, "Of that king who stupidly looks on, while a shoodra decides causes, the kingdom itself shall be embarrassed like a cow in deep mire."

The effect of these interdictions is, that if a brahmun be reading the veda, and a shoodra happen to come near, the degraded wretch stops his ears, or runs away, lest the wrath of the gods should fall upon him.

Thus all the honours of the country are confined to one hereditary class, without any regard to wealth, education, or character. But what is worse, these honours are, as is seen, connected with the degradation and slavery of full three-fourths of the population; so that while one-fourth is elevated to an equality with the gods, and receives the honours of deity, the other three-fourths are in a more degraded state than the African slave; for these slaves never drink the water in which the slave-holder has washed his feet, never collect the dust which has fallen from his feet, and wear it as a charm to frighten away disease.

On our inquiring lately into the truth of this latter circumstance, it came to our knowledge that the dust from the feet of a thousand brahmuns, and even of a lack, has actually been collected, and drachms of it disposed of, from time to time, as a specific against various diseases. There is now living, at Calcutta, a spice-seller, named Vishnoo-sah, who believes that, by a pinch of the dust shaken from the feet of a lack of brahmans, worn as a charm, he was cured of the leprosy; and this poor infatuated man comes into the street (at Chitpore) daily, both in the forenoon and afternoon, and stands and bows in the most reverential manner to every brahmun who passes by him. Should a brahmun pass by without receiving this honour, he calls out to him, and says, "Oh! Sir, receive my salaam." He has now for years paid these honours to this tribe, firmly believing that he owes his deliverance from the most dreadful of diseases to the virtues imparted by them to the dust shaken from their feet. Amongst others who have gathered and preserved the dust from the feet of a lack of brahmuns, are mentioned the names of Gunga Govinda-sing, and of Lalababoo his grandson. The former, preserving this dust in a large sheet, as often as he was visited by brahmuns, took them aside, and made them shake the dust from their feet upon this sheet for the good of mankind. Even the dust collected from the feet of single brahmuns is given away in pinches, and is inclosed in gold, silver, and brass caskets worn on the body, and carried about as a charm against diseases, evil spirits, &c. When a poor Hindoo leaves his house, to proceed on some difficult business, he rubs a little of this dust on his forehead; and, if it remain on his forehead till he arrive at the place where this affair is to be adjusted, he feels certain of success.

In addition to this mark of superstitious devotion to this tribe, we have heard that it is common, six days after the birth of a child, to rub the dust from the feet of the brahmun guests upon the forehead, the breast, and other parts of the child's body, as a security against disease.

It is further very common for a shoodra to solicit a brahmun to dip his feet into a little water, which he brings in a cup for the purpose, that he may receive the benefits insured to the individual who drinks the water in which a brahmun has washed his feet. The water must not be the water of the Ganges; for that would be, in the brahmun, an act of disrespect towards the sacred stream. Instead of putting his whole foot into the vessel or cup, however, the brahmun generally satisfies the shoodra by immersing only his great toe. Some preserve, in the house, a quantity of water thus impregnated with divine virtue, and drink of it daily.

The same abject subjection to this tribe of their countrymen is seen in the article of eating. To entertain a number of brahmuns is an act of transcendant merit, and to eat their offals is equally meritorious. Some villages do not contain a single house of brahmuns; and the passage of a brahmun

through the village is, therefore, hailed with the greatest joy, and considered as a most auspicious circumstance. One of the richest of the villagers entreats him to stay and honour the village by permitting them to prepare a meal for him. A large quantity of rice, and other articles, is prepared; and after this sacred guest has eaten to perfect satiety, the remainder is carefully collected, and a few grains sent as an invaluable present to each family.

The shoodra is even taught to believe that, by eating constantly from the plantain leaves which have been used at meals by brahmuns, he shall lose the degradation of continuing a shoodra, and, in the next birth, be infallibly born a brahmun.

Although the bride and bridegroom are enjoined to keep a rigid fast on the day of their nuptials, and every kind of aliment is forbidden them, yet if a brahmun invite them to eat his orts, the law of the shastra is immediately dispensed with. The same fast is enjoined on the day a father dies; but the offals of a brahmun's meal may be eaten, and the fast be thus broken without blame.

The inferior orders of Hindoos are separated from all communion with each other by the law of the caste: they never eat together; and transgression herein would involve the loss of caste, and bring upon the offenders disgrace and ruin. But should a number of shoodras of different orders happen to be at the house of a brahmun, they may all eat there as on privileged ground. Thus the very laws themselves, laws the violation of which insures a forfeiture of every thing dear to the individual, are suspended in the presence and at the caprice of those gods upon earth.

No shoodra may perform, through the priest, a brahmun, any ceremony whatever, without presenting gifts to a brahmun.

Should a brahmun beat a shoodra, and should the latter, while enduring the pain, threaten to complain to the magistrate, he is at once pacified by the representation that the brahmun has, in this act, been really conferring a blessing on him.

It might naturally be supposed that such a yoke as this would be so intolerable that men could never be kept under it; that they would revolt and reject such abominable pretensions as these. Let us then survey the massy walls and the iron gratings of this prison-house of the shoodras, and consider the interest which the jailors have in preventing the escape of any of their prisoners.

The penalty connected with the loss of caste is the loss of the whole world. The offender is not only rejected by father, mother, brother, sister, and all that are dear to him, but by all his countrymen. He in vain looks through this inhospitable world; not a hut will open its door to him, and henceforth he can see no more the face of father, mother, brother, or sister, or even of his wife or children. He must tear from his heart every tender tie and recollection, and must hide his head amongst the most degraded outcasts, without the least hope of ever again seeing the faces of those who gave him birth. His own father and mother will run away at his presence, as from one infested by some deadly distemper. Many an individual involved in these circumstances, by his own trespasses, or those of his wife, or some near relative, has abandoned the world, and become a religious mendicant, or has fled to Benares as a place of refuge—or has put an end to his existence. Others have offered a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand, a lack of rupees, to be restored to caste, without success. Here then is a prison, far stronger than any which the civil tyrannies of the world have ever erected; a prison which immures many millions of innocent beings.

We may judge of the interest which the brahmuns have in the continuance of the caste, from the following circumstances:—After the taxes of Government and the bare necessities of the body have been provided for, almost the whole property of the productive classes comes into the hands of the brahmuns. The Hindoo legislators have united religious ceremonies with almost every civil transaction: and the performance of these ceremonies is the exclusive right of the brahmuns, and they are ever connected with presents and feasts to brahmuns. From the Kurmu-Lochun, extracts from which have already appeared in the Friend of India, it appears that religious ceremonies are multiplied to an almost boundless extent among the Hindoos; a stronger proof of which can scarcely be given than the circumstances which have occurred respecting this book. After printing it, the publisher finds that the people are absolutely afraid of purchasing and perusing it, because the proofs hereby

brought before them of their religious omissions, are so frightfully numerous. The brahmuns, like so many tax-gatherers, present themselves to the poor shoodra at every turn, and demand attention to some ceremony, and the accustomed fee. They work upon his superstition and his fears; they urge the example of his relations and neighbours, they threaten some domestic calamity and the horrors of some degraded birth in futurity, unless the ceremony to which they summon his unwilling attention be performed. A brahmun knows how profitable it is to remind the shoodra, that "the brahmuns are the mouths of the Gods."

In Calcutta and its vicinity, multitudes of brahmuns derive their support from trade; but this is not the case in the interior: there, almost every brahmun derives his support from his profession as a priest, from the temple lands, or from the performance of the almost innumerable ceremonies which are enjoined upon the population, of which those connected with weddings and funerals are the most productive. Still those which are performed for the removal of some evil, or the acquisition of some good, are also a highly fruitful source of revenue, seeing they apply to every object of hope and fear which belongs to the life of an indolent, covetous, and superstitious people. For instance, one man has a religious ceremony performed that such a plan may succeed; another that such a speculation may be profitable; another that such an evil may be removed; and thus the superstitious terrors, the cupidity, and the easily excited hopes of this people are constantly throwing them at the feet of the brahmun, who, like the vulture, is ever on the scent for his prey. To gain a cause in a court of justice, to obtain service, to remove sickness, and on numerous occasions of a similar nature, the brahmun is called to move the gods in favour of the person who presents the fee. In short, the Hindoo never thinks of putting his shoulders to the work of removing the ten thousand real and imaginary ills of life—if a straw lie in his way, he calls the brahmun and entreats him to come with his enchantments to remove it.

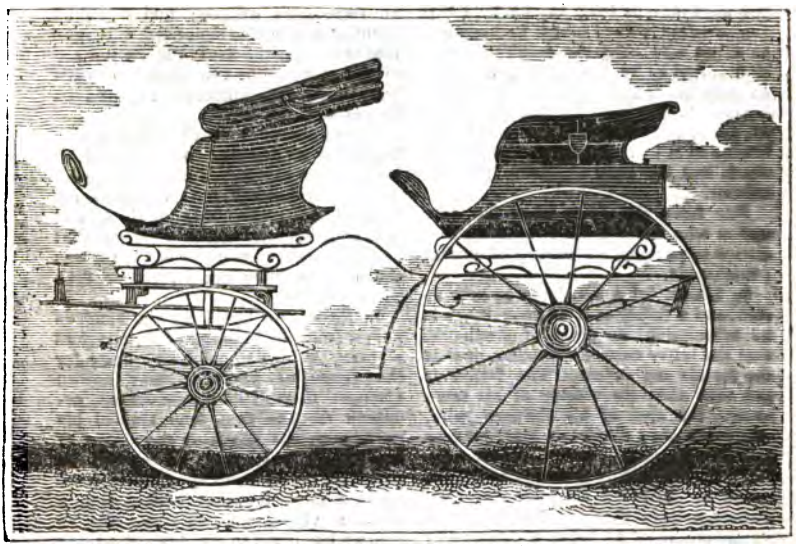
A wedding, or a shraddha, affords a fine opportunity for these sons of rapacity; and they are out on the scent after these things with all the eagerness, and sometimes with all the clamour and noise of the jackal. When a person is ill, and there are little hopes of recovery, the brahmuns who expect to be invited to the feast accompanying the ceremonies after death, begin to calculate the expenses attending the feast, and often pass jokes on the person whose mother perhaps is in the agonies of death. A case is within recollection, when the mother of a voidya was very ill, and continued in this state many weeks. A brahmun, addressing the son of this old woman, and lamenting that she lingered so long, said, "These voidya females never die." Thus the brahmuns, like so many vultures ready to pounce upon their prey, wait with impatience the departure of the soul from the body. On these occasions, a thousand brahmuns at once are sometimes feasted, and carry away as presents bedsteads, horses, boats, cows, palankeens, gold, silver, and brass utensils, silks, shawls, broadcloth, garments, &c. &c. Sometimes as much as two or three thousand rupees are given to the brahmuns merely in cash and food. Where a brahmun finds no employment as a priest, he lives on the community, and wherever he goes he finds the houses, and shops, and purses of the people open to him as a privileged pensioner.

As the guardians of the caste, therefore, we may naturally suppose that the brahmuns are ever vigilant; and though there are no officers amongst them whose express duty it is to bring delinquents to punishment, yet there is vigilance enough in the whole body on this head: and the prisoners are so completely within their power, and the men of property so ready to throw in the whole weight of their influence to enforce reverence to the priests, that he must be a bold shoodra who shall claim the right to think and act for himself. When even a brahmun offends against this law, the honour of the caste, and the dread of pollution and ruin, rouse all his relatives against him, who are obliged to abandon him, unless a powerful bribe to those at the head of this division of the tribe becomes efficacious.

Thus the whole frame of Hindoo society is anti-social; and this afflicted people are placed under a regular system of organized oppression, extending even to the minutest domestic arrangement, interfering with every part of that intimate and endeared intercourse which can form the only solace of human society, and subjecting every thing sacred in hospitality, in friendship, and family connections, to the cupidity, the intrusion, the despotic caprice of a wretched inquisitor.

*Friend of India, No. V.*

# The Protean.



Anxious to give the earliest account of every new discovery connected with the arts, we this week present our readers with an additional engraving—a view of a New Carriage invented by Mr. Birch, an eminent coachmaker, of Great Queen-street. This new vehicle, to which the very appropriate name of the PROTEAN has been given, is now a great attraction to the fashionable world, where its variety of appearance and elegance, under all its forms, excite universal admiration.

The original form of the Protean is that of a phaeton, from which it can be transformed in a short time, and with very little trouble, into five other vehicles, all of different shapes, and suited in accommodation to their respective purposes.

The great advantages arising from this invention are as follow: First, that the Protean is a perfect driving phaeton, with a seat for two servants behind: secondly, a cabriolet to be driven by the coachman, the main body being behind, and the steps always remaining, that the persons behind or before can get out without assistance, and the ladies or gentlemen can always be sheltered from the wet.

A gentleman possessing such a phaeton would not like to use it upon every occasion, therefore, if he pleases, it can, by the most simple means, be rendered a curricle with a head: but if it be fine weather, and a head be considered unnecessary, it may be lightened by a simple change; and by substituting shafts for a pole, may have a gig with a head; but if chosen without a head, it makes one of the lightest and most complete dennets ever seen.

Such is the lightness and susceptibility of the construction, that this kind of talismanic] transformation may be effected in a few moments by any two persons, altogether unacquainted with the art. The machinery wheel is highly finished, and displays characteristic airiness and elegance.

## ANECDOTES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

*Filial Piety.*—The great law of nature has implanted in every human breast, a disposition to love and revere those to whom we have been taught from our earliest infancy, to look up for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life. While we remain in a state of dependence on them, this impression continues in its full force; but certain it is, that it has a tendency to wear off, as we become masters of ourselves; and hence the propriety of those laws by which, in the institutions of different nations, it has been attempted to guard against a degeneracy into filial ingratitude and disobedience.

"Honour thy father and thy mother," was the command of the Divine Author of the Jewish dispensation. "That thy days may be long in the land," is the peculiar reward which he promises to those who obey the solemn injunction. And as he has been pleased to express his approbation of a steady adherence to this law, by singular marks of favour, so also did he punish the breach of it by exemplary displeasure; death was the only expiation for this offence.

Nor have the Jews been the only nation who have looked upon disobedience to parents, as worthy of capital punishment.

In China, let a son become ever so rich, and a father ever so poor, there is no submission, no point of obedience, that the latter cannot command, or that the former can refuse. The father is not only absolute master of his son's estate, but also of his children, who, whenever they displease him, he may sell to strangers. When a father accuses his son before a mandarin, there needs no proof of his guilt, for they cannot believe that any father can be so unnatural as to bring a false accusation against his own son. But should a son be so insolent as to mock his father, or arrive at such a pitch of wickedness as to strike him, all the province where this shameful act of violence is committed, is alarmed; it even becomes the concern of the whole empire; the Emperor himself judges the criminal. All the mandarins near the place, are turned out of their posts, especially those in the town where he lived, for having been so negligent in their instructions; and all the neighbours are reprimanded for neglecting, by former punishments, to put a stop to the wickedness of the criminal, before it arrived at such flagitiousness. With respect to the unhappy wretch himself, they cut him to a thousand pieces, burn his bones, raze the house in which he lived, as well as those houses that stand near it, and sow the ground with salt, as supposing that there must be some hopeless depravity of manners in a community to which such a monster belonged.

The filial duty is the same with the prince and the peasant in China; and the Emperor, every New Year's Day, pays a particular homage to his mother, in the palace, at which ceremony all the great officers of the state assist.

The Persians, according to Herodotus, held the crime of domestic rebellion, in nearly as much detestation as the Chinese, but they treated it after a more refined manner. They looked on the striking or slaying of a father, as an *impossible* offence; and when an accident of the kind happened, adjudged that the defender could not be the son of the party injured or slain, but must have been superstitiously imposed on him as such.

Cicero observes, that Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, had provided no law against parricide; and that being asked why he had not? he answered, "That to make laws against, and ordain punishments for, a crime that had been never known or heard of, was the way to introduce it, rather than prevent it."

In Rome, no less than six hundred years, from the building of the city, had elapsed, before so much as a name for the crime of parricide was known amongst them. The punishment ordained for the first who stained his hands with the blood of the author of his being, was, that he should be scourged till he was flayed, then sown up in a sack, together with a dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and so thrown headlong to the bottom of the sea.

It is a great stain on the character of the more recent ages of the world, that the crime should ever have become of less rare occurrence; yet in nothing, perhaps, have the ways of God to man been more signally justified, than in the punishment which has sooner or later followed all deviations from filial love and duty. So proverbial indeed, has this become, as to make any particular illustration of the fact, wholly unnecessary. Be ours, therefore, the more pleasing task to record a few of the far more numerous instances, in which sons have done honour to human nature, by the honour which they have paid to the authors of their being.

The exploit which procured for Eneas, the title of the Pious, is known to all who have read of the siege of Troy; that of the brothers Anapias and Amphinomus, which was altogether similar, is of less notoriety. In the 477th year before the Christian era, an eruption took place of Mount Etna, and the inhabitants of its vicinity were in the most imminent danger. Every one hastened to load himself with what he valued most, and to fly from the spot. One aged couple alone, were too old and infirm to move; but Providence had blessed them with two affectionate sons, Anapias and Amphinomus, who

conceiving, justly, that they could save no more precious treasure than the lives of ther parents, took them upon their shoulders, the one the father, and the other the mother, and so carried them beyond the reach of danger. What Camerarius adds, partakes exceedingly of the marvellous; but though there is no occasion for believing it, it has enough of good feeling in it, to please the reader: "It is an admirable thing," he says, "that God, in consideration of this piety, though in Pagans, did a miracle; for the monuments of all antiquity witness that the devouring flames stopped at the spectacle; and the fire wasting and broiling all about them, the only way through which these two good sons passed, was tapestried with fresh verdure, and called afterwards, by posterity, the "Field of the Pious."

Epaminondas, the Theban general, being asked what was the most pleasant thing that had happened to him in the course of his whole life, replied, "that he remembered nothing more pleasant than that he had achieved the Leuctrian victory, while his father and mother were yet alive to be pleased with the glory of their son."

Pomponius Atticus, in making the funeral oration over the remains of his mother, protested that though he had lived with her sixty-seven years, he had never been reconciled to her."—The audience seemed struck with surprise, at such a declaration from one who was famed for his attachment to his mother. "No," continued Atticus, "for in all that time there never happened the least jar betwixt us, that needed reconciliation."

The gallant Sertorius, though fond of a military life, and though in a situation as general in Spain, which promised him a noble harvest of laurels, solicited permission from the senate, to return home, that he might once more enjoy the society of his mother. Before he could receive an answer to this application, news was brought to him that his mother was no more. Sertorius was so afflicted with the tidings, that he shut himself up in his tent for seven days, during all which time, he lay on the ground, lamenting, and would not suffer even his most familiar friends to break in upon his sorrow.

The first gilded statue that ever was erected, either in Rome, or in any part of Italy, was one by a son to the honour of a father; by M. Acilius Glabrio, a knight, in memory of the triumph which his father had achieved over Antiochus, at the straits of Thermopylæ. It was erected in the Temple of Piety.

When our Edward the First was in the Holy Land, he received, successively, the news of the death of his only son, and of his father, Henry the Third. He took the first loss resignedly; but on the second, he was quite comfortless and dejected. When Charles, King of Sicily, expressed his surprise at this difference, Edward replied, "God may send me more sons; but the death of a father is irrecoverable."

*Singular Marriage Ceremony.*—Among the Libernians, a singular custom prevails at their weddings. Before the dinner is over, the bride and all the guests rise from the table; she has then to throw over the roof of the bridegroom's house, a cake, called kolarh, made of coarse dough. The higher she throws it, the happier, according to their notion, the union will make a good housewife; and as the houses are very low, and the cake as hard as a stone, the bride seldom fails in ensuring the lucky omen. Two men attend the bride, and are expected to present her with new shoes and stockings: she does not put them on till after her dance, and gives two or three old handkerchiefs in return.

*Melancholy Mistake.*—A few years ago, a fire took place in Whitechapel, in some houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty that the wretched inhabitants could be rescued. A poor woman, with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return God thanks for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, alone could have prompted, she flew, half naked as she was, up the blazing staircase, flew into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group; a triumph, alas! short-lived, for the child was not her own. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbours, instead of her own. She hastened back, but by this time the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died in a few hours.

A somewhat similar, though not so distressing, an event, occurred during the rejoicings at Paris, on the marriage festivities of the Dauphin, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI. In the

Place Louis XV. there were very brilliant fireworks prepared; but by some accident, the scaffolding prepared for them took fire; the rush of the crowd, and the crash of coaches, was such, that several persons were trampled to death under the horses feet, and others were killed by the pressure.

One man, of the name of Pierre Debois, who went to see the promised amusements, took with him a young woman, to whom he was next day to have been married. When the disaster of the scaffolds caused every person to seek his safety in immediate escape, Pierre and his mistress hastened from the fatal scene, and being strong and athletic, he was enabled for some time to protect her from the most immediate pressure of the crowd; but the danger and the terror increased, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I am falling, I can go no farther." "Courage!" cried the lover, "I can still save thee, if thou wilt but get upon my shoulders." He soon found that his shoulders had received their burthen, and animated by new courage, he forced his way through the crowd, and reaching a place of safety, he set down his precious burden, expecting, in the smile that would greet him, an ample recompense for all his toil. Half intoxicated with joy at his having rescued his beloved, he turned round to receive her embrace, when, alas! he found that it was a different person, who had taken advantage of his recommendation, and that his own Henrietta had been left to perish in the crowd.

## PETER PINDARICS;

### OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

### No. IV.

### THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
Ridiculing and maltreating,
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one,
Who by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs, instead of two."
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there:
Now look at me, clown, attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"—
"Yees—very like—I often go there."
"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried, with grim sardonic;
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
"Why no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

## The Novelist.

### No. XVIII.

### THE VICAR AND THE SOLDIER.

A French soldier had obtained leave to see his friends. One evening he was trudging along with his knapsack on his back, rich in honour and courage, but with a pocket of the lightest; notwithstanding which he sung his old songs with that heart of gaiety and ease, which, under the most penurious circumstances, is peculiar to his thoughtless countrymen.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman, whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar of some village, and whom he instantly conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken: there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier that prepossessed one in favour of him. The conversation turned at first on the military profession; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture and speech of the gallant veteran. At length on the point of parting the soldier said, "How happy is your reverence! You do not seem to be thirsty; while I—I am absolutely choaked; I have travelled so many miles to day."—"If your way lies through my village I will give you some refreshment. I have some

tolerable good wine; and there, to the left, beyond those trees, is my snug little parsonage."—"Thank you, sir, for your civilities; but I am obliged to take a contrary way, I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I be ashamed to confess it? You seem to be a worthy clergyman: our pay is so very poor! Ah! please your reverence, a shilling would make me as rich as Crœsus."

The vicar, smiling, put the shilling into his hands. "There, my honest friend, I give it with pleasure; drink my health with it."—"Heaven bless your reverence. Adieu, sir, good night, and a thousand thousand thanks." They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating "Oh! what a good clergyman! what a good clergyman is this!"

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier; and, on a sudden, he took the resolution to rejoin him: "Comrade," said he, as he came near him, "return me that shilling."—"What! your reverence, do you repent of having made a poor devil happy? But here it is—I did not extort it." The vicar received it, and giving him a crown-piece in its stead, "I beg your pardon," said he, "this trifle was not worth having; I have thought better of it."—"A crown, your reverence! A crown! Do you mean to tempt me? I assure you that shilling was sufficient."—"But it was not sufficient for me," replied the good natured vicar: "pray accept this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me."

They parted once more—and the soldier, after travelling a long time, perceived that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night, was still so very distant that, after all, it would be much better to turn towards that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

Accordingly he entered the village, and attentive at this moment to economy, he entered a wretched alehouse. "Comrade," said he, "bring me a pint of wine, and hark ye, let it be the best: I am intolerably thirsty." The landlord placed him at the same table where three honest peasants were conversing with great volubility. "Sit down here," said one of the peasants, "you will not be too much: we love gentlemen of your cloth; they serve the king and fight for us." Then turning to his companions, "I tell thee, Claude, he is the jewel of men! Did you observe with what discrimination he judged in that there affair of Gaffer Matthew?"—"Ah!" said Christopher, "he's one that does as he says, and so I gets his sermons almost by heart."—"My good friends," interrupted the soldier, tossing off a large bumper of wine, "you are praising some honest fellow: may I know who he is?"—"Mr. Officer, it is our vicar."—"Your vicar! Here, boy, bring me another pint. Your vicar—and all that you say is true?"—"True! why we a'n't yet said half enough. There is n't his fellow on earth. Hark ye, would you believe it, we a'n't had a single law suit since he has been in the parish! He is the best creature in the world."—"My good friends," said the soldier, and he related to them how good the vicar had been to him—"Had you but seen him," said he, "turn back to give me a crown. Here it is. I won't carry it away. Comrades, we will sup together on condition we all drink his health."

He instantly ordered the landlord to spread supper on the table, and the conversation continued; "Hark ye, my friends, I have just thought of it: I cannot leave this place without having visited my good vicar. I have not thanked him enough. But it is now late: I shall sleep here to-night; and to-morrow morning early I will go and see him."

"And why not this evening, Mr. Soldier? The visits of such brave fellows as you are always acceptable. I'll answer for it he will give you both supper and lodging with all his soul. Poor man! he has some rascals of nephews that torment him, and who are for getting whatever they can from him."—"They torment him! Let him turn them over to me: I'd manage them. I'll go then this instant to the good vicar: but I scarce know my way."—The three peasants, with one voice, offered to be his guides; the reckoning was discharged, and they all set out.

They arrived at the door of the parsonage-house: they knocked, and they knocked again. No answer was returned: not the slightest noise was heard. "What," said one of the peasants, "what can be the meaning of this? I don't half like it." They now knocked with greater violence; but all was still silent, and even the great dog was not heard to bark. Their fears

increased. "This is very singular: he is always at home at this hour: we must absolutely make somebody hear." —"They won't open it, my friends. I know an excellent way to enter: we must burst open the door." The soldier instantly applied to this work: the door soon yielded to his efforts: he entered first: with what an object was he struck!—a man hanging upon a beam; he ran to him: he recollected the good vicar; it was impossible to express his agitation: he perceived some signs of life; he quickly cut the rope; he took him in his arms; he revived him. "I hear some noise," said he; "shut the door; take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus." He perceived the dog was killed; he went up stairs into the vicar's apartment, and he there found three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier, with daggers in their hands. "Wretches," said he, undaunted by numbers, "and is it thus you have treated the good vicar?" With these words he lost no time: he killed one of the assassins: he seized the two others, after severely wounding one of them; and he brought them below. The poor vicar was by this time recovered. "My nephews!" he exclaimed, "and oh, my good deliverer!"—"Your nephews! The monsters! I will instantly deliver them over to the marechaussée*." In vain the forgiving uncle implored compassion on his guilty nephews: the whole village had now gathered to the spot; the assassins were delivered over to the hands of justice, and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him. "My gratitude," says he, "is inexpressible, you are my friend, my relation, my son. My whole life is yours: you have rescued me from death; and we will never part."

The good man hastened to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier; and they ever after lived together. The vicar never recollected his happy meeting with him without adoring the superintending Providence of God; and the soldier, released from the hard fare of a military life, had the satisfaction of seeing a thousand good actions, that endeared to him still more and more the best of men, the virtuous vicar of * * * *. W. W.

* A troop of horse, that patrole the country in France, to apprehend robbers, &c.

## Miscellanies.

### ANECDOTE OF BISHOP HOADLY.

Dr. Hoadly, when Bishop of Winchester, was once in the greatest danger of suffering the loss of 10,000*l*.—The circumstances of the case were these: it was at the time when franks required the signature *only* of a Peer or Member of Parliament. The remainder of the sheet of paper was at the disposal of the person possessing the frank; and so easy was the system of *franking* made, that servants would often write this signature. In the instance of which I am speaking, a frank had been obtained of the Bishop above-mentioned, which was used by the person possessed of it, and who, if not a Frenchman by country, had at least a French name, for the nefarious purpose of writing over it, "a *promissory note* for 10,000*l*. in his own favour." The Bishop, on the knowledge of the existence of such a claim on him, knew it to be a forgery, and took legal measures to defend himself against it. To do this, he wished to see the note, and on his requesting it, it was very willingly put into his hands, *to all appearance* on honourable reliance on his returning it; but, as *his sagacity taught him*, in reality, to tempt him to embrace the opportunity to destroy it. His Lordship, aware of this, and that, by falling into the trap, he should destroy the existing proof of its being a forgery, contented himself by taking a fac-simile copy of it, and returned it, whereby he was enabled to prove *his fact*, and refute the claim.

### MINIATURE WATCH.

In 1764, a miniature watch of the most curious construction, was presented to his late Majesty, by the maker, Mr. Arnold, an eminent artist, who resided for many years in Devereux-court, Strand.

The size of this ingenious piece of mechanism, was something less than a silver twopence; it contained 190 different parts, and it altogether weighed no more than five pennyweights, seven grains, and three-fourths.

The great wheel and fuzee, 2 grains and ½—second wheel and pinion, ¼ of a grain—barrel and main spring, 3 grains and ½—third wheel and pinion, 1-9th of a grain—fourth wheel and pinion, 1-10th of a grain—cylinder wheel and pinion, 1-16th of a grain—balance, pendulum, cylinder, spring, and colet ½ds of a grain—the pendulum spring, 3-100th of a grain

--the chain, ½ a grain—barrel and main-spring, 1 grain and ¾—great wheel and rotchet, 1 grain—second wheel and pinion, 1-7th of a grain—third wheel and pinion, ⅛th of a grain—fourth wheel and pinion, 1-9th of a grain—fly-wheel and pinion, 1-17th of a grain—fly-pinion 1-20th of a grain—hour hammer, ½ grain—quarter hammer ½ grain—rack chain and pulley, 1 grain and ¾—quarter and half quarter rack, ⅔ds of a grain—the quarter and half quarter snail and common pinion ⅔ds of a grain—the all-for-nothing piece, ½ a grain—the motion wheels, one grain—steel dial plate, with gold figures, 3 grains and ½—the hour snail and star, one ½ and the 1-16th of a grain.

## THE COMFORTS OF AN INN.

*A Parody on the "Woodpecker."*

I knew by the post that so gaily display'd
The sign of a Bear, that a tavern was near;
And said if a cask of good ale was e'er made,
The man that was thirsty might wish for it here.
It was noon, and in mud puddles scattered around,
In silence repos'd the voluptuous hog—
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the Innkeeper flogging a mischievous dog.

And here in this little lone spot, I exclaim'd,
With a pipe in my mouth, and a drop in my eye;
With a cask of good liquor, old rye coffee nam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I *lie;*
By the side of yon oak, where an old toper sips
His glass of gin toddy, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the liquor I rais'd to my lips,
Had never been tasted by any but mine.

## ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

The Rev. Mr. Hagamore, of Catshoge, Leicestershire, was a very singular character. He died the 1st of January, 1776, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700*l.* per annum, and 1000*l.* in money, which, as he died intestate, fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was found dead. His servants heard his call for assistance, but being locked up, they could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 58 dogs, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs, and used none, 50 saddles, and furniture for the menage, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks, that a toyman in Leicester-fields offered 8*l.* for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes, 200 spades and shovels, 74 ladders, and 249 razors.

# The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

CURE FOR THE ASTHMA,—Wm. Masters, Esq. who died in March, 1799, was a colonel under the old Duke of Cumberland; and in one of the engagements was shot through the lungs by a musket ball, which entirely cured him of a violent asthma. The Duke used to say, when any of his officers laboured under that disorder, that they must get shot through the lungs like Masters.

THE DISTINCTION.

At a public school, by chance there were two lads
Of the same name, but boasting different dads.
One's father kept a tavern, fam'd for cheer,
The other's was 'yclep'd an auctioneer:
Mistakes to end, their school-fellows so knowing,
Call'd the one, quaintly, *coming*, t'other *going*.

EPIGRAM.

Dick, often drunk, when cross sick gravely swore,
That while he breathed, he never would drink more;
Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjured thinks
Himself, but says, he *breathes not* whilst he drinks.

**Curious Productions of Art.**—The great bell in Lincoln Cathedral, called Tom of Lincoln, measures 22 ft. 8 in. in circumference, weighs nearly five tons, and will hold four hundred and twenty-four gallons, ale measure.

Among the curiosities of Strasburg cathedral, are two large bells, one of which is brass, and weighs ten tons; the other is of silver, and is said to weigh above two tons.

At Erfurt, in Germany, there is a bell, reckoned one of the largest in Europe. It weighs upwards of twelve tons, is nearly eleven feet in height, and as many yards in circumference. It is said, that its sound may be heard at the distance of twenty-four miles.

EPIGRAMS.

1.

Money, 'tis said, is evil's root,
Yet justly we may doubt it;
Who can expect good thriving fruit
From any stock without it?

2.

Can man sustain a greater curse,
Than to possess an empty purse?
Yes: with abundance to be blest,
And not enjoy the power to taste.

3.

Rich Gripe doth all his thoughts and cunning bend,
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend;
Poor Shifter doth his wh[illegible] contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them, if you can;
And of *two* wretches, make *one* happy man.

4.

Quoth Tom, to his tenant, come pay me my rent,
For I'm quite *aground*, and my money all spent.
Indeed, replied he, as he heavily sigh'd,
Just please to wait till the *rise of the tide*.

An Ambassador of Spain advised James II. not to give himself so much up to Priests, whose imprudent counsels might make him lose his crown. "How then!" answered James, "does the King of Spain never consult his Confessors?" *He does,* replied the Ambassador; *and for this very reason our affairs take such a bad turn.*


## Advertisements.

The LITERARY CHRONICLE of this day, price 6*d.* (48 columns quarto) contains,

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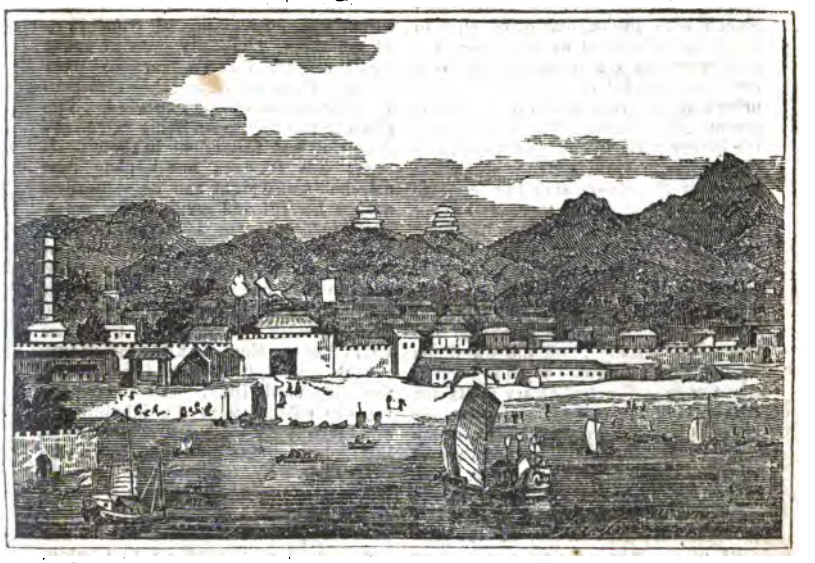
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXI.] SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## City of Canton.



The commercial intercourse between this country and China, though frequent and extensive, has not been attended with the accustomed result of making us much acquainted with that vast empire. The jealousy of the Chinese has obstructed European inquiry, and the interior of China is consequently little more than a *terra incognita*. Even its population has been variously estimated at from 140,000,000 to 333,000,000 of inhabitants.

The imperfect knowledge we have of China, is not, however, confined to the interior, and scarcely one of its towns have been described with any degree of correctness, except Canton, which has lately been the scene of a dreadful calamity, that has laid nearly one half of the city in ashes. As the public attention has from this circumstance been much called to the subject, and little information beyond the mere fact of the fire at Canton has transpired, we feel much gratified at being able to present our readers not only with the latest and best description of the "Celestial City," (for so Canton is called by the Chinese) but with a correct view of it, from a drawing of great value and rarity.

Canton is the capital of the province of Quang-tong, and is situated on the river Pe-king, commonly known to Europeans by the same name as the city. This river is about the size of the Thames at London-bridge, and is navigable 300 miles farther into the interior. It is covered by innumerable vessels for four or five miles, containing whole families that have no other residence, and seldom visit the land. They are ranged in parallel rows, with a narrow interval between each line to admit the passage of other vessels. Canton is surrounded by walls about five miles in circuit, with several gates, in each of which is a guard-house. Several cannon are mounted on the walls, and three forts on the land side defend the city. The suburbs of Canton are very extensive; strangers may frequent them, but they are not permitted to enter the city without the order or invitation of a mandarin. The streets are long, straight, and narrow,

some of the principal not exceeding 15 or 20 feet in width. They are causewayed with small round stones, and paved with large ones close to the houses, and for the most part kept exceedingly clean. In general, these are built of brick, one story high, with two or three courts behind, for warehouses or apartments for the females of the family. All the streets are well furnished with shops, one of which is in the front of almost every house, and certain streets are peculiarly disposed for the supply of strangers, while others are appropriated for particular classes of artizans. The factories of the different European powers permitted to trade here, extend along the banks of the river, standing separate and distinct from each other, and having their respective flags displayed. They usually consist of four or five houses, and the factory belonging to the British surpasses the others in size and elegance. There are spacious warehouses in the neighbourhood, for the reception of goods, and the dwellings of the Chinese, which are hired out to those who make temporary visits for commercial purposes. A broad parade extends along the river in front of the factories, whither the Europeans resort to enjoy the cool of the evening. The streets of Canton are continually crowded by its numerous population. It is a place of very great trade, and the only port of the whole Chinese dominions which is open to Europeans in virtue of special permission. On a very recent occasion, when the commanders of two Russian ships of war, originally sent on a voyage of discovery to the north, visited Canton, for the purpose of disposing of a quantity of furs, they were subjected to many inconveniences. After a long investigation, the Chinese government recognising them as belonging to the same nation with which its subjects traded at Kiachta, in Tartary, they expressed great displeasure at this attempt to open a traffic with Canton, and very freely blamed their own officers for permitting the Russians to come in. Vast quantities of merchandise are continually exported and imported by the Chinese themselves in the traffic with various eastern nations, and a very extensive commercial intercourse is now carried on by Europeans, especially the British. The principal exports of the latter are tea, to the extent of from 25 to 30 millions of pounds yearly, nankeen, silks, mother of pearl, tortoise-shell, tutenague, China-ware, and many other articles: while the imports from Great Britain, and her eastern settlements, are woollen cloths, cotton, opium, betel-nut, furs, and watches. In the year 1789, the East India Company contracted with the proprietors of the mines in Cornwall for 800 tons of tin, to be delivered annually in China, at a stipulated price. The management of the trade of Canton is vested in a council called *hong*, consisting of from 12 to 14 members, generally men of great wealth. All foreign cargoes pass through their hands, and they also provide the cargoes to be exported. The Chinese are accused of being extremely deceitful and fraudulent in their dealings; but it does not appear that merchants of weight and consideration are to be refused credit. So much confidence is reposed in the English East India Company, that bales of their goods, with their mark, pass from hand to hand unopened through a great many owners. Europeans first began to trade with Canton about the year 1517; but the English, after losing two vessels bound thither, did not reach the city until 1634. An immediate rupture ensued with the inhabitants, and there is no evidence of any great intercourse being resumed until the year 1680. In the mean time, a small quantity of tea had been sent from the island of Java, in 1669, which was probably procured by the Dutch: since the renewal of the trade with Canton, it has been continued with very slight interruption, and has always been increasing in extent. The Chinese pretend that it is entirely from favour to foreigners, that they permit any traffic with their empire; but many foreign products have now become articles of necessity among them. No correct estimate can be formed of the population of Canton. Long. 113. 14. E. Lat. 23. 7. N.

Such was Canton, until the evening of the first of November, when a most destructive fire broke out in the suburbs of the city, about a mile and a half in the rear of the Foreign Factories, where a scene presented itself which has been well described by Sir Richard Blackmore:

"If in some town a fire breaks out by chance,
The impetuous flames with lawless pow'r advance; [flies,
On ruddy wings the bright destruction
Follow'd with ruin and amazing cries:
The flaky plague spreads swiftly with the wind,
And ghastly desolation howls behind."

When the fire first broke out it was hoped that the precautionary measures adopted (of instantly despatching the Company's engines and those of the Hong Merchants to the spot) would speedily arrest the progress of the fire, but the violence of the wind, which was blowing a gale from a quarter directly bearing upon the British Factory, aided by the listless inactivity and superstitious indifference of the Chinese, completely baffled every human effort to extinguish the flames, which, approaching with a rapidity that quite surpasses expression, soon placed the whole of the Foreign Factories in imminent danger. For some time previous to this period, the Committee of Supercargoes had concentrated all the European strength that could be collected, and the Company's engines, for the preservation of the Company's property. The woollens also were taken from the warehouses with the utmost expedition, and it soon appearing that nothing could save the Factories from certain destruction but pulling down the adjoining houses of the Chinese, three official applications were made to the Mandarins, and one to the Viceroy himself, by the Committee, requesting them to order the houses to be taken down, as the only means of preserving the valuable property that was so dangerously menaced. These applications were, however, wholly disregarded; and about nine o'clock on the morning of the 2d the Company's Factories and warehouses, together with the other Factories adjacent, were in flames in various parts. Boats' crews from all the shipping at Whampoa had been sent for, and had arrived in Canton; but, although every exertion was made that human means could devise, it was in vain to arrest the fury of the flames, which, in the course of a very short time, left the whole Quay desolate. So dreadful a conflagration is not upon record in Canton, and till this time no single European Factory ever has been entirely consumed by fire; whereas there is now not one standing.

The general loss has been estimated at five millions of money, of which the East India Company have suffered to the extent of 500,000*l*. No European lives were lost, but a hundred Chinese are said to have perished. The number of houses destroyed has been estimated at from thirteen to sixteen thousand, and upwards of forty-thousand of the inhabitants have thus been rendered houseless, and many of them plunged into a state of the utmost misery. The property destroyed belonging to the East India Company principally consisted of woollen goods; all their tea was saved.

## PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

This was the Don who projected the invasion of England, in 1588, by his invincible armada; some of the relics (certain elegant thumb-screws) of which we have at this moment in the Tower of London. When monarchs are upon their death-bed, their gracious eyes and understandings seem to expand—and not till then. Philip, when about to leave this world, acknowledged all his faults: some of which were—his trying to get himself declared emperor of all the new world; he accuses himself of a design to invade Italy upon frivolous pretences; to conquer the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, a project which in six years cost him twenty millions, only for the invading fleet; which, however, was reduced to nothing at a blow; to bring the Low Countries into subjection; to overthrow France; and lastly, to deprive his own uncle Ferdinand, and Maximilian his nephew, of the empire. He observes (himself) that these intrigues cost him above 600 millions of ducats, about 260 millions of English money; a proof of which, he tells his son, he would find in the accounts which he left in his cabinet, drawn up and written by himself. He then goes on to blame himself less for his profusion of money, than that of human blood which he caused to be shed; and, indeed, the confession he makes, that he had sacrificed twenty millions of men to his lust of dominion, and laid more countries waste than all he possessed in Europe, is enough to raise horror to its highest pitch. This devil of the South, *Demon Meridianus*, as he was universally called, because he troubled all Europe, made the acquisition of the small kingdom of Portugal only, at the expense of all this blood and gold. At length he goes out of the world, desiring his son to restore the crown of Navarre to its rightful owner, *if it should come out so, according to equity*. Mr. De Thou observes, 'in this manner to refer the executing of a disposition known to be just, to a successor who, we might be assured, would pay no regard to it, is a very impudent trifling with the Deity.' This was the king, who declared that he *would rather lose all his dominions*, than be the sovereign of a single heretic, and that every heretic was a rebel. Surpassing in pride his prede-

cessors and contemporaries, he admitted the Pope's *Infallibility*; only to arrogate, in his turn, the same prerogative, and to command with the cross as well as with the sword. If Philip took the crucifix in his hand, the hardiest shook with fear.

## IRISH BLUNDERS.

The following is the copy of a letter written during the rebellion by Sir ——, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London:—

"My dear Sir,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God! killed and dispersed.

"We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

"Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bag-pipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and, in a very short time there was nothing to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names.

"Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

"I have only leisure to add, that I am, in great haste, your's truly.

"P.S. If you don't receive this in course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ON PREMATURE INTERMENT.

There are few persons ignorant that it is the unnatural custom of the French to inter twenty-four hours after the apparent decease. This practice, which is said to have had its origin in regard for the living by preventing the evil consequences of putrefaction, has excited horror in reflecting minds generally, and the deserved censure of many eminent medical men, who declare that the sanitary precaution has been carried to an extreme which outrages not only decency but humanity. That it should still exist is the best proof that can be offered of the obstinacy of the French Government, or the ridiculous respect attached by the nation to a custom which sends many innocent victims prematurely to the grave, and serves to weaken the effect which scenes of death are calculated to produce upon the living. It is monstrous that the body of a parent or a child is to be dragged to the grave almost before it is cold, and with a people like the French such an indecent practice must tend to unhinge the sacred ties of nature.

Several laudable attempts have been recently made by Englishmen in France to rouse the attention of the French ministers to the subject, and so produce a total change in the system. It is lamentable to state that, not only have their endeavours been unattended with success, but also that in too many instances the humane applicants have been treated with a coolness bordering upon incivility. Doctor Macnab, an English physician who has resided in France for many years past, made some

very spirited exertions on this subject during the ministry of M. De Cazes, and it is only doing common justice to the ex-minister to state, that his conduct was an exception to that which has been observed by his predecessors and successors. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of humanity, M. De Cazes quitted the ministry just as he was about to propose an alteration in the French law of burials. The memorial presented by Dr. Macnab to the French ministry is a most interesting production, and we have been favoured with a perusal of the Doctor's manuscript, from which we make a few extracts:

"Individuals of whatever rank," says the Doctor, "from crowned heads to the labourers in the fields, are equally victims to this unnatural custom—the rich and the poor—the child newly from the womb—the youth in the flower of life, and the favourites of the creation, the fair sex, are alike exposed to the danger of perpetual death from premature interment."

"In every age and country history has furnished numerous instances of individuals, who, in apparent death, have been preserved by accidental causes from premature interment. The short period of twenty-four hours, allowed by the existing laws of France for the purpose of ascertaining the real or apparent death of individuals, is far too short. There are many cases in which the signs of apparent death are witnessed, and which cannot be determined for days after they have been manifested. I could enumerate diseases in which such signs are common."

Doctor Macnab then proceeds, in illustration of his position, to relate among others the following:

"The danger to which the elegant Lady Russell was exposed is too well known, both in France and in England, to require details. She remained seven days and nights without any sign of life, and her interment was delayed only on account of the violent grief which Lord Russell experienced at the idea of being separated from a beloved wife. On the eighth day, as the parish bells were tolling for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of her husband, told him to get ready to accompany her to church. Her recovery was rapid and complete, and she lived many years afterwards to render her Lord the father of a family." "If," says the author, "Lady Russell had been in France, under the existing law, she would have been buried alive."

The second instance is related by the celebrated Odier of Geneva, in the following words:—"I knew a girl, twenty-five years old, named Eliza Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at a distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years she had been subject to nervous attacks, which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life; but, after the lapse of a few hours, she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted, that her friends called in a medical man of the neighbourhood, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Amongst those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, unripped the shroud and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. Whilst she was kissing her, she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses; and being shortly assured of the fact of her friend not being dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother to the Emperor of Russia, relates a fact from his own experience which powerfully supports the arguments used by Dr. Macnab. "A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of ——, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was com-

pletely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."—*European Magazine.*

## EYAM BANKS.

On Eyam banks the grass is green;
In Eyam dell, how fair
The violets blow, and mirthsome birds
With wild song fill the air!
With wild song fill the summer air:
And streamlets, as they go,
Sing, glad to see the old men sit,
With whiter heads than snow.

So time goes now—but o'er my youth
Time far more rudely swept;
Alike the green ear and the ripe
Were by his sickle respt:
From glowing morn till dewy eve,
'Twas nought but woe and wail
In gentle Eyam's fairy dell,
In gentle Eyam's vale.

As I came down by Eyam banks,
The harvest moon rode high;
I heard the virgins weeping loud,
The mother's mournful cry:
The mother raised a mournful cry,
The father sobb'd his woe,
As from each door in Eyam vale
I saw the corses go.

"O, did they die by slow disease?
Or died they in the flood?
Or died they when the battle field
Flow'd ancle-deep in blood—
Flow'd ancle-deep in English blood?"
He heard—nor answer'd he,
But shook his head, all hoary white,
And sang on mournfully.

O, when I reach'd my true love's door,
And knock'd with love-knocks three,
No milk-white hand and downcast eye
Came forth to welcome me;
For silent, silent was the hearth,
And empty was her chair—
Within my true love's bower I look'd,
And saw that death was there.

One sister at her head sat mute,
Her brother at her feet—
A lovely babe lay in her arms,
And seem'd in slumber sweet.
I made her bed in Eyam dell,
Where first the primrose peeps,
And wild birds sing, and violets spring—
And there my true love sleeps.

*London Magazine.*

# The Novelist.

## No. XIX.

## THE MERCHANT OF BALSORA;

### OR, THE MAGIC RING.

Had a wise man owned this same *ring*, he would no more have thought himself justifiable in criminality, than if he owned it not.

Many centuries ago, in the city of Balsora, there dwelt an honest and industrious tradesman, named Bonbec. He had a son called Conloffe, whom he had educated with the greatest tenderness and to the utmost of his means. As the young man grew up, his progress rewarded his father's exertion; and his amiable disposition relieved the old merchant's parental anxiety. Bonbec had amassed a sum sufficiently large to support his family with credit; and to enable him to leave his son the means of acquiring wealth and consequence.

Conloffe was given to retirement and reflection; in his solitary moments he mused on the actions of men, as he saw them displayed in the course of his daily avocations. He beheld the merchants defraud each other, whenever they could do it undetected; the Cadi was not inaccessible to corruption; and the Caliph himself, the Prophet's vicegerent, was surrounded by false and interested courtiers, whose representations blinded the eye and closed the ear of the monarch; whose machinations polluted the fountains of justice. O holy Mahomet! he would exclaim—if thy servant had but an atom of thy power and a ray of thy intelligence, how would he expose these hypocritical believers!

About this time, a caravan arrived at Balsora. They had been absent two

years from the city; during which period, they had taken an extensive circuit in their journey to and from Mecca, and had met many other companies traversing the desart. They brought with them the pearls, the perfumes, and the silks of Arabia, the delicate tissues of Cashmere, and the glittering treasures of Ormus. Many philosophers were in their company, travelling to observe mankind, and enrich their own country with the observations which they gleaned in the regions they visited.

Conloffe was engaged for several days, in exchanging and trafficing with these merchants. In the course of his negociations, his attention was frequently arrested by a company of Dervishes who arrived with the caravan and conversed in the bazar on the state of the city and of others which they had seen. Conloffe fancied that one of their number took particular notice of him. This was a venerable old man, whose white hairs proclaimed him of an extended age; but his complexion had not lost its bloom. His eyes were grey, and flashed with intelligence. He leaned on his staff and surveyed the lively tumult around him, with the air of one who had seen mankind, in all their different aspects and attitudes.

Conloffe was one day surprised by the Dervishes advancing towards him. The old man measured the youth with a steady glance, and bade him follow. Conloffe bowed and obeyed in silence. The Dervish trod with a firm and quick step, through the streets and suburbs of the city. They came at length to a plain, at the extremity of which they descended into a deep, green valley. Here grew a solitary gigantic palm, at the foot of which murmured a clear and narrow streamlet. The Dervish seated himself there, and thus addressed his eager companion—"On this spot, a century ago, I was born. It is now, what it then was; while revolutions have shaken empires, and levelled the mightiest cities. From this valley I shall never go more. Azrael has received his commission; I hear the rustling of his pinions. Of all the discoveries of a life, spent in examining the nature of men, genii and angels, and exploring the mysteries of nature, this ring on my finger is the most valuable and dangerous. It has the power of rendering its owner invisible, by turning the diamond towards the palm of the hand. Providence has thrown you in my path; you were destined from the beginning of time to inherit this magic legacy, by which you may do much good, or bring ruin on yourself and others, as you are guided by prudence, or hurried away by rashness or passion. You will find, O my son! that you have desires, which have hitherto been buried within you, as that jewel was in the flaming centre of earth, before I descended into the tremendous cavern from whence it was torn. Be cautious and discreet. And now my hour is come. Take this bequest; inter me beneath the shadow of this palm, where my mother felt for me the pains of woman. There in its last tenement, whether my soul is destined to reanimate another mass, or shall pass into the world of spirits, and the communion of the prophet, there will lie all that then is left, of the wisdom and fame of the Dervish Atalmulc."

The old man leaned back against the palm, closed his eyelids and uttered no other sound. Conloffe laid his hand upon his heart; but it had ceased to beat. With awful reverence, he dug up the earth from around the foot of the palm, wrapped the Dervish in his long vestments, and laid him in the grave he had chosen. Having replaced the sod, he marked the situation of the valley, and retraced his steps towards the city.

The sun threw his last golden beam upon the plain, as the eyes of Atalmulc closed in their eternal sleep. As Conloffe traversed the plain, the uncertain shadows fell thicker around him. He descried two men at a distance, moving with cautious steps, and apparently bearing a burden. He determined to try the virtue of his ring, turned the jewel inwards, and advanced towards them. Their conduct showed that they did not observe him, and he continued to watch their movements. He now perceived that they were slaves, and were supporting a chest, which they carried with extreme carefulness. When they arrived at the centre of the plain, they cast their eyes round with much anxiety; perceiving no object near them, they commenced turning up the sand, and soon came to an iron door. This they raised, and having struck a light, descended, concealing their taper. Conloffe followed them. He saw nothing but a small square excavation, in which the two slaves deposited their chest, and immediately quitted the place and closed the earth over the vault. Conloffe secured the materials with which they had lit their taper; he,

watched them until their forms were lost in darkness, and prepared to re-examine the place. "Innocence," said he, "loves not all this mystery; there is something wrong in this business, and Allah wills that I should detect it." Making these reflections he again entered the subterranean chamber; he broke open the box with much difficulty, and his sight was dazzled with the splendor of jewels—larger and more brilliant than any he ever before had beheld. His eye sparkled with transport as he gazed on the treasure before him. "It were," said he, "a dowry fit for the daughter of the great Caliph, or his Queen Zodiede." But he checked his exultations; for conscience suggested that he had no right to what he saw. It was the property of another, which he was anxious to secure. "And yet," exclaimed he, "why this anxiety, if it was gained by honest industry? No—it is probably the wages of crime; it was stolen from some unfortunate merchant, or wrung by the withered fingers of avarice, or the iron grasp of tyranny, from starving misery, or hopeless servitude." He gazed again on the treasure; and seizing the precious box, quitted the chamber, replaced the earth, and proceeded to the city. As he lingered on the verge of the plain, conscience again told him, that, by whatever means the jewels were obtained, he had no more right in them than any other man, and was guilty of a crime at least as great as their possessors. His first impulse was to return; but, thought he, robbers are now prowling; and though unseen myself, I cannot open the cave without observation. I will keep this treasure, as a sacred depo it, until I discover the true owner. Thus silencing the deep voice within him, he regained his home unnoticed, and secured his prize in a private apartment. He then entered the streets in search of farther adventures.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## PETER PINDARICS;

### OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. V.

### HODGE AND THE FIDDLER.

A country swain one evening read
(To wile away the hours)
A book relating Orpheus' deeds,
Performed by music's pow'rs.

Th' astonish'd bumpkin roll'd his eyes,
And scratched his flaming head;
His mouth op'd wide, with wonder struck,
Still as the book he read.

When finish'd quite, to bed he goes,
Revolves each sentence o'er;
At length bethinks him to cut down
Of trees there's yet a score.

With glee Hodge Homespun hails the thought,
And thinks it monst'rous fine;
Exclaims "it shall be done at morn
With loss of little time."

"If oaks to music's charms will stoop,
As I'll to-morrow prove,
Its kind assistance it shall lend
In felling yonder grove."

Next morn he took, soon as 'twas light,
A Fiddler blind to play,
And when the trees old Boreas shook,
Cried "fiddle, Will, away!"

The Fiddler did as he was told,
But play'd and scrap'd in vain,
For tho' he play'd loud as he could,
The trees their ground maintain.

Now, upstarts Ralph from 'mong the trees,
And at the booby jokes;
"Why, Will, may here for ever fiddle,
These trees are Ash, not Oaks."

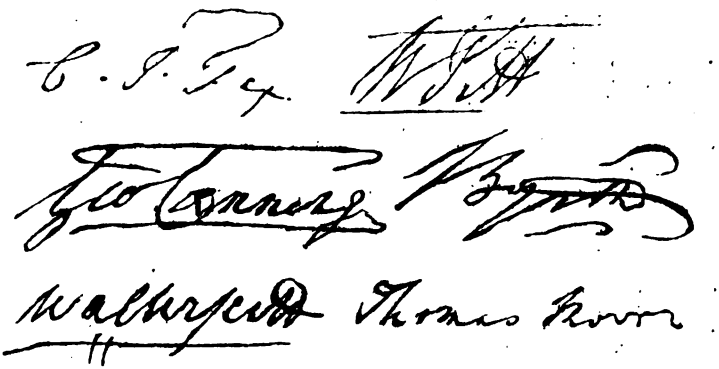
Æ. Œ.

## THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

The first comedy was acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by Saffarian and Dolon, 562 years before Christ; those of Terence were first performed 154 years before Christ; the first in England was in the year 1551. Tragedy was first acted at Athens in a waggon, 535 years before Christ, by Thespis, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who, as they danced, sung hymns to the praise of Bacchus; and that the musicians and dancers might have time to rest, and that the people should have some new diversion, introduced an actor, who, between every two songs, repeated some discourse on a tragical subject. This actor's discourse was called the episode. Thespis also furnished satyr with actors, and Horace says he brought forth his satyrs in an uncovered chariot, where they rehearsed their poems, their faces being daubed with dregs of wine or, according to Suidas, painted with ceruse and vermillion, to represent the satyrs, who are represented with a red and high coloured visage. The episode meeting with a kind reception amongst the people, Æschylus introduced two actors, and Sophocles added a third, which brought tragedy into its full perfection.

# Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. 1.



"I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

The opinion that the character of individuals may be discovered by their writing, has had numerous advocates from the time of Shenstone, who wished to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, in order that he might judge of her temper, down to the ingenious Mr. D'Israeli, who says, "the vital principle must be true, that the hand-writing bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual." This mode of judging of the character of persons, can, however, only have any reality when the pen, acting without constraint, may become an instrument, guided by and indicative of the natural dispositions. But regulated as the pen now is, too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seems to have contrived, for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing; the pupils are forced into their automatic motions as if acted on by the pressure of a steam engine. A bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress, though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the same rolling press.

Whether nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a different countenance, voice, and manner, we will not pretend to determine, though several persons, including Lavater and General Paoli, as well as Shenstone and Mr. D'Israeli, seem to have been of that opinion. General Paoli, once told Mr. Northcote that he had decided on the character and disposition of a man from his letters and the hand-writing. But leaving these speculations, which are at least but fanciful, it is sufficient for our purpose that there is a natural curiosity inherent in most minds, to see the hand-writing of individuals who have been distinguished by their rank, talents, virtues, or fortunes. It is in order to gratify this general feeling, that we propose to give occasionally a few autographs of the most eminent characters, with anecdotes, and brief biographical notices of the writers. We have selected for our present Number, fac-similes of the hand-writing of three of the most distinguished statesmen of the present age, and three of the first living poets, all accurately copied from the originals.

## 1. RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

This gentleman, who held a deservedly high rank in the Senate, on account of his eloquence and his public virtues, and was for some time one of the Principal Secretaries of State, was born on the 13th of January, 1748, and died on the 13th of September, 1806. As we have so recently given a Memoir of Mr. Fox, with a spirited engraving of the tomb, erected to his memory in

Westminster Abbey, we shall refer our reader to No. XIV. of the Mirror, where some interesting particulars of his life will be found.

## 2. RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

William Pitt, the "boy premier," who rose to the highest offices of the State, at a period when young men have scarcely finished their education, was the second son of the Great Earl of Chatham, and was born on the 28th of May, 1759. From his youth he was trained up for public life; and his own memoirs are only to be found in the history of his country. In June, 1780, Mr. Pitt was called to the Bar, and went the Northern Circuit; and in January, 1781, he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Appleby. In 1782, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which, together with that of First Lord of the Treasury, with the exception of two brief intervals, he held until the time of his death, which took place at Putney, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock on the morning of the 23d of January, 1806.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt stood at the head of the two parties, directly opposed to each other, the Whigs and Tories; but those distinguished orators and rivals, notwithstanding their political hostility, entertained the utmost respect for each other's talents. After the close of the first session in which Mr. Pitt appeared in Parliament, a friend of Mr. Fox saying, "Mr. Pitt, I think, promises to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons," he instantly replied, "He is so already." From this and other testimonies, it appears that Mr. Fox was very early impressed with a high idea of Mr. Pitt's talents. It ought to be mentioned, to the mutual credit of these great men, that in future life, when they were the leaders of two opposite parties, and the supporters of different systems of politics, they always in private spoke of each other's abilities with the highest respect. Mr. Fox, in addressing the electors of Westminster, soon after he had resigned the seals as Secretary of State, and Mr. Pitt had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, bore the highest testimony to the talents of his rival; and at a late period of Mr. Pitt's administration, he said that "he had been narrowly watching Mr. Pitt for many years, and could never catch him tripping once." Mr. Pitt also considered Mr. Fox as far superior to any of his opponents, as a debater in the House of Commons.

## 3. THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

This gentleman, whose eloquence readers him one of the most distinguished ornaments of the British Senate, is the son of George Canning, Esq. a gentleman of poetic talents, and favourably known to the public as the author of the verses supposed to have been written by Lord William Russell on the night preceding his execution. Mr. Canning was born in the year 1771, and when of a proper age was sent to Eton School, where he became a writer in that clever periodical called the "Microcosm" to which he contributed several papers. In 1793, Mr. Canning came into Parliament, and on the 31st of January, 1794, made his maiden speech on the treaty between his Majesty and the King of Sardinia. From this period he has generally been in Parliament, and frequently in office. On the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, Mr. Canning was appointed to succeed him in the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and may now be considered as the head of the present administration. Mr. Canning is not only a polished orator, but possesses an infinite fund of wit and a happy vein of satire. One of his bon mots we shall relate. Mr. Canning and the Marquis Wellesley were looking at a picture of the Deluge: the ark was in the middle distance; in the foreground, or rather in the fore-sea, an elephant was seen struggling with his fate. "I wonder," said the Noble Marquis, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark." "He was too late," replied Mr. Canning—"he was detained packing up his trunk."

## 4. LORD BYRON.

The Right Honourable George Lord Byron, is descended from an ancient and honourable family, and was born on the 22d of January, 1788. After passing his early years in a college education, he made the "grand tour" through Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Albania, and has given a record of his feelings and impressions in his "Childe Harold." At an early age his Lordship became an author, when his first essays in verse were honoured with a very severe attack by the Edinburgh Reviewers, who declared that "the poesy of this young Lord belonged to the class which neither Gods nor man

are said to permit." His Lordship took a just and severe revenge on the sapient critic, in a poem which he called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and his subsequent works have proved that the Edinburgh Reviewers were no conjurers. Of the genius of Lord Byron it is quite unnecessary for us to make a single observation, since it is universally acknowledged. Lord Byron is a very expert swimmer, and when on his travels proceeded by sea from Athens to Constantinople. While the ship lay in the Dardanelles, a discourse arose among some of the officers respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont, and of thus verifying the truth of the story of Leander, so familiar to every classical reader. At length it was agreed on by Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead, of the Salsette frigate, that they would make the trial; and this adventure accordingly took place on the 3d of May, 1810. Of this memorable enterprise, his Lordship gives the following account:—"The whole distance from Abydos, the place whence we started, to our landing at Sestos, on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such, that no boat can row directly across; and it may in some measure be estimated, from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other, in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European and landing below the Asiatic fort. Chevalier says, that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul at Tarragona remembered neither of those circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability."

5. SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Is one of the most prolific and *the most* successful author of his day, and was the first gentleman on whom his present Majesty conferred the dignity of a Baronet. Sir Walter is the son of a Writer to the Signet of the same name, and was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. He was brought up to the Scottish bar; and in 1799, was appointed Sheriff Depute of Selkirk, and in March, 1806, one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session in Scotland. With the exception of some translations from the German, Sir Walter Scott can scarcely be said to have commenced author until the year 1802, when he published "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The rubicon was now passed, and from that period to the present day, his pen, either in prose or verse, has been continually exercised. As author of the Scottish novels (which extend to forty-six volumes), he is said to have received upwards of 100,000*l*.—a circumstance which has made the present age be called the golden age of literature.

6. THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

For a memoir and several anecdotes of this distinguished poet, we refer our readers to No. XII. of the MIRROR.

## Miscellanies.

### WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A Dutch seaman being condemned to death, his punishment was changed, and he was ordered to be left at St. Helena. This unhappy person representing to himself the horrors of that solitude, fell upon a resolution to attempt the strangest action that ever was heard of. There had that day been interred in the same island an officer of the ship; the seaman took up the body out of the coffin, and having made a kind of rudder of the upper board, ventured himself to sea in it. It happened fortunately to him to be so great a calm that the ship lay immoveable within a league and a half of the island; when his companions seeing so strange a boat float upon the waters, imagined they saw a spectre, and were not a little startled at the resolution of the man, who durst hazard himself upon that element in three boards slightly

nailed together, though he had no hope to find, or, if so, to be received by those who had so lately sentenced him to death. Accordingly it was put to the question, whether he should be received or not; some would have the sentence put into execution, but at last mercy prevailed, and he was taken on board, and afterwards came to Holland, and lived in the town of Hom for many years.

## BOY AND SHARK.

During the detention of the Ganges at Ongar Point, on the coast of Java, on the 5th of May, 1803, John Walker, boatswain's boy of the Ganges, aged thirteen, swimming alongside of the ship when at anchor, and at a few yards distance from the boat, with three seamen in it, was discovered by a shark, which immediately approached him, and in spite of the exertions of the boat's crew to intimidate the hungry monster, laid hold of the unfortunate boy, by including in his mouth the whole of the right leg, and more than half the thigh, pulling him beneath the water, close alongside the ship, when upwards of 100 men were spectators of the scene, and kept him below for nearly two minutes, in which time he had torn off the leg and thigh to the extent above-mentioned. The boy once more made his appearance on the surface of the water, and the shark upon his back, with his jaws again extended to make a finish of his prey, when a lad from the boat struck him with the boat-hook, and by the same instrument laid hold of the boy, and brought him on board. The boy had lost a vast deal of blood; the stump was dreadfully lacerated, and the bone splintered near an inch and a half, which required an amputation of the thigh close to the hip joint. Under all these untoward circumstances, the boy has recovered quite well within three months from the date of the operation. The fleet, as it was an extraordinary case, subscribed upwards of 280*l.* for him.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Mr. John Kemble, at the Edinburgh Theatre.*

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

As the worn war horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
But years steal on—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and grave;
That like the Roman in the capital,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.
Here, then, adieu! while yet some well graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget?—
O, how forget! how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft returned with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasur'd, while her reign endures,
These hours must live—and all their charms are yours.
O favour'd land! renowned for arts and arms,
For manly talent and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faultering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—friends and patrons, hail, and fare you well!

## MARRIAGE WITH THE RING.

The practice of marrying with the ring for the female was adopted by the Romans: the bride was modestly veiled, and after receiving the nuptial benediction, was crowned with flowers. The ring, symbolic of eternity, having no termination, was given and received as a token of everlasting love.

## PROCLAMATION OF MARRIAGES IN NEWGATE-MARKET.

During the time of our commonwealth, when the established church lost its authority and sanctity, it was customary for the banns of marriage to be proclaimed on the market-days in Newgate-market, and afterwards the parties were married in the church; and the register states, they were married at the place of meeting *called* the church.—*See the Register of St. Andrew, Holborn, during those years.*

## THE BODY OF CHARLES I.

RELATED BY DR. VILLERS.

The mausoleums of mortality of most of the Kings of England, in ages considerably more remote than that of Charles the First, has been discovered, but how the circumstance of the burial place of that unfortunate monarch has so long been enveloped in obscurity, without a decided knowledge of the place of his interment, is a matter of much surprise. Wood, in his Athenæ, mentions Windsor; but upon this point of supposition, until the year 1813, we have had no direct proof; however, the investigation which took place in the vault of King Henry the Eighth, at Windsor, immediately after the funeral of the late Duchess of Brunswick, has confirmed this opinion, in the presence of his Majesty, his physicians, and several persons of high distinction. In this vault, amongst other coffins, was discovered one bearing an inscription "King Charles, 1648," in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead and, which, after a short pause, was opened, and was found to contain the body of that unfortunate King; for such was the impression made upon the observer, from the striking resemblance to the picture of that monarch, the head certainly did present sufficient criterion to observe the adjustment by a cement to the shoulders; the forehead and temples had lost little of their muscular substance; the nose had fallen from the loss of the cartilage, but the left eye, at the first moment of exposure, was open and full to view, though it vanished almost instantly, upon the exposure to the air; the shape of the face was oval, and several of the teeth perfect; the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the preparation used in those times for the preservation of dead subjects between it and the wrappers, was found entire; the head was held up to view, the back part of the scalp was perfect, and had a very fresh appearance; the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance, and firm; the hair was thick and black; the beard brown, and the complexion of the skin was dark and discoloured, very similar to the Egyptian mummy. The hair on the head was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut off for the better convenience of the executioner. Even under these circumstances, the countenance certainly did have a strong and marked resemblance to the coins, and the several pictures of King Charles the First, by Vandyke, and other painters, by which it was very familiar to many, and cannot be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, the eye, and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period in which he lived, are most striking and important features by which resemblance is determined; however, on further examining the separation of the head from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted, and the fourth cervical vertebræ of the continuation of the back bone to the head was found cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portion of bones smooth, and which certainly could have been produced only by the blow of a sharp axe; which circumstances furnish us with sufficient proof to identify the body of King Charles the First. After passing through the ceremony described, the head and other parts were restored to their situations, and the coffins closed upon the unfortunate remains of this unhappy monarch in quiet for ever. Among the other coffins which presented to view, was observed that of Henry the Eighth, and Queen Jane Seymour.

## TRUE AMBITION.

After reading some anecdotes of that singular man Napoleon Buonaparte, from one of those works respecting him with which our press is now groaning, I sat down towards evening by the fire-side, and did not fall asleep, (as some of my predecessor Essayists might perchance have done) nor had I "a dream which was not *all* a dream"—but commenced a train of musing, which, I trust, was not wholly unproductive of benefit to my own mind, and *may* not be quite unedifying to those "gentle readers" who will cast a condescending glance over the columns which give to the world the following humble cogitations:

Ambition hath been called by some author (with whose name I am unacquainted) and in some work (which has no place in my memory) "the noble weakness of a noble mind," or something to the same effect;—now, (my sweet public, do not yawn so awfully, I *will* be brief)—this said ambition is of two kinds—that which begins and terminates in *self*—which compasses sea and land for the gratification of *its own* ends—and that which encircles in its grasp of philanthropy, the whole human race—which knows no termination or limit in its efforts to diffuse peace and happiness, but the utmost verge of the green earth! Singular indeed it is, but unquestionably true, that the majority of mankind patronize the Being, whose passion assumes the *first* of these aspects. Does the Conqueror want encouragement in his career? No. Mark him as he strides from one field of desolation and ruin to another—his sword, red to the very hilt with human blood—his standards agitated by the fretful breeze which sighs mournfully the while over the gashed and lifeless corses of those who will return to their beloved native hills and valleys, and behold the dear faces of their kindred no more for ever!—Myriads follow in his train, and shouting with a mad enthusiasm, proclaim one, who was but yesterday a helpless infant in his mother's arms, and to-morrow may be but a clod of the valley—a *Hero*—almost a *Deity!*

I was always fond of peace, and would go far to find her, and do much to keep her when found: (indeed I have, my charming public, *entre nous*, written a poem upon peace, which, should the world display sufficient discrimination to discover my merits, may be published some of those odd days)—but independently of this my predelection, and as a matter of taste, I cannot help thinking it a far sublimer and more splendid sight, to behold an individual going on unobtrusively, and, as it were, in the shade, diffusing light to those who are sitting in darkness—knowledge to the ignorant—alleviating, comforting, counselling, wherever suffering and calamity abound—and where does it not?—but where is the applause and the gratulation which should follow this amiable and beneficent being?—few indeed will track the path of a Howard, or pause to shed a tear over the premature grave of a Henry Martyn!

If it were at all extraordinary that the really great and good should pass over the stage of existence, comparatively unnoticed and unknown, we might wonder why the death of the excellent John Owen, late Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, should have produced so little of what is called a *sensation*, among our countrymen: but "Wonder," says Lord Bacon, "is the offspring of Ignorance"—so a truce to it.

There are some, who, in a few years of devoted usefulness and energetic exertion, *live longer* than many who are the full space of threescore years and ten, in merely crawling from the cradle to the grave. In this class was Mr. Owen. Among the very earliest founders of a society, which, in its organization and progress, certainly forms an epoch in the history of mankind, he brought to its aid talents and genius, which would have raised him to a high eminence in any rank of life. Enthusiasm, tempered by admirable good sense—zeal, unmingled with a particle of bigotry—and who that has heard him pour forth the full tide of his resistless eloquence in the cause, and can entertain a moment's doubt that his *heart* was immersed in its importance? He bore the petulance and provocation of those who were his opponents, with a temper and a meekness which should never be forgotten; especially when it is considered, that in the exercise of such amiable feelings, (the result of fixed principle) he was compelled to curb the intellectual power which he fully possessed, of putting to silence and to shame, those who misconstrued his motives, and who were incapable of appreciating his merits.

The lively playfulness of his manners in private, (which ought to shut the mouths of those who invest religion with a gloom that belongs not to it) will ever endear his memory to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, and add pungency to their regret for the loss of one, who, after wearing out a bodily frame naturally strong, and a mind singularly vigorous, in the service of his fellow-creatures, fell a victim to his exertions, and sunk at last to rest.

Reader!—this is not the language of compliment—of empty, unmeaning, interested panegyric—it is truth—nothing but the truth—and if not *all* the truth, it is only because time would fail me to record it. I have advanced no dogmas which can clash with the settled opinions of any, but have simply attempted the sketch of an enlightened, noble, and consistent

character, and one well worthy the imitation of all!

Great and excellent man! May *my* communion on earth be with such as thou wert!—and mine, too, be like glorious communion in the green pastures, and by the still waters of a better and a brighter world than this!

EDGAR.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

A CAUTION.

He that a watch would wear, this he should do—
*Pocket his watch*, and *watch his pocket* too.

ALLITERATIVE LOVE LETTER.—*A*dored and *a*ngelic *A*melia. *A*ccept *a*n *a*rdent and *a*rtless *a*mourist's affections, *a*lleviate *a*n *a*nguished *a*dmirer's *a*larms, and *a*nswer *a*n *a*morous applicant's *a*vowed *a*rdour. *A*h *A*melia! *a*ll *a*ppears *a*n *a*wful *a*spect! *A*mbition, *a*varice, and *a*rrogance, *a*las! are *a*ttractive *a*llurements, and *a*base *a*n *a*rdent *a*ttachment. *A*ppease *a*n *a*ching and affectionate *a*dorer's *a*larms, and *a*non *a*cknowledge *a*ffianced *A*lbert's *a*lliance *a*s *a*greeable and *a*cceptable. —*A*nxiously *a*waiting *a*n affectionate and affirmative answer, *a*ccept *a*n *a*rdent *a*dmirer's *a*ching *a*dieu. *A*lways *a*ngelic and *a*dorable *A*melia's *a*dmiring and affectionate *a*mourist, *A*LBERT.

ACCUSATION.

Richard complain'd to Tom, one day,
That Bill had ta'en his character away:
"I take your character," says Bill,
"why, zounds,
I would not *have it*, Sir, for fifty pounds."

TO MAKE PERRY AN ACROSTIC.

P ut Beauty's graces with a mind,
E ndued with every power to please;
R esplendent wit, demeanour kind,
R eal modesty, and taste refin'd;
Y ou'll find sweet Perry's made of these.

The following is said to be the origin of nine tailors making one man:—A poor beggar stopped near a tailor's shop, where nine men were at work, and craved charity; each contributed his mite, and presented the beggar with the total. The beggar went upon his knees, thanking them for the sum, and said they had made a man of him.

EPITAPHS.

The late Sir John Trollope caused his grave to be dug some years previous to his death; and at the head a stone was placed perpendicularly with the following lines:

I, Sir John Trollope,
Made this ground roll up,
When God shall call my soul up,
My body shall fill the hole up.

2. IN GAINSBOROUGH CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may, if you please, or may let it alone,
For its all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one.

3. ON A DISORDERLY FELLOW NAMED CHEST.

Here lies one *Chest* within another;
That chest was good
Which was made of wood,
But who'll say so of t'other?

SIR JEROME BOWES.—John Basilide, Czar of Muscovy, a cruel and hard-hearted prince, ordered, according to some historians, a nail to be driven into the head of the Ambassador of an Italian prince, for having put on his hat in his presence. However, when Jerome Bowes, Ambassador of Elizabeth, Queen of England, appeared before that prince, he boldly put his hat on, and left him in the same manner. The Czar asked him whether he were ignorant of the treatment another ambassador had received, for a like temerity? I know it, answered the Englishman: but I am the Ambassador of a Queen that has always her head covered, and that never suffers an insult put upon any of her ministers to pass unpunished. The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldness, exclaimed, turning towards his courtiers: "This is a brave man, who dares act and speak thus for the honour and interest of his Sovereign! Which of you would do as much for me?"

FISH.—The smelt: the name of this fish is derived from its peculiar scent, i. e. *smell it*. There is no fish dies so soon as the herring when taken out of the water, whence arises the proverb, "as dead as a herring." Herring-silver is money formerly paid in lieu of a certain quantity of herrings for a religious house.

RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

*By Dean Swift.*

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades giv'n as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail of making a couple of fools.

A GOOD WIFE.—There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail, prudent and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

EPITAPH ON AN ASS.

*By the late Dr. Jenner.*

Beneath this huge hillock here lies a poor creature,
So easy, so gentle, so harmless his nature,
On earth by kind Heav'n he surely was sent,
To teach erring mortals the road to Content.
Whatever befel him, he bore his hard fate,
Nor envied the steed in his high-pamper'd state.
Though homely his fare was, he'd never repine;
On a dock could he breakfast, on thistles could dine.
No matter how coarse or unsavoury his sallad,
Content made the flavour suit well with his palate.
Now, Reader, depart, and, as onward you pass,
Reflect on the lesson you've heard from an Ass.

NOBILITY.—A merchant, named Mr. John, intoxicated by the familiarity of Louis XI. who very often admitted him in particular to dine with him, took it in his head one day to request his Majesty to grant him letters of nobility. The King did not refuse his request; but when the new nobleman appeared at Court, he affected not to know him. Mr. John, surprised at this unexpected reception, could not forbear complaining of it. "Go about your business, Mr. John—I mean my Lord," said the King; "when I used to invite you to my table, I considered you as the first of your profession; but now I should insult my nobles, if I were to treat you with the same distinction."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state, that each volume of The MIRROR will contain a Title and Index; we therefore request our Subscribers not to bind up their sets until the Index is published, of which due notice will be given.

Replies to several letters shall be sent in a day or two; and our remaining Correspondents shall (if possible) all have an answer next week.


## Advertisements.

*Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand,*

The INSOLVENCY REGISTER,

Published every Saturday, price Sixpence each.

This Work is published every Saturday morning, at six o'clock, and contains in regular series:—a faithful report of proceedings in the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors, with the result of every case heard before the Court—a list of every insolvent in England and Wales, applying for relief under the Act, with the name, several places of residence, and day of hearing of the Petition:—lists, alphabetically arranged, of every Insolvent in England and Wales, discharged or remanded, by authority of the Court:—the whole forming an authentic Register of proceedings under the Acts, which, not only for immediate use, but as a Work of reference, will be found of great and general utility.

*Just Published by G. SMEETON, Arcade, Pall-Mall,*

A Treatise on the Virtues and Efficacy of a Crust of Bread, eat early in a morning fasting: to which are added, Remarks on the great Cures accomplished by the Saliva, or fasting Spittle, either when externally applied, or internally given, in the Scurvy, Gravel, Stone, Rheumatism, &c. arising from obstructions. By a Physician. Price Sixpence.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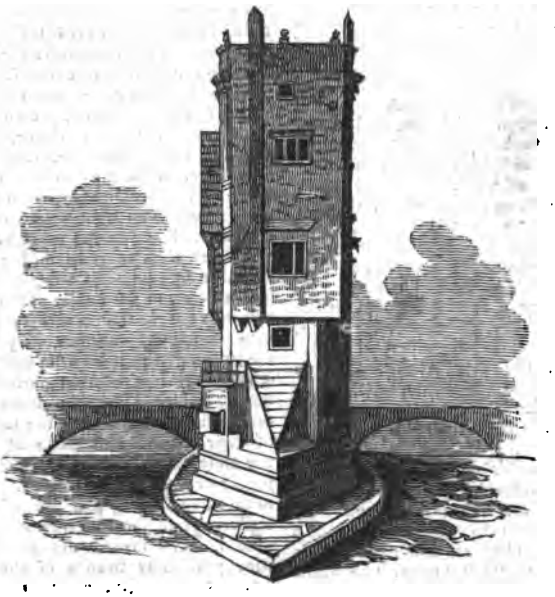
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXII.] SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1823. [PRICE 2*d*.


## The New London Bridge; and the Ancient Chapel.



Our present Engraving requires our readers to look back for half a dozen centuries, and to look forward for half a dozen years. It presents a correct view of the Ancient Chapel which formerly graced the centre arch of London Bridge; and an engraving of the successful design for the New London Bridge, which is intended to be erected over the river, near the scite of the present structure.

Of the history of London Bridge, our readers have already been made acquainted, in the second number of The MIRROR, to which we refer them. The chapel, of which we this week present a correct view, was built in the centre of the bridge, on the east side. It was dedicated to St. Thomas, and was built in 1209. Peter de Colechurch, the first architect of the bridge, was buried in this chapel, in the middle of which was a tomb, in which his remains were deposited. The Chapel had an entrance from the river, and another from the street.

The inconvenience attending London Bridge on account of its narrow arches, and the present decayed state of the structure, has induced the city to wish to erect a new one.

A commission has, however, been appointed on the subject, and they determined in favour of a new bridge. Architects and engineers were invited to furnish designs, and premiums offered for the best plans that should be presented. The instructions on which the plans were to be founded were to the following effect: That the bridge should consist of five arches, and be faced with granite; the centre arch to be twenty-three feet above high-water mark. The scite of the bridge not to exceed 170 feet from the West side of the present bridge. The clear waterway not to be less than 600 feet. The declivity of the road-way not to exceed one foot in twenty-six feet, and stairs of granite to be provided to go from the foot of the bridge to the river.

Premiums of 250*l.* 150*l.* and 100*l.* were to be given for the first, second, and third most approved designs. After this notice had been made public about six months, it was found that fifty-two designs had been sent in. The whole were then submitted to the Crown Architects, Messrs. Soane, Nash, and Smirke, together with Mr. Montague, the City Architect, when they selected as the three best, those of Mr. Fowler, Mr. Boorer, and Mr. Busby (son of Dr. Busby), to whom the premiums were adjudged.

Of Mr. Fowler's design we this week present an engraving. It is to consist of five arches, segments of circles; the centre arch to be 154 feet span; the two next 143 feet, and each of the smaller arches 125 feet span. The width of the bridge, 48 feet; the height of the ballustrade, or rather parapet, seven feet; it is to be a wall pierced with large circular apertures, filled with open cast-iron work, so as to afford a view of the river. The estimated expense of the bridge is 306,000*l.*

Mr. Boorer's plan is light and airy, the span of the arches, which are elliptical, being 152, 144, and 128 feet; the width of the bridge, 54 feet, and the estimated expense, 500,000*l.*

Mr. Busby's design gives the arches at 150, 140, and 130 feet; the arches are semi-elliptical; the width of the bridge is 47 feet, and each side is fenced with a ballustrade. The estimated expense is 386,000*l.*

We confess that none of these plans appear to be what the instructions expressed, worthy of the metropolis, and the present cultivated state of science; though they all possess considerable merit. The country that has produced a Rennie, and the metropolis that boasts so noble a structure as Waterloo Bridge, should not retrogade in her public buildings; and if the latter noble monument cannot be excelled, let us not erect any thing inferior to it, even for the sake of variety. We hear, however, that it is by no means certain that Mr. Fowler's plan will be adopted, but that a new competition will be opened for other designs.

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF A CONSULTING SURGEON.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—The world has been favoured, and no doubt amused, by the confessions of an Opium Eater, English Glutton, Hypochondriac, &c. &c., yet, I believe, setting aside the observations of Sir Astley Cooper in his lectures some time ago, where he stated that he had known the want of a shilling more than any one of his auditors, I am the first who has offered any thing like a detail to the public of the difficulties that attend the first establishment of a consulting surgeon. I pass over the expensive process of education, and consequent loss of that period of life during which others in more humble occupations are laying the foundation of their fortune, and come at once to the time when I made my debut as a public professional character. In order to do this with any prospect of success, I discovered that it was necessary I should have turned my attention to some particular branch of the healing art. Accordingly, after much consideration, I selected one which common sense as well as knowledge of my profession concurred in convincing me was very imperfectly and unsuccessfully practised. My first *difficulty* was to find a competent teacher, for alas! they were like Demetrius of Ephesus, they knew by their craft they had their wealth, and were very cautious of communicating the methods of treatment they adopted; one more liberal than the rest gave me every attention, but I soon found his theories were wild, his practice badly founded, and in general unsuccessful. I acquired, however, a knowledge of all the treatment then known to the world, as he sacrificed his life to the acquirement of knowledge. Being therefore under no constraint as to commencing practice, which, from sentiments of gratitude to my preceptor, I should not have done to his injury if he had survived, but rather have participated in his labours,

and endeavoured as his coadjutor to correct his errors, I boldly started into notice; but how to attract attention to myself was my next *difficulty*. It was necessary that I should have a fixed residence, well furnished, and genteel in point of situation; for such is the folly of the public, that humble merit stands no chance with splendid ignorance. By the assistance of friends, I was placed in a house neatly and respectably furnished, and it only remained to make myself as *notorious* as possible. There are three legitimate ways of doing so: either to write a work on the anatomy, pathology, physiology, &c. &c. of that portion of the body whose complaints are professed to be treated, which, being advertised by a publisher, causes the author's name to be known, and of course those afflicted apply to him. Another way is to give lectures on the same subjects, notice of which being duly inserted in the papers and periodical works, with certain hours and residence mentioned, when and where pupils may apply for terms, sufficiently point out the periods when the lecturer is at home to see patients. Both of these plans I adopted: the first answered pretty well, as I performed my task conscientiously, and although my work professed to be addressed to practitioners, it was written with a view of being read by the popular world. Those who had ability to understand it paid me the compliment of consulting me, from (allow me to say as *I* am talking of *myself*) a well-founded supposition that I knew more than I had chosen to expose to the public eye; or that as their case was peculiar, so it required peculiar treatment; and those who had not sufficient education to understand the force of my reasoning, thought I must be a very "*clever fellow*" to put myself in print. *Difficulties* assailed me, however, at every step, in carrying my first plan into execution. I purchased paper, employed my own printer, binder, &c. and being desirous of having a respectable publisher, I found his charge was 33 per cent. profit, 10 per cent. more for the use of his name as publisher, one book out of every twenty-five, and I was to pay whatever he charged for advertisements, with carriage and other small expenses, without daring to question his respectability, by asking for any account as to what papers contained the notices of the publication. Thus, in order to meet this enormous deduction, my book was obliged to be priced so high, that many persons thought I had made a book merely for the profit of it. My work being before the public, the Reviewers next presented themselves as another *difficulty*; but, with the exception of one, they were very lenient. That *one*, however, was published by a mere printer, a man without an idea of his own on such subjects, who was in consequence obliged to trust to hireling medical writers; and one of them having a friend in the same department as myself, lashed my work with such blind rage, to please or earn a reward from his friend, that he exposed his own ignorance, of which I did not fail to take advantage in contemporary works, and his master, having a good portion of common sense, dismissed my interested antagonist from his place as a reviewer. I had some minor *difficulties* with the papers as to the manner of their advertising my lectures; for instead of placing in capitals the peculiar department I professed, they placed "Lectures" in capitals, as if pupils were my desideratum, whereas I did not care one straw for pupils, it being only a genteel way of calling attention to myself. I also adopted the plan of seeing poor patients gratuitously, and fixed certain hours for their attendance, which is the third legitimate method of obtaining notoriety, although it has become rather equivocal of late, for the veriest quacks resort to the same methods, and what with the *difficulties* of keeping the poor to the hours you appoint, and the tricks of those who will be mean enough to assume the character of paupers, in order to get advice for nothing, it is not productive of so much benefit as may be supposed. Having thus, in some degree, overcome my major *difficulties*, the minor ones began to press upon and annoy me, and even to this day distress my feelings so, that I should almost be likely to accept the advice of Job's wife, if she were now present to offer it. My first patient was a lady in a carriage from a commercial city, with her little boy, to whom I rendered my attentions; after which she *asked my fee*. Hurt as my feelings were by the question, I replied a guinea; to which she rejoined, in the true spirit of trade, "Will not a pound do?" Shortly after I had a rich West Indian in his carriage, attended by his brother. His case was one I might have made appear of very great difficulty, and of course I could have kept him a proportionate time under my

hands; but I preferred the honourable pleasure of relieving him *instanter*, which my skill enabled me to do. His brother absolutely danced about the room, transported with pleasure that his relative was likely to be so speedily relieved; and when the operation was over, both of them almost overwhelmed me with their encomiums. Could I suppose they barely intended to adhere to the strict line of justice, and leave generosity and *quantum meruit* out of the question? Yet so it was, I was paid my fee, but nothing more; and in the same way was I treated by an old gentleman of 88, who had found in my abilities and honourable conduct similar relief; yet he never calculated the benefit received. Many were the instances in which patients of apparent respectability came, obtained my advice, and walked off without paying a fee at all. If any of these should read this, let them blush for their conduct; it might be sport to them, but it was death to me; for often have I exerted myself to assist persons who, under the garb of ladies or gentlemen, have presented themselves, with the expectation of receiving a fair reward for my services, when from being, as Sir Astley Cooper says he has been, without a shilling, it would have rendered me great benefit; and I have been too often cruelly disappointed by the dishonest behaviour of my patients, whose names and address have not been given at all, or falsely given. I have now upon my visiting-book more than one person of title, who, pluming themselves upon their great connexions, but from which I have never benefitted, do not think it necessary to pay even so much as a common mechanic would do. One in particular, a lady, who at my own house and her's I have attended at least a dozen times, which at half-a-guinea a visit for six times when she came to me, and double when I went to her, would make nine guineas; yet I have only had *two* sovereigns of her. By-the-bye, these *sovereigns* are a five per cent. loss to us. But the most rascally conduct I ever yet met with, was in the case of a man, *apparently* a gentleman, who came to me with a complaint which I honourably and liberally pointed out the most probable mode of curing. He said he was too indolent to do it for himself, and should come to me to apply the remedy for him. Accordingly he came constantly for some time. As he never gave me a fee, I mentioned to him at the end of the thirty-second visit, that I did not keep books of account. I had frequently remonstrated against his free use of wine, assuring him he would never be cured if he continued it. He ceased his visits; and on being written to, called and left five guineas, saying he was not cured. This inadequate sum I pointed out was not an equivalent for my time and trouble; that I had never descended to the character of a quack, by promising a cure, which he could not indeed expect if he drank his wine. An impertinent answer followed from a fellow who assumed the character of my patient's attorney, professing he would receive any writ for him, to save his client personal trouble. Irritated by the insolence, I caused a writ to be issued, and then found the pretended attorney was only a lawyer's clerk, having no power to receive the writ, and it was served on the principal, who let the expenses accumulate as much as possible, and then pleaded his privilege, for that he was an attorney, which, from his representations to me, and the whole tenor of his conduct, it was impossible for me to surmise.

Having told you some of the *difficulties* of a consulting surgeon, I think you and other gentlemen that have the command of the press might very much relieve them. In the first place, you might assist works which were likely to be of utility to the community in making their way to public notice, by taking them from under the dominion of opulent and extortionate booksellers, whereby the prices would be materially reduced. Next, you might give men whose merit has been ascertained an opportunity of bringing themselves before the public, by placing any new discoveries which they chose to communicate in a respectable and prominent point of view, without demanding payment for the insertion, as some of the *soi disant* respectable newspapers do. This would invite discussion and benefit the world; and lastly, you might recommend that fees should be paid to consulting surgeons the same as to counsel, sent before-hand with the case, or some other manner contrived, so that the feelings of men as highly educated, if not more so, than those in the profession of the law, should not be outraged as they are at present by the frequent demand, from persons who *ought* to *know better*, of "Pray, Sir, what is your fee?" Oh! 'tis enough to make a man mad.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A CONSULTING SURGEON.

## THE ARABIAN MARTYR.

Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and, being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and visit foreign countries.—They were both zealous Mahomedans. Sabat was son of Ibraham Sabat, a noble family of the line of Beni Sabat, who trace their pedigree to Mahomed. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their prophet, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under Zeman Shah, king of Cabul; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith, by the perusal of a bible (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mahomedan states, it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. Abdallah endeavoured for a time to conceal his conversion; but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian Sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bochara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognised him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. 'But, Sir,' said Sabat, when relating the story himself, '*I had no pity.* I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him up to Marad Shah, king of Bochara. He was sentenced to die, and a herald went through the city of Bochara, announcing the time of execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near Abdallah. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand.—'No,' said he (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with), 'I cannot abjure Christ.' Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm standing by his side, but with little motion. A physician, by desire of the king, offered to heal the wound if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly towards Heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger towards *me*. He looked *at me*, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. But, Sir, said Sabat, in his imperfect English, he never changed, he never changed! And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bochara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'

Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival, he was appointed by the English Government a mufti, or expounder of the Mahomedan law—his great learning, and respectable station in his own country rendering him well qualified for that office. And now the period of his conversion drew near.—While he was at Visagapatam, in the northern Circars, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament, in the Arabic language. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together with patience and solicitude, and at length the truth of the gospel fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards, he proceeded to Madras, a journey of 300 miles, to seek Christian baptism, and having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptized in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the 27th year of his age. When his family in Arabia heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and become a Christian, they dispatched his brother to India, (a voyage of two months) to assassinate him. While Sabat was sitting in his house at Visagapatam, his brother presented himself in the disguise of a faquir, or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance. He then recognised his brother! The assassin would have become the victim of public justice; but Sabat interceded for him, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents, to his mother's house in Arabia.

When Sabat forgave and interceded for his brother, he was no longer the fanatic and pitiless Mahomedan, but the professor of a religion which

teaches mercy and forgiveness to our most implacable enemies.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### MIRACLES.

The Romish church pretends to infallibility, and appeals to a constant succession of miracles in support of that pretension. These pretended miracles, gross and palpable falsehoods as they are, have been published as truths, with the sanction of censors of the press, heads of religious orders, bishops, and inquisitors; and they remain, and for ever will remain, proofs of a system of imposture deliberately carried on.

We have before us the Life of the Glorious Bishop St. Patrick, Apostle and Primate of Ireland, together with the Lives of the Holy Virgin St. Bridget, and of the Glorious Abbot St. Columbe, Patrons of Ireland, printed in 1625 at St. Omers, with the license and approbation of the Censors of Louvaine, of the Bishop of St. Omers, and of the Commissary and Definitor-General of the Seraphic Order. The author, Fr. B. B. one of the Irish Franciscan friars at Louvaine, says of St. Patrick, that this Life "will abundantly teach how stupenduous he was in perpetrating of miracles." He will, he says, "furnish the scrip of your memories with bright stones taken up out of the torrent of our glorious Apostle's life, wherewith, if you charge the sling of your tongues, the weakest among you shall be able to encounter and cast down any temerarious and Goliah-hearted Protestant that should undertake to renew the lost field, or to recover the gained breach." "Since they obtrude their new-found Gospel on you, under the specious vizard of venerable antiquity, lo here we offer them St. Patrick's Life, who lived in the purer times of Christianity: let them examine it, let them search it, and point us out what they shall find in it to countenance their cause, or to advance their religion.—Nothing will occur here but quires of sacred virgins, and troops of holy monks. They will admire at the frequent mention of holy veils and ecclesiastical tonsure. Holy water, vessels of holy oils, hallowed fire, the sign of the Cross, &c. sound very harshly in Protestants ears. Our wiving gospellors hold no commerce or society with a continent and chaste monk. The refined naturalists of Geneva will never acknowledge our glorious prelate's walking in the majesty of a Roman *pallium*. These delicate reformers will never challenge a religious, consumed with fasts and weakened with hair-cloth, as a disciple. Paleness arising of long standing in cold water, (a thing never practised by our tender solifidians,) short and broken sleeps taken all alone on a hard flint, seem strange and absurd in the theology of our libidinous ministers, who lie immersed in beds of down, not alone, but embracing their sweethearts with greater devotion than ever any Geneva bible." And presently he asks "What greater imposture can they impose on you than to father their Protestant paradoxes on the primitive Christians?"

The friar who thus talks of Protestant impostures, and triumphantly calls upon the Protestants to examine and search into the Life of St. Patrick, which he has written for their confusion, or edification, relates in this Life, not indeed that the Saint heated an oven with ice, but that he made a rousing fire with it. He relates also that fire dropt from his fingers and dried up the waters of an inundation; that he transported a leper to Ireland upon an altar-stone, which served for the passage better than the best life-boat could have done; that he himself effected his landing there in the face of an army of devils drawn up to oppose him; that at sundry times he made the earth swallow sundry magicians; that he raised many persons from the dead whose bodies had long been resolved to dust; that he moved a mountain to accommodate a noble of Munster whose view from his dwelling was obstructed by it, and brought the mountain back as easily as he had displaced it, when the said noble refused to let him build a church, which he had promised if the miracle was performed; that he made a he-goat bleat in the belly of the man who had stolen and eaten it, and entailed a goat's beard upon the issue of the thief for ever—(it is to be hoped that he limited it to the male line;) that when it rained, his sanctity served as a great coat and umbrella to keep him perfectly dry; that when he walked in the night it was by the light of his own fingers; and that having cleared Ireland of magicians and devils, by whom it was so infested that the whole island was called the Devil's own, he marched the venomous creatures of all kinds, by which it was overrun, to a promon-

tory, and made them cast themselves into the sea—upon which Jöceline exclaims, as well he might, "*O miraculum magnificum a mundi exordio inexpertum, nunc tribubus, populis et linguis compertum, cunctis fere nationibus notorium, specialiter Hiberniæ incolis pernecessarium.*" M. Gregoire may be indignant at the repetition of such legends; but when he insults a Protestant clergyman for alluding to them, it is proper he should be reminded that they were invented in his church, and promulgated with its sanction. It is fit also that he should be reminded of what Bolland has said with regard to these very tales, and other such as these, in the preface to his prodigious and invaluable collection. *Quia vero in ejusmodi patrandis prodigiis deus fere simplicitati ac fidei hominum Deus attemperat, ideo Hibernorum, Scotorum, Britannorum tam qui Albionem, quam qui Armoricam Galliæ oram incolunt, plane portentosæ sunt Sanctorum Vitæ, atque ex miraculis fere incredibilibus contextæ; quia apud eas gentes et constantia fidei egregia, et vitæ simplicitas, ac candor olim rarus extitit; vel certè quia simpliciores Scriptores.* And he proceeds to say even malice itself cannot deny that very many miracles were formerly wrought in those countries, because, in spite of the triumph of heresy, they still continued to be manifested, for example, at St. Winifred's Well.

The Romish church, possessing and exercising, wherever it was established, a controul over the press, authorized the publication of these legends, not as spiritual romances, (like the Life and Death of Mr. Badman, the Pilgrim's Progress and the Holy War,) but as authentic biography. This very romance of St. Patrick (there is not a more flagrant one in the whole Acta Sanctorum, though there are many more flagitious) was published, as we have shown, with an insolent appeal to its miracles and its authenticity against the Protestants. The Protestant therefore, on his part, is justified in appealing to it as a proof of the practices of the Romish church.

So much for St. Patrick. Let us now look to the story of St. Antonio. The great Chronicler of the Order has so prettily, as well as circumstantially, related this notable miracle, that the reader may be pleased at seeing it faithfully rendered from his Latin.

"When St. Antonio preached at Rimini, where there dwelt a great number of heretics, he disputed against their errors, and desired to bring them back to the light of truth. But they being as it were made stones by their obstinacy, not only would not yield to his holy eloquence, but even altogether refused to hear him. St. Antonio therefore, God inspiring him, went out one day to the mouth of the river, close by the sea, and standing upon the shore near to the sea and to the river also, began, in the manner of a discourse, to call upon the fishes on the part of the Lord, saying, Hear ye the word of the Lord, O ye fishes of the sea and of the river, seeing that the heretical, infidels refuse to hear it! Behold immediately there gathered together before St. Antonio so great a multitude of fishes, great and small, as never had been seen in those parts; and they all held their heads a little out of the water. There you might have seen the great fish beside the little ones, and the little ones pass quietly under the fins of the great ones, and even rest there. There you might have seen divers species, each hastening to join those of its own kind, so that they were arranged before the face of the Saint, like a painted field, marvellously adorned with variety of colours and of forms. There you might have seen bands of fishes, huge and great, take their place at the preaching, like the divisions of an army in array. There you might have seen the fishes of a middle size chuse their middle station, and, as if instructed by their Maker, rest in their places without truculence. There you might have seen a copious multitude of little fishes approaching like pilgrims for an Indulgence, and drawing nearer to the Holy Father as their teacher. So that at this preaching, which was ordered by Heaven, in the first place the small fishes arranged themselves to hear St. Antonio, in the second those of a middle size, and the great ones in the third, where the water was deeper. They being thus arranged, St. Antonio solemnly began to preach, saying, "O Fish, my brethren, ye are greatly bounden, according to your capacity, to give thanks to the Creator who hath given you so noble an element for your habitation, so that ye have the sweet water, and the salt, as it suiteth you. Moreover he hath appointed for you manifold refuges that ye may avoid the annoyance of the storms. He hath made for you a clear and limpid element that ye might see whither ye go, and perceive also your food. At the creation of the world ye received from God as a benediction, the

command that ye should multiply. At the deluge, when all other creatures who were not in the Ark perished, ye were preserved without hurt. To you it was appointed to swallow up the prophet Jonah at the command of the Lord, and after the third day to replace him on shore. You brought the tax money to our Lord and Saviour when he, as a poor man, had not else wherewith to have paid it. You, before the Resurrection, and after it, were the food of the eternal King. For all which things ye are greatly bound to praise and bless the Lord, from whom ye have received so many singular blessings above all other creatures." At these words, some fishes uttered a sound, others opened their mouths, and all inclined their heads, praising together the Most High in such a manner as they could. Antonio, rejoicing in the Holy Spirit at this reverence of the fishes, and crying with a most loud voice, said, "Blessed be the eternal God, because the fishes of the water honour God more than heretical men, and irrational creatures hear better than men who are unfaithful in their belief." By how much the more Antonio preached, so much the more did the multitude of fishes increase, none retiring from the place which they had taken. To which prodigy the people of the city hastened, the aforesaid heretics coming also, and seeing so unwonted and truly admirable a miracle, they were touched at heart, and all sat down at the feet of St. Antonio that he might preach to them. Then St. Antonio, opening his mouth, preached so marvellously upon the Catholic faith that he converted all the heretics who were there, and sent the faithful home strengthened in their faith, joyfully and with his benediction. The fishes also having obtained leave from St. Antonio, went their way to various parts of the sea as if rejoicing."

So far are the Bollandists, when they transcribe this story, from expressing even a doubt of its truth, that Papebroche says in his annotations he had himself seen the chapel which had been built upon the spot, *ad rei memoriam*; and that the fishermen in those parts suspend their employment on the anniversary of the miracle. Here then, in the Papal states, and under the sanction of the Papal government, is a place of worship erected, and an annual holyday observed in commemoration of a story which that government must have known to be grossly and ridiculously false. The church of Rome has been notoriously guilty of such practices; and till that church shall have purged its kalendar and its breviaries, it will not avail its partizans to affect indignation when the reproach of such imposture is brought against it. We could, if it were necessary, adduce in like manner chapter and verse for the tale of St. Dominic and the Devil, and show that this also has been published with all the formalities required where the press is under Catholic superintendance. But enough of this.*—*Quarterly Review.*

## HELVELLYN;

### OR, CANINE AFFECTION.

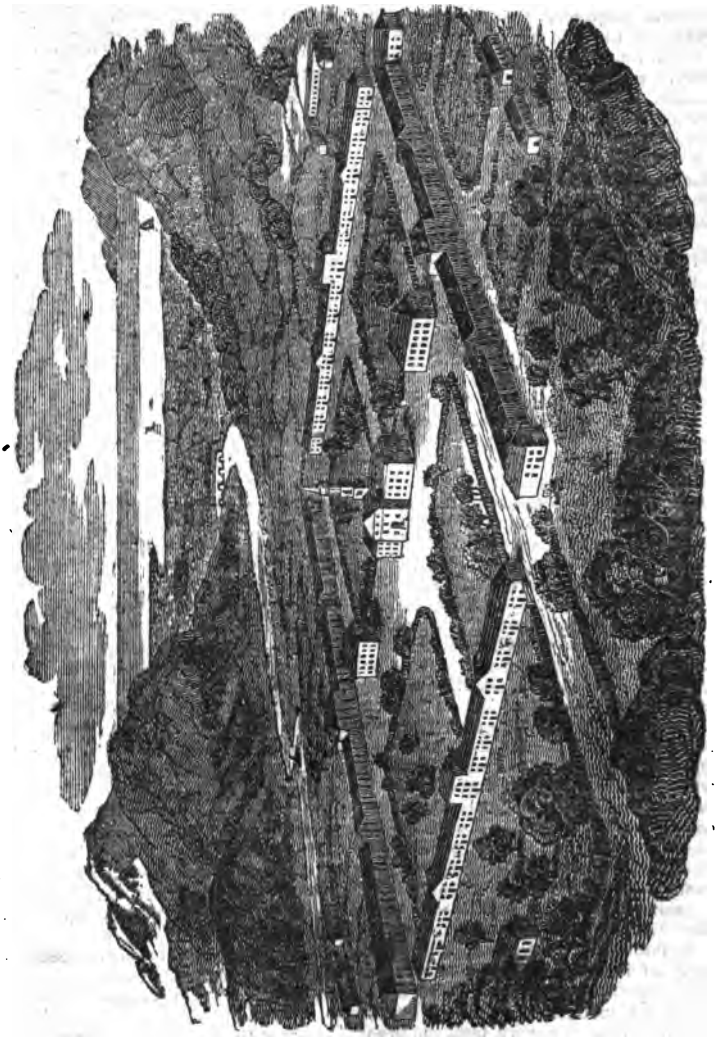
One of the most touching pieces of Sir Walter Scott is his Helvellyn. A young gentleman of promising talents perished by losing his way in the spring of 1805, on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were found three months afterwards, guarded still by a faithful terrier bitch that had long been the companion of his solitary rambles. The poet thus pathetically depicts the scene:—

"Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay!
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chas'd the hill-fox and the raven away.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet, that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?"

* How the alleged feats of that miracle-monger, Prince Hohenlohe, sink in comparison with those of St. Patrick and St. Antonio!

# Mr. Owen's proposed Village.



Mr. Owen is one of the most enthusiastic, and at the same time one of the most active philanthropists of his age. The founder of a system of mutual industry, which has converted his own extensive factory in Scotland into a well-ordered communicatory—a family, of which he is the father and the head, he wishes to extend the plan to society at large. Hitherto, however, he has had but little encouragement; but Pope says—

"Truths would you teach, and save a sinking land,
All hear, none aid you, and few understand."

Mr. Owen has had public meetings on the subject of his plan in London, he has published its details in various

ways, and he is now in Ireland, where he is endeavouring to carry it into effect. A numerous meeting was held for that purpose in Dublin, a few days ago, and another meeting has been fixed for the further discussion of the subject. Without entering into an examination of Mr. Owen's system, of the general application of which we confess we have doubts, we shall observe, that in 1819 a deputation of the town of Leeds inspected Mr. Owen's establishment, and that they speak of it in the highest terms of commendation.

New Lanark consists of a population of 2503 individuals, of which 483 are children under ten years of age; these are all in schools, learning reading, writing, accounts, music, and dancing. The next class of the population comprises the boys and girls between ten and seventeen years of age. These are regular in business, and mild and engaging in their manners. The adult inhabitants of New Lanark are clean, healthy, and sober. Intoxication, the parent of so many vices, and of so much misery, is almost unknown: the consequence of which is, that they are all well clad and well fed, and their dwellings are clean and inviting; and "in this well-regulated colony," says the Leeds Deputation, "where almost every thing is made, wanted by either the manufactory or its inhabitants, no cursing or swearing is any where to be heard. There are no quarrelsome men, nor brawling women."

Such a state of society as this forms no doubt a striking contrast to the population in the great manufacturing districts: and to these Mr. Owen declares his plan applicable, as well as to the community in general. As the public seems sceptical as to the practicability of Mr. Owen's plan, he proposes the formation of a new establishment on the same principle, at Motherwell, near New Lanark, on the following scale:

In the centre of from 600 to 1200 acres of land, it is proposed to erect a large square, capable of accommodating about 1200 persons, men, women, and children. To give both children and adults the best *education*, consisting of the introduction of every circumstance favourable to the formation of good character, and the exclusion of whatever might be productive of a contrary result; the whole founded upon a system of instruction combined with amusement, and conducted with such undeviating kindness, as to supersede the necessity of either reward or punishment.

Each person, according to his ability, to labour for the good of the whole, their employment being directed by an economical arrangement, which shall combine their interests—unite their exertions—provide for the beneficial introduction of scientific improvements, and diminish expenditure.

The system of education has already been proved to be efficacious by the extensive experiment at New Lanark; the thousands of visitors to that spot bear ample testimony to the happiness that reigns there. That the establishment will pay its expenses, will be evident from the following calculations:

The cost of these erections, furnishing the apartments, fitting up school-room, and places of worship for Dissenters, the church, infirmary, lecture-room, inn, and library, will be about 40,000*l.*

Interest of 40,000*l.*, rent of land, farming stock, &c. clothing, &c. 300 families at 20*l.*, taxes and contingencies, 10,750*l.*

In the working population of 1200 individuals there appears, from the most accurate data that can be attained, an average of

248 individuals, male and female, under 10 years of age.
178 ditto, ditto, from 10 to 15.
719 ditto, ditto, from 15 to 60.
55 ditto, ditto, from 60 and upwards.

In the following calculation the labour of the 248 children, under ten years of age, is not taken into account, nor the labour of 32 individuals employed in various domestic purposes and superintendance, nor of 35 who are supposed to be at all times ineffective, either from indisposition or other causes.

The annual value of the labour of the community will then be as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 165 individuals from 10 to 15, at 4*s.* per week | 1,716 | 0 | 0 |
| 660 ditto from 15 to 60, at 10*s.* ditto | 17,600 | 0 | 0 |
| 40 ditto above 60, at 5*s.* ditto | 520 | 0 | 0 |
| Total value of labour | 19,916 | 0 | 0 |
| Total expenditure | 10,750 | 0 | 0 |
| Surplus | 9,166 | 0 | 0 |

From the preceding calculations it is evident, that the inhabitants of these establishments will be in full possession, even at the commencement of their exertions, of far more substantial advantages than are now acquired by many of the middle classes at an ex-

penditure of several hundreds per annum.

It has been urged against Mr. Owen's plan, that by making mankind so happy, the world would become over-populated; and much has been latterly said about "population pressing upon subsistence;" now whatever truth there might be in such a doctrine some centuries hence, that it does not apply to the present time will be evident from the following consideration:—four acres and a half of land are necessary to the supply of one horse. In Ireland one man can easily cultivate an acre of potatoes, which will support twelve persons, allowing each seven pounds per diem, consequently the land that supports one horse will support fifty-four Irishmen!

It has been estimated, that in Europe and America there is not more than one person to every 213 acres. Now, every acre, by spade cultivation, will support two persons *comfortably;* 213 acres would, therefore, amply support 416 persons instead of one, so that Europe and America must have its population multiplied 416 times before there could be the least deficiency of *comfortable* subsistence; and if the inhabitants of Europe and America were like the Irish, their numbers might be increased no less than 2556. The latter, of course, is an extreme case, but the former may very fairly be considered a proof that we are not yet arrived at that period when "population presses upon subsistence."

The engraving which we have placed at the head of this article gives a good outline of Mr. Owen's proposed village. The square will be as spacious as the largest square in London; it will be surrounded with gardens, and the interior will be laid out in pleasure-grounds and play-grounds. The various parts of the buildings in the centre, are fitted up for the purposes of schools, places of worship, library, lecture-room, dining-halls, and rooms for recreation—the four houses in the centre of the sides, are for the superintendants of the children, schoolmaster, surgeon, and public store. One of the two buildings projecting from the corner of the square, is the inn for the accommodation of strangers, and the other building is the infirmary. The manufactory, slaughter-house, washing-house, and farming offices, are placed at a short distance outside the square.

## The Novelist.

No. XX.

### THE MERCHANT OF BALSORA;

OR, THE MAGIC RING.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

As Conloffe passed through the streets, his attention was arrested by a great crowd assembled round the door of the Cadi's house. His curiosity was excited, on beholding such a collection, at so unusual an hour: he advanced through the midst of the populace into the room where justice was administered, and perceived a man, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair, with every expression of grief, that refused all consolation.—"My daughter! my daughter!" he exclaimed—"the villain has ruined my child, and will leave her to perish." "Every possible search has been made, Sir," said the Cadi—"to-morrow we will renew our investigation; meantime the gates of the city shall be doubly guarded.—After many vehement imprecations and bursts of grief, the merchant departed, and the mob dispersed.

Conloffe followed the stranger until they were free from observation; then revealing himself, told him he had heard his complaints, and thought he might prove of service to him. "My name," said the merchant, "is Mirgehan; I am a merchant of Damascus, and was preparing to travel to this city, in the course of my business. An aged villain, whom I had considered as my friend, took advantage of the bustle of my affairs, carried off my daughter, the pride and hope of my old age, with all my treasure; which, for the convenience of transportation, I had converted into jewels. He then joined the caravan, which has lately arrived in this city, took my name and personated me. I followed, as soon as I had discovered his black treachery, and after many perils in the journey, after having been attacked by robbers, who deprived me of the pitiful remnant of my property, and of the documents I had brought to prove my identity and assert my rights, I reached Balsora. But my destroyer has taken his measures effectually. I have reason to believe him in one of the narrow streets, in the opposite extremity of the town; but the search of the officers has proved unsuccessful; friendless and unknown, my truth suspected, my rights unsupported, I am left to die in a distant country." "How were your jewels packed?" asked Conloffe: "In a black chest," replied

Mirgehan, "bound with iron, with a verse from the Coran, inscribed upon them, which the impious wretch disregarded." "Allah be praised," exclaimed the youth, "I have already been the instrument of performing one act of justice." He bade the merchant await his return, flew to the house of Bonbec, and soon restored the box to Mirgehan. The latter could not express his gratitude; he offered to divide the contents with Conloffe, if he would meet him at his caravanscrai on the next morning. The youth rejected the offer, and the merchant was lost in wonder at his disinterested behaviour.—Conloffe inquired the name and situation of the street, where the false friend was supposed to have concealed himself; and left Mirgehan, promising to meet him the next day. Making himself invisible, he traversed the city, and gained the spot to which he had been directed. All was now silent around. The shops were closed, and the Mussulmen had retired to their couches. He had not been waiting long, before he espied a man advancing towards him, with cautious and apparently anxious steps. He soon recognized the person of one of the slaves, whom he had before seen on the plain.

The African entered a door, artfully concealed in the side of one of the buildings. With the swiftness of light, Conloffe followed him; he entered a suit of apartments, plainly furnished, from appearances belonging to some inferior tradesman. Here he lost sight of the slave, in the obscurity of a gallery, now lit only by the fitful radiance of the moon, which rode at the noon of night, in solemn majesty. Uncertain as to what measures he should adopt, Conloffe discovered a dim light at a distance, penetrating the crevices of the door. Thither he proceeded with a light step, and slowly entered the apartment. A taper was burning in a room, and in a recess he beheld a couch, overhung by rich drapery. Led by an irresistible curiosity, Conloffe approached; he glanced through the foldings of the curtains, and was struck dumb with rapturous wonder. There the light covering of the bed revealed to his view a form, with which the amorous believer's ardent vision of the dark eyed maids of Paradise, could not bear any comparison. Sleep hung upon her eyelids; but the smile that played around her lips was an irradiation of immortal beauty. Her darkly flowing tresses had escaped from their sparkling braid; and the entrancing negligence, in which every perfection was displayed in its voluptuous fullness, completed the spell in which the Mussulman was bound.

"And this," thought Conloffe, "is Mirgehan's daughter. O! let him keep his treasure, a thousand times told! I ask but this; and I will fly for him to the farthest corner of the earth, and risk every hope of life or happiness, for the faint dream of possessing Ghulendam!——" And Ghulendam—is she not here?—alone, unprotected—I have a charm that can always deliver me—perish the unhallowed thought!—" But yet"—

Fain would history draw a veil over the conclusion of Conloffe's reflections. He was young; the prize was within his grasp; he was carried away by the torrent—and the evil principle triumphed.

The first blush of morning saw Conloffe in his father's habitation, musing on the scenes of the night. His delirium began to dissipate; and the gigantic form of conscience again rose up, in all his terrors. He had forgotten Mirgehan—every thing but Ghulendam.—"But," thought he, "my ring makes me a husband for a princess.—Wealth is laid bare before me; the machinations of enemies I can read in their conception. Ghulendam shall be mine, and then none have I injured." So saying, he bethought him of returning to the house; for he had nothing certain to communicate to Mirgehan, about its inhabitants.

Still invisible, he again found himself in the apartment of the lady. She was now dressed; but Conloffe's heart, in despite of his resolution, again smote him with remorse and despair, as he beheld the flower his grasp had blighted, lovely in its decay, bowing to the earth with sorrow and shame. Drowned in tears, Ghulendam was leaning on her arm; and often she raised her dark appealing eyes to heaven, as if to demand what crime she had committed—that He who alone beheld the deed, would permit its perpetrator to live in triumph.

A man entered the apartment, and Ghulendam, struggling to conceal her emotions, rose to receive him. From the description of Mirgehan, Conloffe knew him for the hoary traitor he was in search of. His blood boiled within him, as he saw the robber fold *his* Ghulendam to his breast. "Joy, joy, my love," he cried, "our friend has succeeded; the baffled wretch is arrested, and we may depart." Ghulendam re-

plied with her tears. Her conduct was constrained; and when the old man prest her to his bosom, she would start back and shudder. Conloffe read in her conduct the struggles of fear with disgust; the triumph of injustice, which this arch villain announced, and the consequent barriers presented to his hopes, united with the indignation kindled by the scene before him, drove him almost to madness:—and, when the old man, meeting with no reply to his transports, but sobs and tears, began to reproach Ghulendam, the wrath of Conloffe was fanned into fury. He passed his sword through the false merchant's body. He reeled and fell. "Azrael has struck me, my *child!*" he cried—"Oh my *father!*" said Ghulendam, "leave me not, my father!"

At this moment a voice without, which Conloffe knew to be his father's, called out, "Joy! Mirgehan—we have caught the lying knave Hassan; and he is now tearing his hair and his beard with vexation, instead of hypocrisy."—So saying, Bonbec entered the chamber. The blood flowed copiously from Mirgehan; and Ghulendam, who had thrown herself upon the body, appeared to have lost all power of action. "My father!" was all that she uttered; and at every pause in her exclamations, a fresh shower of tears mingled with the sanguine torrent, in which her parent was weltering. "Who has done this?" said Bonbec. "Do I behold in Ghulendam a parricide." At these words, the lovely mourner started from the ground; she threw a glance on the interrogator, which seemed the last flash of expiring reason, and fell back into Bonbec's arms. That question seemed also to recall the parting spirit of the dying Mirgehan. "The blow came from a hand unseen:" he uttered faintly, and again relapsed into the shadows of death.

Numerous steps were now heard on the stairs, ascending to the apartment. There was a fire in the brain of Conloffe. He rushed past the entering multitude, and wandered, he knew not whither, or how long.

The first return of memory and reason found him in the valley, where, on the preceding evening, the Dervish had breathed his last. There stood the solitary palm; it frowned on him dark reproach. The stream rolled on with its murmuring waters; and Conloffe thought he heard the deep voice of eternity, summoning him to his last fearful audit. The parting beams of the retiring sun, as they lingered on the grave of Atalmulc, brought back the Dervish's dying counsels, and reminded Conloffe how soon he had disregarded them.

"Thou baleful legacy! pernicious ring!" he exclaimed, "that sun has seen but one revolution, since thou hast made me guilty of three of the blackest crimes, that can cry for vengeance, on earth and in heaven. Robbery—the violation of innocence—murder!—The murder of him, her father, on whose helpless hours I stole, darker than the fiend of the charnel house—I stand accursed before God and man. I am branded with a burning character.—Dæmons will hunt me through the earth; and when my unpardoned soul shall tread the sabre arch, that spans the caverns of the damned, those caves shall yawn to receive me, and Heaven will rejoice at my destruction!"

So saying, he seized a fragment of a rock; and erecting the ring, threw the mass upon it. A clap of thunder was heard in the serene air, and the Dervish Atalmulc stood before him. Not as he last beheld him, bending with years, and bowing to the grave; he knew him by the intelligence of his face, and by the fire of his eye—but they were now radiant with heavenly glory. He stood, "the centre of a cloud," in form a youth; his white locks were changed into luxuriant curls; his vesture was dipped in the tints of Heaven. Conloffe prostrated himself upon the earth; and the Dervish thus addressed him:—

"Allah, O youth! has made me the instrument of an awful lesson to you.—The ring I gave you was found in the evening of my days, and even then I feared to use it. Men cannot wield the thunder which spirits tremble as they hear. Listen—Mirgehan and your father were friends in their youth.—They agreed, that when their children should grow up, the friendship of the parents should be sealed by their union. For this purpose, Mirgehan came to Balsora. A villain followed him, and, allured by his promises, a venal Cadi favoured his scheme. Mirgehan secreted his treasure, his daughter and himself. The first you delivered to his enemy, who is now in prison, and from whom his prize has been recovered.—Learn a deep lesson of wisdom, and you may yet be as happy as it is permitted to mortals to be. The wound of Mirgehan is not fatal, and under the roof of Bonbec you will find him, with your Ghulendam." And Conloffe returned to the city; and it was as the Dervish had said.

## Miscellanies.

### ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DUKE OF LEEDS.

The father of the present Duke of Leeds had a great passion for music. His taste for that science often led him to accept invitations for private parties. On one occasion he attended a select party in Lombard-street, given by a gentleman who held an appointment in the Post Office, and who had very good apartments there. To meet the Duke, a few amateurs were invited, and amongst the rest the present Chamberlain of London, Mr. Clark, who, singing at sight, was a very useful member. Mr. Clark was Lord Mayor, and on that night he was to take possession of the Mansion House, which is never in order for the reception of its short-leased tenant till some weeks after it becomes vacant. At midnight, the City Magistrate's carriage came to fetch him home; but the Duke so earnestly pressed his staying a little longer, that he could not refuse, especially as he had made his compassion easy to the servants, by saying—"Send away your carriage, and I will set you down." The clock again struck, and his civic Lordship (who had with firmness passed the bottle) began respectfully to remonstrate, when, at length, his Grace rose, and good-humouredly said—"Well, come along, I see it will not do; you are too much on your guard for me. Do you recollect, you are now sitting on the identical spot where stood the house of Sir Robert Viner, when he filled your present situation, and King Charles II. dined with him. I confess I had some ambition to reduce you to the state in which Sir Robert was, when he so reluctantly parted with his Royal guest, and to have sent you to the Mansion House as merry; but I see you have out-manœuvred me, and so I am at your service."

The same Nobleman, when Secretary of State, in going home from his office on foot and alone, was one night attacked on Constitution-hill by two footpads, who, having taken his money, demanded his watch. It was very valuable, and he had deposited it so securely that he thought he might venture to deny having one. He did so; and at the same moment, and when the men had yet their hands on him, the watch itself betrayed him, by *striking*. The hour unfortunately was twelve; he heard it distinctly, and as he himself said, thought it never would have done striking. He gave his life up for gone; but providentially the men did not hear it, and made off with what they had obtained. A strong sense of this wonderful escape remained long on the Duke's mind.

### AGOSTINE FOSARI, THE SOMNAMBULIST.

Paying a visit to a friend in the country, says an eye-witness, I met there an Italian gentleman, called Agostine Fosari, who was a night-walker; or a person who, whilst asleep, does all the actions of one awake. He did not seem to exceed the age of thirty; was lean, black, and of an extreme melancholy complexion; had a sedate understanding, a great penetration, and a capacity for the most abstracted sciences. His extraordinary fits used generally to seize him in the wane of the moon; but with greater violence in the autumn and winter, than in the spring and summer. I had the curiosity to be an eye-witness of what was told me, and prevailed with his valet de chambre to give me notice when his master was likely to renew his vagary. One night, about the end of September, after supper, the company amused themselves with little plays, and Signor Agostine made one among the rest. He went to bed about eleven, and his valet came soon after and told us that his master would that night have a walking fit, and desired us, if we pleased, to come and observe him. I went to his bed-side with a light in my hand, and saw him lying upon his back, his eyes wide open, but fixed, which was a sure sign of his approaching disorder. I took him by the hands and found them very cold: I felt his pulse, and found it so slow, that his blood seemed to have no circulation. At or about midnight he drew the curtains briskly; rose, and dressed himself well enough. I approached him, and put the candle to his nose; found him insensible, with his eyes still wide open and immoveable. Before he put on his hat he took his belt, from which the sword had been removed for fear of an accident.

In this equipage did Signor Agostine walk backwards and forwards in his chamber several times. He came to the fire, sat down in an elbow chair, and went some little time after to a closet, where was his portmanteau. He fumbled in it a long time; turned every thing topsy-turvey, and after putting every thing in order, he shut the port-

manteau, and put the key in his pocket; whence he drew a letter and put it over the chimney. He then went to the chamber-door; opened it, and proceeded down stairs. When he came to the bottom, one of the company falling, he seemed frightened at the noise, and mended his pace. The valet bid us walk softly, and not speak, because when any noise was made near him, and intermixed with his dreams, he became furious, and ran with the greatest precipitancy, as if pursued.

He traversed the whole court, which was very spacious, and proceeded to the stable. He went in, stroaked and caressed his horse, bridled him, and was going to saddle him; but not finding the saddle in its usual place, he seemed very uneasy, like a man disappointed. He, however, mounted his horse, and gallopped to the house-door, which was shut. He then dismounted, and taking up a cabbage-stalk, knocked furiously at the door. After a great deal of labour lost, he remounted his horse, guided him to the pond, which was at the other end of the court, let him drink, went afterwards and tied him to his manger, and then returned to the house with great agility. At the noise some servants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, came near to the door, and clapped his ear to the key-hole; but passing on a sudden to the other side, he entered a parlour where was a billiard-table. He walked backwards and forwards, and used the same postures as if he was effectually at play. He proceeded to a pair of virginals, upon which he could play, and made some jangling. After two hours exercise, he returned up stairs to his chamber, and threw himself in his clothes upon the bed, where we found him the next morning at nine, in the same posture we had left him; for upon these occasions he ever slept eight or ten hours together.

His valet told us there were but two ways to recover him out of these fits; one was to tickle him strongly upon the soles of his feet; the other, to sound a horn or trumpet at his ears.

## INGENUITY OF A CHINESE TAILOR.

A clergyman of Lord Macartney's embassy, whose cassock was so extremely patched and darned that he could no longer wear it with decency, having applied to a tailor in Canton for a new one, perceived shortly afterwards the new cassock with every darn and patch so accurately true to the old pattern, that nothing but the greater strength of the new cloth could determine the one from the other; the tailor having unluckily conceived that the darns and patches were so many emblems of the clergyman's profession.

This anecdote is given by Barrow as an illustration of the excellent imitative powers and ingenuity of the Chinese.

## BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

This old, and now exploded law, was originally introduced by the influence of the clergy, and prevailed down to the reign of Queen Anne. In the reign of Charles II. the following case occurred, as reported by the Chief Justice Kelying. "At the assizes at Winchester, the clerk appointed by the bishop to give benefit of clergy to the prisoners, being to give it to an old thief, I directed him to deal clearly with me, and not to say *legit* in case he could not read; and thereupon he delivered the book to him; and I perceived the prisoner never looked upon the book at all; and yet the bishop's clerk, upon the demand of *legit*, or *non legit*, answered *legit*; and thereupon I wished him to consider, and I told him I doubted he was mistaken; and bade the clerk of the assizes ask him again, *legit*, or *non legit*? and he answered again, somewhat angrily, *legit*. Then I bid the clerk of the assize not to record it; and I told the parson he was not the judge whether he read it or not, but a ministerial officer, to make a true report to the court; and so I caused the prisoner to be brought near, and delivered him the book, and then the prisoner confessed he could not read; whereupon I told the parson he reproached his function, and *unpreached more than he could preach up again in many days!* And, because it was his personal offence and misdemeanour, I fined him five marks, and did not fine the bishop, as in case he had failed to find an ordinary.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

FLOATING ISLANDS.—Near St. Omers, in Flanders, there was formerly a large lake on which were many floating Islands, for the most part inhabited, and which were moved by means of cords attached to posts drove into the earth; upon one of the islands there was a church and a convent of religious Bernardins.

EXTRAORDINARY FRUIT.—There are in several parts of Guiana, particular trees known by the appellation of Totoch, very remarkable for the nature of their fruit, which is so large, and at the same time so hard, when ripe, that no one can pass under it without instant danger of a fractured skull.

REMARKABLE FISH.—In some rivers in Guiana there is found a curious fish, about the size of a smelt, which has four eyes, two on each side, placed one above the other: it is remarkable that when swimming it keeps two eyes above, and two below the surface.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

—Strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. MILTON.

With "strains that might create a soul"
(In narrow shed, and scanty)
Tom plies the hammer, stirs the coal,
And soon *creates* a smoking *sole*
To shoe his Rosinante.

"Beneath the ribs of death" indeed—
For while he made the shoe,
Poor Rosinante (starving steed!)
Exhaled her last, dropped down her head,
And left a world of woe.

MOULTING.

"You've scarce a rag upon your back"—
"I'm moulting, Sir," replies poor Jack.

CATCHING LARKS.—The *old* method was to *put salt on their tails*. The following is from a Provincial Paper:—"Many hundreds of larks, during the late frost, were taken alive in the neighbourhood of Arundel, *their tails being frozen to the snow!*"

CROSS READINGS.—We are authorized to state that the Lady Mayoress wishes for a situation under a man cook in a small regular family. A poor woman met her death last week, by inadvertently swallowing—a huge male elephant, three royal Bengal tygers, &c. &c. At a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, the health of Sir F. Burdett was drank with—pint bottles of Day and Martin's liquid blacking.

It appears by a worthy Baronet's speech on Parliamentary Reform, that—the scarcity of plums will be very great this year. Wanted immediately, several hundred men—to superintend the education of four children, who will be treated as one of the family.

*Epigram sent with a Couple of Ducks to a Patient.*

BY THE LATE DR. JENNER.

I've dispatch'd, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter,
To say that Miss ****** is very much better:
A regular Doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a Couple of Quacks.

SPINSTERS.—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen.—From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Affairs of a personal nature have prevented us from deciding on all the communications of our correspondents; but to most of them we can hold out the hope of some of the articles with which they have favoured us being adopted, and that as early as their extensive claims will permit.

To such friends of The Mirror as give us advice, we return our best thanks, and assure them that no exertions shall be spared to ensure the continuance of its present liberal and extensive patronage.

Q. has our best thanks; any further information he can give us on the subject of his last letter will be thankfully received; and no other use made of it but such as he may suggest.

T. T—y—n in our next.


## Advertisement.

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand,

THE PENMAN'S COMPANION: or, the Art of making a proper Pen for each Hand, simplified, and Illustrated with Engravings of the various Pens used in Writing; to which are annexed Directions, showing the proper manner of using the Pen for strong hands; and also some useful observations for the assistance of persons in making Capital Letters; to which are subjoined, a curious Arithmetical Puzzle, with an explanation: and also, how to preserve Ink from Mould. By C. BRADBURY, Private Tutor at Westminster School. Third Edition. Price Sixpence.


*Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, (East end of Exeter 'Change); sold also by all Newsmen and Booksellers.—Printed by T. DOLBY, 299, Strand.*

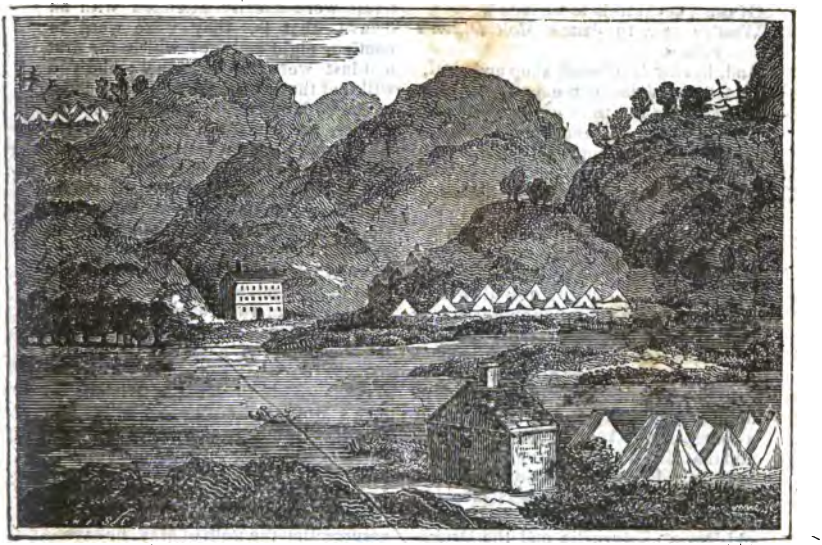
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXIII.] SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1823. [Price 2d.


## The Pass of the Bidassoa.



The French have a proverb, that the first step is the only difficulty; and certainly when applied to their patron saint, St. Denis, who is said to have walked to Paris with his head under his arm, there can be little doubt of the truth of the observation. There is, however, no such rule without an exception; and although the crossing of the Bidassoa is the first step of the French army in the war against Spain, yet it is certainly not the greatest difficulty.

The Bidassoa is a small river, but rapid in its course. It forms the boundary between France and Spain, and became celebrated in the reign of Louis XIV. in consequence of an island formed by it very near where it is usually crossed by the ferry boats. The island is a little to the right of the French custom-house, as exhibited in the fore ground of our view. It was known by the name of the "Isle of Pheasants;" but on its becoming the scene of the interview between Cardinal Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro, which terminated in the signature of the peace of the Pyrenees, it received the appellation of the "Isle of the Conference." This island is small, uninhabited, and almost barren, and is indebted for its celebrity to a casual circumstance.

On the opposite bank of the river, and a little to the left, is the Spanish Custom-house; to the right of which is the village of Irun, the first Spanish town beyond the Bidassoa. Having crossed the river in pontoons, the French army enters the province of Biscay, which, though mountainous, has much better roads than on the French side of the Bidassoa.

The country is, however, naturally capable of defence; and it is highly probable that the French army will meet with many obstructions before it reaches Madrid, which is a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

## THE FIRST OF APRIL;

### OR, ALL FOOL'S DAY.

"The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All Fool's Day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment;
And, though this day is known before,
Yet frequently there is great store
Of these forgetfuls to be found,
Who're sent to dance *Moll Dixon's round*,
And, having tried each shop and stall,
And disappointed at them all,
At last some tell them of the cheat,
Then they return from the pursuit,
And straightway home with shame they run,
And others laugh at what is done.
But 'tis a thing to be disputed
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him design'dly sent."

POOR ROBIN.

The modern fooleries on the first of April, so well described in the above quotation from Poor Robin's Almanack for the year 1760, are of very doubtful origin. The most generally received opinion is, that April Fool's Day is but a corruption of Auld, or All Fool' Day; and that it is borrowed from the Roman "Festum Fatuorum," Feast of Fools, a Fool's Holiday, which was introduced with the view of ridiculing both the old Roman Saturnalia and the Druidical rites. This feast of fools had the intended effect; and contributed, perhaps, more to the extermination of those heathens than all the collateral aid of fire and sword, neither of which were spared in the persecution of them.

The French have their All Fool's Day, and call the person imposed upon, an April Fish, (*poisson d'Avril*), which Bellenger endeavours to explain by saying, that the word *poisson* is corrupted, through the ignorance of the people, from "passion." He says, length of time has almost totally defaced the original intention, which was to commemorate the passion of our Saviour, that took place about this time of the year; and that as the Jews sent the Son of Man backwards and forwards to mock and torment him—that is, from Anapias to Caiaphas, Pilate, Herod and afterwards back to Pilate, this ridiculous, or rather impious custom, took its rise, by which we send from one place to another such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule.

T. Row, which is well known as the *nom de guerre* of the venerable Dr. Pegge, accounts for it in this way:—The year formerly began, as to some purposes, and in some respects, on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the incarnation of our Lord; and it is certain that the commencement of the new year, at whatever time that was supposed to be, was always esteemed a high festival. Now, great festivals were usually attended with an octave—that is, they were wont to continue eight days, of which the first and last were the principal; and you will find the first of April is the octave of the 25th of March, and the close or ending, consequently, of that feast, which was both the festival of the annunciation and of the new year. Hence, as I take it, it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, especially among the lower sorts, who are apt to pervert and make bad use of institutions which at first might be very laudable in themselves.

The custom which at present prevails in England on this day, is noticed by the Spectator as consisting in sending persons on what are called sleeveless errands—such as for the History of Eve's Mother, for pigeon's milk, and on other similarly ridiculous commissions.

In Ward's "War of the Elements," London 1708, in his epitaph on the French prophet who was to make his resurrection the 25th of May, he says—

O' th' first of April had the scene been laid,
I should have laugh'd to 've seen the living made
*Such April fools* and blockheads by *the dead.*

Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," speaks of rustics who showed their wit on the first of April.

So, in "The First of April, or Triumphs of Folly," London 1797:—

'Twas on the morn when April doth appear,
And wets the primrose with its maiden tear;
'Twas on the morn when *laughing Folly rules*,
And calls her sons around, and *dubs them fools*,
Bids them be bold, some untried path explore,
And do such deeds as fools ne'er did before.

The custom prevails in Sweden, as we learn from Toreen's Voyage to China; and in Lisbon, as we are informed by Mr. Southey, in his Letters from Spain and Portugal, they play the

fool on the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent.

We cannot, perhaps, better close this article than with the following short poem, which makes an elegant use of a custom which is scarcely ever connected with any thing but the humblest kind of wit.

TO JULIA.

"Why strive, dear girl, to make a fool
Of one not wise before,
Yet, having 'scap'd from folly's school,
Would fain go there no more?

Ah! if I must to school again,
Wilt thou my teacher be?
I'm sure no lesson will be vain
Which thou canst give to me.

One of thy kind and gentle looks,
Thy smiles devoid of art,
Avail beyond all crabbed books,
To regulate my heart.

Thou need'st not call some fairy elf,
On any April day,
To make thy bard forget himself,
Or wander from his way.

One thing he never can forget,
Whatever change may be—
The sacred hour when first he met
And fondly gazed on thee.

A seed then fell into his breast,
Thy spirit plac'd it there;
Need I, my Julia, tell the rest?
Thou see'st the blossoms there."

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## LINES

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL PRINT, CALLED "LOVE IS LIGHTEST."

Say not brightest,
Love is lightest,
Oh! he must be heavier far
Than that trifling,
Sweet flower rifling,
Fluttering, gay-wing'd wanderer.

Yet surprising,
Love, uprising,
Lightest thus himself confesses!
Ah! I see,
He climbs to be
Among those beauteous flowing tresses!

Or as the fly,
When wand'ring by,
From ev'ry vernal blossom sips,
So would the cheat,
The nectar sweet,
Quaff from thy lovely rose-hued lips.

Or he desires,
T' increase the fires,
That blaze within those sloe-bright eyes;
And thence his darts
Strike through our hearts,
To make us live—or die with sighs.

R. F.

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## VELOCITY OF THE EARTH'S MOTION.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—Being well assured that you would not wish an error to remain unnoticed in your valuable repository of Literature, I am induced to notice to you one which seems to have escaped the attention of the lovers of astronomy. This should have been noticed before, had not the Number alluded to been mislaid till lately. I allude to a pretty idea given, or rather it should be said intended to have been given, in the computation of the amazing velocity with which our earth is carried round the sun in its orbit; but it appears that the calculation has been incorrectly made by taking the earth's distance from the sun 195,000,000 miles instead of 95,000,000, therefore, as you are well aware, there must be a material error in the rate of the earth's travelling in its orbit, arising from a difference of 100,000,000 miles in the radius. The rate of its motion is here computed from the distance of 95,000,000 miles, which in round numbers is correct; and should you think it worthy a place in your next, or an early number, it will add to the pleasure already given to

Your obedient Servant,
C. H. ADAMS.

*Lower Edmonton, March 26, 1823.*

The distance of the sun from the earth is 95,000,000 miles, which being the radius of the earth's orbit, we have its diameter 190,000,000 miles, and taking Van Ceulen's proportion, which I considered to be sufficiently accurate for this purpose, *i. e.* as 1 : 3,141,593 :: 190,000,000 : 596,902,670, the circumference of the earth's orbit; now as the earth completes its revolution in about 365 days, we find that in our day it moves through the space 1,635,354 miles, in an hour through 68,140 miles, in a minute 1136 miles, and in the short space of one second it moves through 19 miles. Perhaps it may not be considered altogether uninteresting to enlarge rather upon this subject, by giving the hourly motion of the principal planets, by which it will be seen that those nearest their centre of gravity move fastest; hence the inferior planets, Mercury and Venus, will move at a greater rate than the earth, and the superior planets will move slower, their hourly motion is as follows: Mercury 95,000 miles, Venus 69,000, Mars 47,000, Jupiter 25,000, Saturn 18,000, and Uranus 15,381 miles in an hour.

## CUSTOMS ON GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER.

For upward of three or four centuries after the crucifixion of our Saviour, much difference of opinion prevailed in the Eastern and Western Churches as to the precise time of observing Easter, until in the year 325 the Council of Nice declared that the feast should be kept by all Churches on the same day.

Easter was called by the ancient Fathers of the Church the highest of all festivals, the feast of feasts, the Queen of festivals, and *Dominica Gaudii*, the joyous Sunday. Masters granted freedom to their slaves at this season, and valuable presents were made to the poor. Every day in the Easter week was formerly observed as a religious festival: the servants were permitted to rest from their usual employments, that they might constantly attend public worship.—The Courts of Justice were shut for fifteen days, and all public games, shows, and amusements, were prohibited.

*Good Friday*, which our readers need not be informed is two days before Easter, commemorates the suffering of our Saviour, as Easter does his resurrection. Good Friday (a name peculiar to England) was formerly called Holy Friday, and has ever been observed as a day of extraordinary devotion in the Christian Church. It was formerly the custom to erect a small building to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. In this was placed the Host, and persons were placed to watch it both that night and the next. Various entries respecting this custom are to be found in old church books and other ancient records. In those of St. Mary-at-Hill, fourteen pence is stated to have been paid to the clerk and sexton for two men to do this duty, and for the expense of their meat and drink. This was to commemorate the soldiers watching the sepulchre.

Evelyn thus describes the religious ceremonies at Rome on Good Friday—"On this day," says he, "we went again to St. Peter's, where the handkerchief, lance, and cross were all exposed and worshipped together. All the confession seats were filled with devout people, and at night was a procession of several who most lamentably whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes, for some had shirts, others upon the bare back, having visors and masks on their faces; at every three or four steps dashing the knotted and ravelled whipchord over their shoulders as hard as they could lay it on, whilst some of the religious orders and fraternities sung in a dismal tone, the lights and crosses going before, making altogether a horrible and indeed heathenish pomp."

*Easter Eve.*—Particular mortifications were enjoined to the earliest Christians on this day. From the third century the fast was indispensible and rigid, being protracted always to midnight, sometimes to cock-crowing, and sometimes to the dawn of Easter Day; and the whole of the day and night was employed in religious exercises.—In England one of the rights on Easter Eve, was to extinguish all the fires in the different Churches, and lighting them anew with flint, hallowing them, &c., an entry respecting which occurs in the Churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, in the year 1507, being a payment of sixpence "for a quarter of coals for the hallowed fire on Easter Eve." A great taper, called the Pascal Taper, was at the same time lit up, after being blessed, to the sound of solemn music, and hallowed with frankincense. This continued burning night and day, in remembrance of Christ's victory over the powers of darkness. It was of wax, and, in some instances, of great magnitude; that for the Abbey Church of Westminster, in 1557, being said to have weighed no less than three hundred pounds.

*Easter Sunday.*—On the Easter day dramas were played, representing the Resurrection. Coates, in his History of Reading, quotes a bill of expenses for one of these shows in the reign of Henry VII.; among the items of which are "two-pence for nayles for the sepulchre, and for rosyn for the Resurrection Play; two-pence for a carter for carrying of pypis and hogsheads in the torbury; nine-pence to the labourers for setting up the poles for the scaffold; two shillings and one penny for brede, ale, and bere for the play; one pound and five-pence for twenty pound of wax for the pascal fire; and four-pence for making a *Judas* for the Pascal." And Lysons (art. Kingston-upon-Thames) quotes similar entries as to these antient doings on Easter-day there, between the years 1514 and 1521.

On the Easter morn, it was formerly a custom for the people to rise early and walk into the fields to see the sun *dance*, a superstition then firmly be-

lieved in, and which, by looking at it stedfastly for a time, it might be fancied to do. An old ballad (1667) alludes to this popular notion :—

"But Dick, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight!"

And in the British Apollo, 1708, one of the songs thus interrogates Phœbus on this subject :—

"Old wives, Phœbus, say
That on Easter-day,
To the music o'th' spheres you do caper.
If the fact, Sir, be true,
Pray let the cause know,
When you've any room in your paper."

To which his godship replies—

"The old wives get merry,
With spic'd ale or sherry,
On Easter, which makes them romance;
And while in a rout,
Their brains whirl about,
They fancy we caper and dance."

The decoration of churches and houses with flowers on Easter-day is a very ancient custom. These, a correspondent in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1783) conjectures, were meant as an emblem of the Resurrection; having just risen from the earth, in which, during the severity of winter, they seem to have been buried.

Eggs, stained with various hues in boiling, and sometimes covered with leaf gold, are at Easter presented to children, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and other places in the north, where these young gentry ask for their "Paste eggs," all for a fairing, at this time. Paste is evidently a corruption of "Pasque"—Easter.

The custom called "Lifting," and in some counties "Heaving," was one of the sports formerly in use at Easter, and is not yet laid aside in some of our distant provinces. At Warrington, Bolton, and Manchester, on Easter Monday, the women, forming parties of six or eight each, still continue to surround such of the opposite sex as they meet, and, either with or without their consent, lift them thrice above their heads into the air, with loud shouts at each elevation. On Easter Tuesday the men, in similar parties, do the same to the women. By both parties it is converted into a pretence for fining or extorting a small sum of money. This rude and dangerous diversion is regularly prohibited every season by the Magistrates, who used to employ the bellman for that purpose, but it is nevertheless persisted in by the lower classes.

The custom of rolling down Greenwich Hill at Easter is a relic of old city manners peculiar to the metropolis.

In the North Riding of Yorkshire, on Easter Sunday, it is customary for the young men in the villages to take off the young girls' buckles, or shoes, and on the Easter Monday, the young men's shoes and buckles are taken off by the young women. On the Wednesday, they are redeemed by little pecuniary forfeits, out of which an entertainment is made, and the jollity is sometimes concluded with dancing.

## LORD BYRON'S NEW POEM.

A new political satire from the pen of Lord Byron, has just issued from the press, entitled "The Age of Bronze." It possesses much of that keen wit, and brilliant genius, which distinguish his Lordship's muse. The following are some of the most striking passages, which we have classed under distinct heads.

### BONAPARTE.

"But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawled of late,
Chained to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
Yes! where is he, the Champion and the Child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones?
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O'er curtailed dishes and o'er stinted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things—
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?

Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs;
A surgeon's statement and an earl's harangues!
A bust delayed, a book refused, can shake [awake."
The sleep of him who kept the world

THE FIRE OF MOSCOW.

"The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain—*he* saw thee—how? with spire
And palace fuel to one common fire,
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall—and, Moscow was no more!
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;
Vesuvius shews his blaze, an usual sight
For gaping tourists, from his hackhied height:
Thou stand'st alone unrivalled, till the fire [expire."
To come, in which all empires shall

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

——"Behold the coxcomb Czar,
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But hardened back whene'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the Imperial Dandy prates of peace,
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!"

LOUIS XVIII.

"But where's the Monarch? hath he dined? or yet
Groans beneath indigestions heavy debt?
Have revolutionary pates risen,
And turned the royal entrails to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirred the troops?
Or have *no* movements followed traitrous soups?
Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks
I read all France's treason in her cooks!
Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the 'Desiré?'"

MARIA LOUISA AT VERONA.

"Enough of this—a sight more mournful woos
The averted eye of the reluctant Muse.
The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
The young Astyanax of modern Troy;
The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
A daughter? What did France's widow there?
Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave."

MR. CANNING.

——"Something may remain perchance to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never, even in that dull house, couldst tame
To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more,
Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man, because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes."

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## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ANTE AND POST NUPTIAL JOURNAL.

ANTE-NUPTIAL.

I hate *Blondes*; white-faced horses and women are equally ugly; the "blue-eyed daughters of the North," like the

other bleached animals of the same latitude, are apt to be very torpid, sleepy, and insipid, rarely exhibiting much intellect or piquancy. They remind one of boiled mutton without caper-sauce, or water-gruel without wine or brandy. Every one thought the Albinos frightful, and yet people pretend to admire fair women. Brunettes are decidedly handsomer—what is a snow-scene compared to the rich and various colouring of an autumnal landscape! They have a moral beauty about them; their eyes sparkle with intelligence—they possess fire—vivacity—genius. A Brunette *Sawney* is as rare as a tortoiseshell tom-cat. There is, however, a species of complexion which nature accomplishes in her happier moods, infinitely transcending all others. I mean a clear transparent olive, through whose soft and lucid surface the blood may be almost seen coursing beneath, while the mind seems constantly shining through and irradiating the countenance. It is generally found accompanied with dark silky hair, small regular features, and a sylph-like form approximating somewhat to the ——Lascar?—No. To the Spanish?—No: but to the description which Ovid gives us of Sappho, and to the species of beauty that imagination assigns to the fascinating Cleopatra. My dear Julia exactly represents this kind of loveliness. I am certainly a lucky fellow in having secured the promise of her hand.

Determined on sending in my resignation to Brookes's and Arthur's, as well as to the Alfred and Union. Hercules gave up his club when he married Dejanira, and all good husbands should follow his example. The increase of these establishments a bad sign: our wives and hotel-keepers must associate together, for they seem to be deserted by the rest of the world. Astonishing that men should prefer politics and port-wine in a club-room, to the converse of a beautiful woman at home.

Introduced to my beloved Julia's uncle, Mr. Jackson, a nabob, who gave me a receipt for bile, and told me a famous story of a tiger-hunt at Calcutta; a pleasant chatty man. His wife rather in the style of the Hottentot than the Medici Venus, but genteel in her manners; the three daughters pleasing and interesting girls, and one of them good-looking.

Julia being engaged with her uncle Jackson, I spent the evening alone by my own fire-side; very billious and hippish. Dr. Johnson is quite right; a married man has many cares. But a single one has no pleasures. What a solitary, forlorn wretch is the latter in misery and sickness! Some years ago there was an account in the papers of a respectable old bachelor, in Gray's Inn, who after several months' disappearance was found dead in his chambers, half eaten up by blue-bottle flies. Conceive the idea of a man's being forgotten by his friends, and remembered by the blue-bottles.

Next week my adorable Julia is to become mine for ever, and if I know any thing of myself, Jack Egerton will be the happiest man in the world. Can't say I like the ceremonial—rather lugubrious and solemn—parents looking dolorous—sisters and cousins crying—bride ready to faint—nobody comfortable but the clergyman and clerk. Compton says, it is very like going to be hanged, and observes, that there is only the difference of an aspirate between altar and halter. A bad joke, like all the other sorry witticisms launched against women and marriage.

POST-NUPTIAL.

Heigho! three months elapsed without a single entry in my journal. Tired to death of people wishing one joy—there is an impertinence about this salutation; it conveys a doubt at best, and, as some people express themselves, looks very like a sneer. Received seven epistolary congratulations, which, from their great similarity of phrase and sentiment, I suspect to be all plagiarisms from the Polite Letter-Writer. Paid them in their own coin by writing a circular reply.

Finding ourselves alone, and the time hanging rather heavy, I began reading aloud Milton's Lycidas; but, before I had accomplished three pages, observed Julia fast asleep! Waked her, to remind her of her former declaration that she doted upon poetry. "So I do," was the reply, "but then I like something funny; have you got Peter Pindar, or Dr. Syntax's Tour?"—Heavens! what a taste!

Shooting season—nothing to do at home—devilish dull—Compton drove me in his tilbury to Hertfordshire—lent me my old Joe Manton—never shot better in my life—missed nothing. Accepted an invitation from Sir Mark Manners to pass a fortnight with him in Norfolk, upon the strength of which bought a new patent percussion gun, and promise myself famous sport. Got a letter from Harvey, at Melton—the

hunt was never kept up in such prime style; ran down just for one day—so much delighted that I purchased a famous hunter for only three hundred guineas, and was out every morning till it was time to start across the country for Sir Mark's shooting box in Norfolk.

Returned from Sir Mark's—never spent a pleasanter fortnight in my life—famous preserves—my gun did wonders. Mrs. Egerton thought proper to object to the great expense of my recommencing a hunting establishment, while she tormented me to death at the same time to give her a box at the Opera. In all that regards *my* amusements, I cannot accuse her of any want of economy; but in every thing that has reference to her own freaks and fancies, she is perfectly regardless of cost. She is of the Hudibrastic quality, and

"Compounds for sins she is inclined to
By damning those she has no mind to."

Addison observes in the 205th Number of the Spectator, "that the palest features look the most agreeable in white; that a face which is overflushed, appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that a dark complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood:" which he explains, by observing that a complexion however dark, never approaches to black, or a pale one to white, so that their respective tendencies are modified by being compared with their extremes. Notwithstanding this authority, my wife, whose skin is almost Moorish, persists in wearing a white hat, which gives her the look of a perfect Yarico. Declined walking out with her this morning unless she changed it, which she obstinately refused, after wrangling with me for half an hour; and as I was determined to exercise my marital authority, I went out without her. Is it not astonishing that a person of the smallest reflection or good sense should stubbornly contend about such a mere trifle? She has a monstrous disposition to domineer, which I am resolved to resist.

Told of a bon-mot launched by my friend Taylor on the occasion of my nuptials. Old Lady Dotterel exclaiming that she feared I had been rather wild, and was glad to hear I was going to be married—"So am I too," cried Taylor; but, after a moment's consideration, added in a compassionate tone—"though I don't know why I should say so, poor fellow, for he never did me any harm in his life." Went to the play—one of Reynolds's comedies—used to laugh formerly at the old fellow's reply, when he is told that bachelors are useless fellows and ought to be taxed—"So we ought, Ma'am, for it is quite a luxury." Admitted the fact, but could not join in the roar. Not a bad joke of the amateur, who, on examining the Seven Sacraments painted by Poussin, and criticizing the picture of Marriage, exclaimed—"I find it is difficult to make a good marriage even in painting." Maître Jean Picard tells us, that when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, and trying different expedients to produce a tear, such of the neighbours as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him another wife. Six weeks after, says Maître Jean, I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another. —St. Paul may have been a very wise man in his dictum about marriage; but he is still wiser who contents himself with doing well, and leaves it to others to do better.—*New Monthly Mag.*

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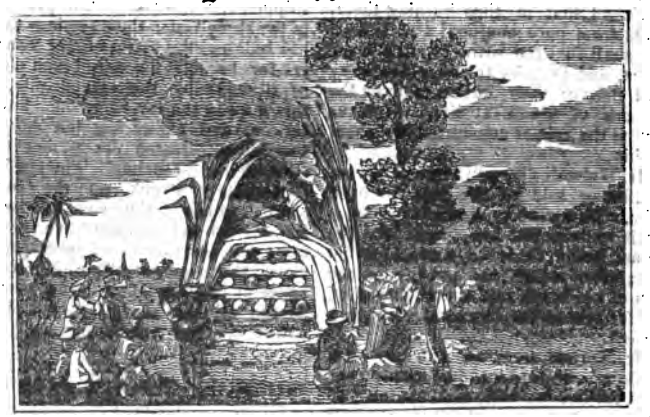
## THE SPANIARD'S SOLILOQUY.

To fight or not to fight, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To bear a patient drubbing by the French,
Or take up arms against old Louis,
And, by opposing, end him,
And exterminate the Bourbons?
To fight—to beat—no more;
And by our beating end a thousand ills
Which we were born to.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished:
To fight—to beat—perchance to be beat,
Ah! there's the rub.
For by our being beat what ills may come;
There's the respect that makes our liberty so dear.
For who would bear the sneers and scoffs of tyrants, [office,
The oppressors wrong, the insolence of
When we can still our liberty maintain
With the bare rapier?
Who would mind our Constitution being altered,
But that a dread of something more
(That *Alliance* from whose unholy laws
No state is free) puzzles the will.
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

# Burning of a Hindoo Widow.



The self immolation of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands is a practice of great antiquity in India, but its origin is unknown. The natives have a tradition respecting it, that it arose many years ago, from the circumstance of the women frequently taking away the lives of their husbands either from dislike or inconstancy. The most excruciating torments being found inadequate to prevent the repetition of this crime, the Bramins directed that the widows should be burned together with their husbands, and by this expedient gave them an interest in the preservation of the latter.

This horrible custom seems to have been formerly much more general than it is at present, still instances of this kind are very frequent in the provinces of Hindostan, notwithstanding the endeavours of the British Government to put a stop to these horrid rites.

By an account taken in 1803, it appeared that the number of victims thus sacrificed during that year, within thirty miles round Calcutta alone, was two hundred and seventy-five: and from another report made by Hindoos, deputed for the purpose, we learn, that in six months of the year 1804, the number, in that district, was one hundred and fifteen. Between Cossimbazar, in Bengal, and the mouth of the river Hooghly, seventy women sacrificed themselves in two months only of the year 1812, leaving behind them one hundred and eighty-four orphan children.

A woman who thus devotes herself, abstains from food as soon as her husband is dead: chewing betel, and repeating, without cessation, the name of the god of his sect. When the fatal hour arrives, she adorns herself with her jewels, and puts on her most costly attire, as if she were going to a rejoicing. She is accompanied by her relatives and friends, and by the sound of drums and trumpets. The Bramins, meanwhile, exhalt the imagination of the victim, by giving her a liquid in which opium is mixed, to drink: and as they draw near the fatal spot, they strive to strengthen her resolution by songs, in which they extol her heroism.

The widow must not exhibit any signs of grief or despondency as she approaches the pile: her look must be calm and serene, and such as becomes one who is certain that she is about to rejoin her husband in a happier life. It is affirmed that previously to the ceremony, the Bramins themselves, as well as her relatives and friends, endeavour to dissuade her from the sacrifice, but that her resolution once taken is sacred and inviolable.

The day of this self-immolation is a glorious one for the family of the widow, as well as for her husband's, and for the Bramins, who, moreover, derive no trifling profit from the ceremony. Any person is allowed to witness the spectacle, but at a certain distance. The victim affectionately embraces her friends and relations, among whom she distributes part of her jewels and ornaments; she comforts them, while they bless and entreat her to pray to God to grant them in like circumstances the fortitude which she manifests.

These victims in general meet death with heroic firmness and constancy; convinced that in thus burning themselves from pure conjugal attachment, they shall feel but little pain from the flames, and that by this sacrifice, they shall deliver their husbands from the torments of the next life, whatever may be the crimes committed by them in this.

Mr. Holwell gives an account of one, who, being told of the pain she must suffer, with a view to dissuade her from her intention, put her finger into the fire and held it there for a considerable time; after which she put fire on the palm of her hand, laid incense upon it, and fumigated the Bramins who were present.

Mr. Forbes mentions the case of a female whose husband had amply provided for her by will, and, contrary to the general custom of Hindoos, had made her totally independent of his family. All was of no avail; she persisted in her determination to accompany him to a better world, and suffered not the tears nor supplications of an aged mother and three helpless infants to change her purpose. The funeral pyre was erected on the banks of the river Biswamintree without the gates of Broders. An immense concourse of persons of all ranks assembled, and a band of music accompanied the Bramins who superintended the ceremony. The bower of death enwreathed with sacred flowers was erected over a pile of sandal-wood and spices, on which lay the body of the deceased. After various ceremonies the music ceased, and the crowd in solemn silence waited the arrival of the heroine. She approached from a temporary retirement with the Bramins, attended by her mother and three lovely children, arrayed in rich attire and wearing the hymeneal crown, an ornament peculiar to a Hindoo bride at her marriage. After a few religious ceremonies, the attendants took off her jewels, anointed her dishevelled hair with consecrated ghee, as also the skirts of her flowing robe of yellow muslin (the colour of nuptial bliss). Two lisping infants clung around her knees to dissuade her from the fatal purpose; the last pledge of conjugal love was taken from her bosom by an aged parent in speechless agony. Freed from these heart-piercing mourners, the lovely widow, with an air of solemn majesty, received a lighted torch from the Bramins, with which she walked seven times round the pyre. Stopping near the entrance of the bower, for the last time she addressed the fire, and worshipped the other deities, as prescribed in the *suity-ved*; then setting fire to her hair and the skirts of her robe, to render herself the only brand worthy of illuminating the sacred pile, she threw away the torch, rushed into the bower, and embracing her husband, thus communicated the flames to the surrounding branches. The musicians immediately struck up the loudest strains, to drown the cries of the victim, should her courage have forsaken her; but several of the spectators declared that the serenity of her countenance and dignity of her behaviour surpassed all the sacrifices of a similar nature they had ever witnessed.

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## THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

There is a tongue in every leaf!
A voice in every rill!
A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air;
A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity!

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, *everywhere*,
In *all things*—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betray'd;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turn'd in sullen mood
From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great whole was finished,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew.
The darkness that encompass'd me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join Creation's rapturous strain,
"O Lord, how good Thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispell'd that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

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## THE FIRST OF APRIL,
### Or—*Arte perire sua.*

8 A. M.—Looked out of bed-room window into Gracechurch-street, and called "Sweep" to a boy with a soot-bag. Saw him stop, look about him at the corner of White Hart-court, and then walk on. Halted him three times in the same way. Tried a fourth, and popped my head out at the wrong moment. Boy, in a great passion, threw a turnip, which broke me a half-crown pane, and woke my wife. Swore I knew nothing about it, and sneaked down to breakfast.

9 A. M.—Went to table-drawer and slily pocketed three little lumps of alabaster. Returned and took my seat at breakfast-table, as if nothing had happened. Put alabaster at top of blue sugar bason, and, to my great delight, saw Kitty put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered and pushed and wondered sugar would not melt. Thought I should have died: three of my best silver tea-spoons bent as crooked as rams' horns. Very demure when Mrs. Gander came down to breakfast. Never attack wife—(harpooners have some reason for not meddling with a certain species of whale, as being too fierce.) So says Guthrie's Grammar.

10 A. M.—Went behind counter to serve. Asked Jack Mitten, my foreman, if any body had blacked his face. Jack answered, "not to my knowledge," and went to looking-glass. I replied, "nor to mine either." Laughed very much, but Jack did not see much in it.

11 A. M.—Saw Jack Mitten serving a lady with a red elastic purse, at the other counter. Took up a newspaper and read loud enough for her to hear, "Dreadful depravity! an Irish fruit-woman in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, scraped her child to death with an oyster-shell." Lady screamed and went into hysterics. Gave her a glass of water, and told her "it was a shame that oyster-shells were suffered to lie about the streets." Thought I should never have done laughing.

12.—Sent Molly to Spa-fields to see a live radical. Told her to buy me a straight hook in her way home, at Peter Pull-gill's in Crooked-lane.—Told her I should also want a glass ink-horn; and that a male Mermaid was expected to swim down Fish-street-hill at two. Wife overheard, and called me an old fool. Did not see much in it, but Molly laughed.

1 P. M.—Asked Jack Mitten who was the father of the sons of Noah; where Moses was when the candle was blown out; and which was most, half-a-dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen.—The poor fellow could not answer one of them.

3 P. M.—Took a walk over London-bridge to Horsemonger-lane sessions. Looked over sessions-paper, and saw indictment, the King against O'Bludgeon, about thirty off. Went into front yard, and bawled out, "the King against O'Bludgeon is just called on." Such a rush of barristers, bar-keepers, and witnesses into court! Two apple-barrows upset, and a barrister's wig trampled under foot. Roared out "April fools." Dodged off through Guy's Hospital, and walked homeward chuckling. Halted on London-bridge. Tide running up. Looked through balustrades towards Custom-house: clasped my hands in agony, exclaimed, "They'll every one of them be drowned," and ran across to look through balustrades on opposite side. Mob in a fever: all traffic at a stand-still: hundreds of necks craned out to peep at the sufferers. Bawled out "April fools," and dodged round one of Meux's drays.

4 P. M.—Dinner. Asked Jack Mitten to take a glass of sherry, and poked vinegar-cruet into his paw. Made him sputter out liquid, like lion's head at Aldgate pump. Swore it was all his own doing, and for once in a way got believed. Told wife I had been at Batson's; was asked by her what news? Answered the French had taken umbrage. More fools the Spaniards, replied Mrs. Gander, for not fortifying it better.

5 P. M.—Polite note from Lawyer

Lynx, telling me that hoaxing an attorney was felony at common law, and that he meant to indict me at the ensuing Old Bailey sessions, unless I paid the costs in Dobbs v. Shuffle, according to inclosed account. Perused bill: "Attending plaintiff by appointment, when he asked me how I did, six and eightpence: attending, answering him, pretty middling, six and eightpence, &c. &c.: total five pound eighteen." Damned all pettifoggers, and gave bearer a check for the amount.

11. P. M.—Bed candles. One made by me, consisting of a round pole of cut turnip, tipped with charcoal, unluckily selected by my wife. Much poking with snuffers before trick detected. Glance of vengeance; exit wife up stairs, husband following.

12 P. M.—Listened to curtain lecture fifty-nine minutes, and then fell asleep. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. XXI.

### AN ORIENTAL LOVE TALE.

Many of the Afghaun songs and tales relate to love, and most of them speak of that passion in the most glowing and romantic language.

A favourite poem, which tells the story of Audam and Doorkhaunee, is known to most men in the nation, and is read, repeated, and sung, through all parts of the country. Audam was the handsomest and bravest young man of his tribe, and Doorkhaunee the most beautiful and most amiable of the virgins; but a feud between their families long prevented their meeting. At last an accidental rencounter took place, which ended in a mutual and violent passion. The quarrels of the families, however, still kept the lovers separate, and perhaps in ignorance of each other's sentiments, till Doorkhaunee was compelled by her relations to marry a neighbouring chief. The affliction of her lover may be imagined, and his lamentations, and the letters that passed between him and Doorkhaunee, fill a large part of the poem; till at last, after overcoming numberless obstacles, Audam succeeded in prevailing on his mistress to see him. They had several meetings; but Doorkhaunee still preserved her purity, and rejected alike the importunities of her lover and her husband.

Audam's visits did not long escape the husband, who was filled with jealousy and desire of vengeance. He took the opportunity of his rival's next visit to way-lay him, at the head of several of his own relations; and, though his attack was bravely repelled, and his opponent escaped with a desperate wound, he resolved to try if Audam's suit was favoured, by observing the effect of a report of his death on Doorkhaunee.

Doorkhaunee's only pleasure, during the long intervals of her lover's visits, was to retire to a garden, and to cultivate two flowers; one of which she named after herself, and the other after the object of her affection. On the day of the ambuscade, she was watching her flowers, when she observed that of Audam languish from sympathy with his recent misfortune; and before she recovered from her surprise, she was accosted by her husband, who approached her with a drawn sword, and boasted that it was wet with the blood of Audam. This trial was fatal to Doorkhaunee, who sunk to the ground, overwhelmed with grief and horror, and expired on the spot. The news was brought to Audam, who lay wounded near the scene of the ambuscade, and no sooner had he heard it, than he called on his mistress's name, and breathed his last. They were buried at a distance from each other, but their love prevailed even in death, and their bodies were found to have met in one grave. Two trees sprung from their remains, and mingled their branches over the tomb.

## Miscellanies.

### THE PRAYING MANTIS OF CHINA.

The name Mantis given to this insect signifies soothsayer; because it has been imagined that by stretching out its fore-feet it divined and pointed out those things that were asked of it. This insect, which is a stranger to the British isles, is found in most of the warmer parts of Europe, and is entirely of a beautiful green colour. It is nearly three inches in length, of a slender shape, and in its general sitting posture is observed to hold up its two fore legs, slightly bent, as if in an attitude of prayer; for this reason the superstition of the vulgar has confirmed upon it the reputation of a sacred animal; and a popular notion has often prevailed, that a child or traveller having lost his way, would be safely directed by observing the quarter to which the animal pointed when taken into the hand. In its real disposition it is

very far from sanctity: preying with great rapacity on any of the smaller insects which fall in its way. It is also of a very pugnacious nature; and when kept with others of its own species in a state of captivity, will attack its neighbour with the utmost violence, till one or the other is destroyed in the contest. Roësel, who kept some of these insects, observes, that in their natural conflicts their manœuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres; and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, or severs the head from the body. During these engagements, the wings are generally expanded; and when the battle is over the victor devours his antagonist. The Mantes Precaria is a native of many parts of Africa, and is regarded as a divinity by the Hottentots.

## MIRACLE OF THESK ULL.

A PLEASANT STORY.

Two men digging a grave in a churchyard, at Macon, upon the river Seine, found a skull, which they threw upon the grass by them, with the common unconcern of grave diggers; but soon after, perceiving it to stir, they ran to the Curate of the parish, and told him what they had seen. The superstitious Curate immediately supposed it was the skull of some Saint, that had been buried in that place, and therefore posted thither, where, to his great surprise and joy, he found the skull still moving, upon which he cried out, a miracle! a miracle! and resolved to have the precious relic deposited in his church, with all proper ceremonies: for which purpose he sent in all haste for a consecrated dish, a cross, and holy water, his surplice, stole, and cap, ordered all the bells to be rung, and sent to give notice of the joyful news to the parishioners, who thronged in crowds to the place. Then he had the skull placed in the consecrated dish, and being covered with a napkin, it was carried to the church in procession; during which great debates arose among the parishioners, every one insisting that some of their family had been buried in that place, in order that they might assume to themselves the honour of having a saint in their family. Upon their arrival at the church, the skull was placed on the high altar, and *Te Deum* was begun; but when they came to the verse *Te per Orbem Terrarum*, a mole unluckily crawling out of the skull discovered the secret cause of its motion; upon which a stop was put to the ceremony, and the congregation being greatly disappointed, dispersed.

## FASHIONABLE MISERY.

QUADRILLE.

Having accepted an invitation to a *stranger's* ball, under the idea that you would there meet your particular friend Mrs. ——, and her charming daughter. Accordingly, dandyfying in the first style for the occasion, paying half-a-crown for Morganising or Truefit-ting*, four shillings for kid gloves, and three shillings for Jarvey, &c. &c. Going there particularly early, finding the rooms badly lighted, merely a wretched thrummer of old quadrilles, ugly girls, posse of strangers, and old fogys, thawing ices, stale rout cakes, dried up sandwiches, and corked port, at which, being disgusted, you have the satisfaction of learning from the lady of the house, that your charming friend *will not be there!*—whom you relied upon bringing you back. And to end your misery, a tremendous wet night, no coach to be procured, and three miles at least in pumps to walk. With merely the satisfaction of wishing Mrs. —— and her ball at the devil.

## Useful Domestic Hints.

*To prevent the smoking of a Lamp.*—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

*House Flies.*—These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison:—Take half a tea-spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

*Recipe for a Sore Throat.*—Take a glass of olive oil, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel round it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early. Sweet oil will answer the purpose equally well.

*Oil from Pumpkins.*—The seeds of

* Morgan and Truefit, two fashionable hair-cutters at the West end of the town.

pumpkins are commonly thrown away; but abundance of an excellent oil may be extracted from them. When peeled they yield much more oil than an equal quantity of flax. This oil burns well, gives a lively light, and lasts longer than other oils, and emits very little smoke.

*Fruit Trees.*—Fresh lime newly slaked and mixed with water to the consistency of cream, is an excellent dressing for the rind of fruit-trees that are injured by moss and insects. When this has been well applied, the insects are destroyed, the moss disappears, the unhealthy rind peels off, and a new one is formed.

*Books.*—A few drops of any *perfumed* oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London-docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

*Sea Sickness.*—Sea sickness is not caused so much by the motion of the ship or vessel, as on a certain motion made by the human body induced by a sort of almost involuntary endeavour to accommodate one's self to the ship's motion. Voyagers, who hold fast by the ropes or sides of the ship, so as to move with all its motions, and, in fact, make themselves, for the time, as it were, a part of the moving vessel, are less subject to it than others who sit down at their ease in a chair. An experienced traveller, in writing on the above subject, says that he could keep off the evil entirely by laying fast hold of the rudder or sides of any vessel in which he happened to be, on the very first indication of nausea.

*Hooping Cough.*—The hooping cough having lately, in many instances, proved fatal, a gentleman of Devizes has circulated the following recipe for its cure, and it has been strongly recommended to all parents whose children may be afflicted with this dreadful complaint.—Take of finely powdered cochineal half a scruple, salt of tartar, one scruple, pure water, one gill, mix it together, and sweeten it with loaf sugar; a child may take a tea-spoonful three times a day; an adult may take two tea-spoonsful each time. Take also a few garlicks, bruise them, and steep them in old rum, and rub the child's back, soles of the feet, and palms of the hands, night and morning.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.—Garrick had, one evening, quitted Mrs. Garrick in her box at Drury-lane Theatre, saying, as he usually did—"I shall be back in a few minutes." Very soon after a prologue and epilogue were spoken, and Mrs. G. was in full sight of the speaker, but thought him a stranger, till her little dog, who was with her, claimed her attention by showing signs of great and joyful recognition, when, and not till then, she knew it was Mr. Garrick who was speaking.

EPITAPH IN STEPNEY CHURCH-YARD.

Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd—
ah, why?—
Born in New England, did in London die:
He was third son of eight begot upon
His mother Martha, by his father John,
Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be—
But nipt by death at the age of twenty-three:
Fatal to him what we the *small-pox* name—
By which his mother and two brethren came—
Also to meet their death nine years before,
Which now has left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

MULTIPLICANDS AND MULTIPLICATORS.

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91
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EPITAPH ON TWO INFANTS
*In a Church Yard, Gloucestershire.*

Two lovelr babes ye here did se
Than God Almighty gued to we—
Bus the war o'ertaken we agur (ague) fits
And here tha lies as dead as nits.

TONSON AND DRYDEN.—Jacob Tonson, the most eminent of his profession as a publisher, having refused to advance Dryden a sum of money for a work in which he was engaged, the enraged Bard sent a message to him and the following lines, adding, tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more:—

With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled hair,
With two left legs, and Judas colour'd hair,
And frowsy pores, that taint the ambient air.

The Bookseller felt the force of the description, and, to avoid a completion of the portrait, immediately sent the money.

The tradition of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was derived from the odd circumstance in which the Bibles of Faustus, who was the first printer, appeared to the world. When he had printed off a considerable number of copies, he undertook the sale of them at Paris. The copies were printed in imitation of manuscript, and it was his interest to pass them off as such. But as he was enabled to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the Scribes demanded five hundred, universal astonishment was excited, and particularly when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and even lowered his price. The uniformity of the copies, too, increased the wonder. Informations were consequently given to the Magistrates against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched, and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. Faustus's red ink, which was particularly brilliant, was said to be his blood, and he was solemnly adjudged to be in league with the Devil. At length, to save himself from a bonfire, Faustus disclosed his art to the Parliament of Paris, who immediately discharged him from all prosecution, in consideration of the usefulness of the invention.

RECIPE FOR A LADY'S DRESS.—The following recipe for a lady's dress occurs where one would least expect it, in the works of Tertullian:—"Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermillion; dress your eyebrows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head. Submission to your husband, is your best ornament. Employ your hands in housewifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made with the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity."

ORIGIN OF THE PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.—The three golden balls suspended from the doors or windows of pawnbrokers, have been humourously (enough described by the vulgar, as meaning it was two chances to one that the things pledged should never be redeemed; but, in fact, they are the arms of the Lombard merchants, who gave the name to the street in which they dwelt, and who were the first to publicly lend money on chattel securities.

TIME.

How swift the pinions Time puts on,
To urge his flight away!
To-day's soon yesterday; anon,
To-morrow is to-day!

Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view;
As sadly, through this "Vale of Tears,"
Our journey we pursue!

Yet grieve not, Man, that thus he flies,
He hastes thee to thy rest;
The drooping wretch that soonest dies,
Is soonest with the blest!

Foote, travelling in the West of England, dined one day at an inn; when the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare? "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except any body whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't."—"You must."—At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty Magistrate) taking Foote before the Mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to except the Mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing, that he thought the landlord was the greatest fool in christendom—except—Mr. Mayor.

EPITAPHS.

1. ON A MAN NAMED STONE.

Jerusalem's curse was not fulfilled in me,
For here a *stone upon a Stone* you see.

2. ON MR. PARTRIDGE, WHO DIED IN MAY.

What! kill a partridge in the month of May!
Was that done like a sportsman? eh Death, eh!

3. ON A SAILOR.

Here lies honest Jack, to the lobsters a prey,
Who liv'd like a sailor, free, hearty, and gay;
His rigging well fitted, his sides close and tight,
His bread-room well furnished, his mainmast upright;
When death like a pirate, built solely for plunder,
This hail'd honest Jack, in a voice like thunder,
Drop your peak, my old boy! and your topsails throw back!
For already too long you've remain'd on that tack.
Jack heard the dread call, and without more ado,
His sails flatten'd in, and his bark she brouch'd to.

4. *Turkish Epitaph on a Child.*—God alone is eternal!—I was in this world but a rose bud, yet I was blighted by Fate; but I have only left the gardens of this world to enter into those of Paradise.

5. ON A DRUNKARD.

The draught is drank, poor Tip is dead,
He's top'd his last, and reel'd to bed.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of the following correspondents are intended for insertion: Tim Tobykin, W. W., G. D., J. F. H. Authropus, Junis, Abbeyquackey, Aeastes, Dangle, M. E., J. H., E. W., A. Z., R. F., D. A., C. G. H., T., H. Y., J. T., J. K., J. C. W., B. P. S., V. C. T., P. F., H. Y—g, Leoline, Jacobus, Lector, Extractor, Amator, Jeremiah Homespun, T. W. B., W. V—e, and Sharpnib.

The tales sent us by our obliging correspondent E. S. C. are good, but much too long for our purpose—we wish they could be compressed so as not to occupy more than two or three of our pages.

Will Philo give us the title of the article he forwarded to us?


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*Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, (East end of Exeter Change), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.—Printed by T. DOLBY, 299, Strand.*

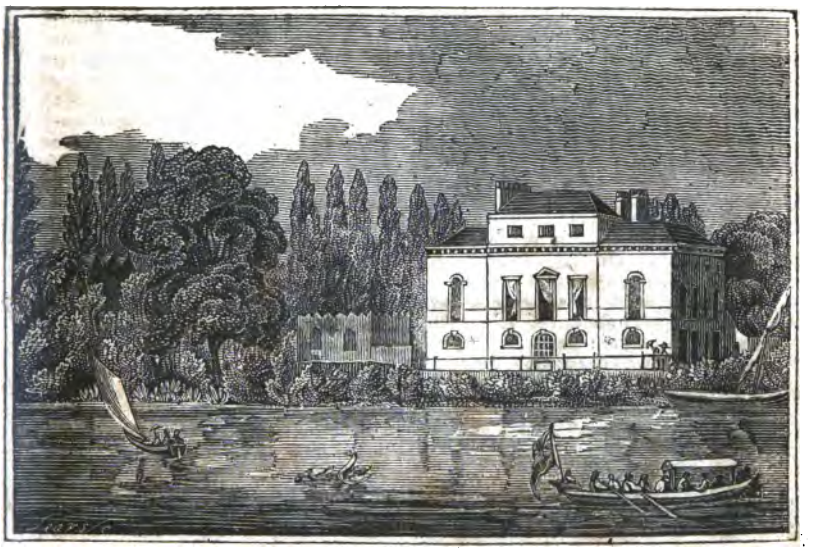
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXIV.] SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## Brandenburgh House.



This house, which even in its ruinous state, was for some time the residence of a British Queen, who breathed her last within its walls, was erected on the banks of the Thames, near Hammersmith, in the reign of Charles I. by Sir Nicholas Crispe, Bart. one of the farmers of the king's customs, who, during the calamitous war between Charles and his Parliament, was employed in various transactions requiring peculiar skill and deep secrecy. In such cases he seldom trusted to any hands but his own. It is related of him that when he wanted intelligence he would be at the water side in the garb of a fisherman; and that he often passed between London and Oxford disguised as a butter-woman on horseback, between a pair of panniers.

In the course of the civil war Brandenburgh House was plundered by the Parliamentarians, and when their army was stationed at Hammersmith and the adjoining villages, in 1647, Fairfax made the mansion his head-quarters. The nephew of Sir Nicholas Crispe sold the estate in 1683 to Prince Rupert, who gave it to his mistress, Margaret Hughs, the actress. In the year 1740 the house was purchased by the celebrated Bubb Dodington* (afterwards Lord Melcombe), who made great alterations, and bestowed on the villa the inappropriate name of *La Trappe*.

In 1792 Brandenburgh House was purchased by the late Margrave of Anspach and Bayreuth, who had married the erratic and accomplished Lady Craven. The exterior of Brandenburgh House was never remarkable for architectural beauty either when first erected or after it had undergone great altera-

* Before Bubb Dodington was made a peer he consulted the witty Earl of Chesterfield as to the title he should assume, "Why that of Silly-Bub," said his Lordship.

tions; but the interior compensated for these defects. The state apartments comprised five rooms exclusive of the gallery, which was 82 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 30 feet high. The other rooms of the mansion were numerous and well adapted to the liberal accommodation of a large and hospitable family. The grounds were not extensive, but commanded a fine view of the river and its fertile banks. When the Margravine of Anspach resided here she had a theatre erected on the margin of the river, where her Serene Highness occasionally gratified her friends by the united display of her talents as a writer and a performer.

In 1820 Brandenburgh House became the residence of her late Majesty Queen Caroline, and where she died on the 7th of August, 1821. Her Majesty was daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, by Augusta, sister of his late Majesty, and was born on the 17th of May, 1768. Of the circumstances which caused a Queen of England to take up her residence at Brandenburgh House when it was scarcely tenantable, we shall not enter: they are too fresh and too deeply engraved in the recollection of the public to be effaced; but we cannot, as somewhat connected with the subject, here omit noticing Mr. Hayter's grand historical picture of an event, which did more to unsettle the public mind than any other circumstance —we mean the Queen's trial.

Mr. Hayter's picture is a complete representation of the House of Lords at the time of the remarkable event which it records. The whole body of the House is given, with the temporary galleries for Peers erected on that occasion, the Queen's seat, and the new arrangements below the bar; together with a complete series of portraiture, for which nearly two hundred Peers and other distinguished persons sat to the artist. The time chosen by the artist is the sixth day of the trial (the 23d of August, 1820), about mid-day, when Earl Grey was engaged in cross-examining the Italian witness Theodore Majocchi. The moment is favourable for the amplest effect, as the examination being then with the Peers, their persons are turned towards the witness, and consequently facing the spectator; and an opportunity is likewise afforded of introducing portraits of the eminent King's and Queen's Counsel below the bar, whose backs must have been turned at other intervals of the trial. Mr. Brougham appears turning to answer a question from Mr. Denman, while Mr. Vizard, the solicitor, seems attentive to their conversation; Dr. Lushington is at the same time watching the course of Majocchi's examination, which the interpreter (the Marchese Spinetti) is delivering with that prolixity and rapidity which Earl Grey (the interrogator) is anxious to check. The junior Counsel for the Queen are differently engaged in a subordinate part of the group. Adjoining her Majesty's Counsel are the King's Attorney and Solicitor Generals, with their assistant Counsel, Civilians, &c. The Attorney-General seems eagerly watching the interpreter's explanation of the evidence; the Solicitor-General is equally attentive from his stern and contemplative expression. The imposing attitude of Earl Grey is fine and appropriate; the members of the Royal Family present are well pourtrayed; the Ministers and principal personages are equally well designated; but the individual portraiture must be seen to be understood. The late Queen is seated within the bar, in the chair assigned for her use; she is finely painted, and surveys with a calm and steady glance, not unmixed with an air of dignity, the impending proceedings of the House.

The whole picture does great credit to the artist, and is entitled on its own merits to a considerable share of the patronage which the interest of the subject naturally excites.

## MEDICAL QUACKERY.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—The following letter is *supposed* to have fallen out of the pocket of a Physician, as it was found near the *Old College* in Warwick Lane; it appears to be from a young surgeon in the country, to his friend the physician. I hand it to you for insertion in your very amusing and widely-circulating work, as I think it will prove interesting to the public, by making known very bold and decisive methods of treating some species of complaints; and at the same time shew a *little* of the *quackery* now in practice. I regret that the address of the writer is torn off, also that the envelope is lost, otherwise many of the afflicted would no doubt apply to the author of the letter for his advice: should any of the profession feel hurt at this *expose*, by one who has evidently been *behind* the *curtain*, I shall say to them, *Ride si sapis.*

"My dear Sir,—Having as you know

taken upon myself the '*office and work*' of a surgeon, and having passed some few years in this part of the world, without any very decided advantage to myself in point of pecuniary matters; whether from want of due appreciation of my abilities by the country folks, or what other cause I cannot say, I made up my mind to remove to London. I troubled several of my relatives to look out for me some suitable situation, but being fearful that in the general line of practice I should find the vineyard overstocked with labourers, I have made, and caused many inquiries to be set on foot, as to peculiar departments of the healing art, in order to ascertain whether they were fully occupied or not; and I am now about to give you the result of the investigations, after reading which, I think you will agree with me, that it is more safe as regards my own interest, to adopt some peculiar pursuit in the professional world, than to become a general practitioner; though I understand there is a man near town who *calls himself a doctor*, and by the help of an *Infirmary* of his own, and other means, he finds full employment. He sees no gratuitous patients, but if persons go to him at a stated early hour in the morning, up to, I believe, ten o'clock, they pay THREE PENCE each for a ticket of admission, which entitles them to the *Doctor's* advice; at ten the *gentle* rib of this *Hippocrates* appears, and with Stentorian voice tells the *Doctor* he 'must stay no longer with the *three-penny* patients for the *half crown patients* are coming up.' As he is rather garrulous, the first summons is not always attended to, probably he knowing well enough there are no *half crown* patients waiting. *Mrs. Hippocrates* again demands his presence in more impressive tones, and the ceremony with the *poor* closes for the day, who if not attended to that day, must come the next, as their ticket admits them. The *half crown* patients have their turn till about twelve —when the *Lady* again approaches, and acquaints the *Doctor* that the *half guinea* patients are waiting; they in like manner have his attention till three, and then comes the climax, the announcement of the *guinea* patients. Now this is all exquisite puffing; the poor *three penny* customer is displaced by the *half crowns*, and although he is disappointed of the advice he sought, yet he relates to poor devils like himself the reason, and they all agree that the *Doctor* must be a *wonderful man* to have *so much practice*; and as one fool makes many, so the *three-pences* flow the faster into the *Doctor's* treasury; the same holds good as to the *half crowns*, and *half guineas*; and the *guineas* are brought by the recommendation of those in more humble life, who have heard of the fame of this surprising Doctor: you may form some idea of his abilities, when I assure you he prescribed to a poor tailor, who looked half starved, an ounce of Epsom salts every night going to bed, which he told him to persevere in taking for a considerable time;—to another of the same trade he gave similar directions, only he was to take them in the morning; I do not know whether the first man is alive, but the earth has some time ago concealed the *Doctor's* error as to the last. That nothing may be lost in this establishment, the patients who appear able to pay, make their exit through a chemist's shop, where each person is expected to leave his prescription, which is generally given with an eye to the capability as to the pocket of the party; and he there receives and PAYS for his medicines. My friend took considerable pains to trace out this plan, merely from curiosity; and absolutely sported at one time half a crown, and at another half a guinea upon what he called a *frolic*. He is of opinion there are *no guinea* patients, and but *few half guinea* ones: I do not agree with him, for the plan is well laid, and there are no doubt several confederates in the concern who sit in the waiting-room pretending to be patients, and expatiate largely on the Doctor's skill; there have been many such tricks played, and such is the folly of the Public, that, even contrary to common sense, they will run after any novelty in regard to medicine, let it be ever so ridiculous, if it is only well advertised, and if superstition, to which human nature is too prone, can only once be brought in array against their better judgment, they yield quietly to its dominion. As an example:—A man some time ago, who was well known in that part of the country where he resided, as an old drunken tailor, all at once pretended, that he had received the gift from above, of curing every disease by the touch: though every body knew his origin and former way of life, yet his confederates so spread abroad his fame, and brought forward such wonderful cases of cure by his touch, that numbers of respectable people flocked to him, some out of curiosity, and others from hope of relief. He took up his quarters at a public house, in front of which there was a mob nearly all day, and al-

though when persons were introduced to him he was in general stupidly drunk, it did not cure them of their folly, any more than his touch cured their disease; indeed, to such a heighth did the infatuation rise, that many respectable females who had affections of the knee joint, paid from *one* to *five guineas* to this *holy man's* secretary (for he took no money himself) for an introduction to him privately the back way, in consequence of the crowd at the front of the house, and were left alone with him in a stable. Under pretence that it was necessary to their cure, the old rogue proceeded to take the most gross and indecent liberties with them, and such was their *faith*, that inherent modesty slumbered in several instances almost too long on her post: this emboldened him so much, that he proceeded so far with one lady, that superstitious terrors took flight, and her screams brought her husband to her assistance, who chastised him for the attempt; and through his application to the chief magistrate of the city where it happened, the hoary villain was committed to prison; but that did not cure the folly of the public; he was visited and supported there, and when released began his trade again at an adjoining town: but a second committal as a *rogue* and *vagabond* dissipated all his *holiness*. The fellow had an infinite degree of humbug about him, for on a poor woman being introduced who had paid half a guinea for her admission, she found the tailor walking about the room, flourishing his stick, and to all appearance unconscious of her presence, till at last she placed herself in his way, and begged for God's sake that he would cure her poor husband, who lay dangerously ill about four miles off, adding, 'I know you can, Sir, if you will.' He still appeared to take no notice of her, when throwing herself on her knees before him, she caught the hem of his garment, and cried, 'Oh! save my husband.' He then, and only then, seemed to know she was in the room; and said, 'Get out of my way, woman, I'm busy curing a man in America now.' The poor dupe sat down, quietly waiting the completion of this *distant* job; and the tailor having touched her, and promised a cure, she went home perfectly satisfied that her husband would recover. It seems as if Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe has borrowed from this tailor; and it is much to be regretted that his Highness cannot be exercised in the Tread-mill as an impostor, or placed in a mad-house as a lunatic; for I would ask even his dupes, whether he does not prove himself one or the other, by accepting a command, where, if he performs his duty, he must dye his hands in the blood of his fellow beings? can any person except an ideot suppose such blood-stained hands will be acceptable when lifted in prayer to God? Or, what sort of being does the blasphemer, and his equally blasphemous adherents, or ideotic dupes suppose that God to be? *qui vult decipi decipiatur.*

I had one very worthy friend, who imagined that the establishment of a Medical Board would be a respectable concern, if I associated to myself some of my professional friends; I believe he was seduced into the opinion, by seeing the carriage and Arabian horses, belonging at that time to the proprietor of an establishment of the kind; which he really believed belonged to Sir Astley, then Mr. Cooper, who he thought was at the head of it, until I undeceived him, by the assurance that they were the property of another person, who very *ingeniously* obtained the honor of knighthood, but was saved the expense of the fees usually paid on those occasions, it being commanded that they should be refused by the officers at the Herald's College, lest any thing like a legal title should be recognized, clearly showing this was not 'the man whom the King delighted to honour.' The apparent success attending Medical Boards, caused many to start in different parts of the town, and a very clever surgeon, a man of education, a fellow of wit and whim, being rather under a cloud in consequence of his own liberality, and too generous disposition, was solicited to attend and assist at one of these newly-established dispensaries of health and longevity. The principal in the concern had devoted his previous life to other pursuits, which led him wide of the Pirrhean spring, so that his draughts had been but shallow; yet he was desirous to be 'counted a man of learning, especially before his patients, and requested of the above surgeon who attended the Board, that the consultation might *appear* to be in Latin, on the case of a genteel young man then entering; accordingly, after a variety of questions, the would-be *Doctor* put his hand on one side before his mouth towards the surgeon's ear, and said, '*Aqua horum somne hec hac nobus dominum.*' To this unmeaning jargon the surgeon replied, putting his hand before his mouth to hide the risibility it had excited, '*If*

you don't mind what you are about the man will find you are humbugging him.' *Sic omnium deludunter dolis.*"

*(To be continued.)*

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## CELIBACY *versus* MATRIMONY.

" My bane and antidote are both before me." ADDISON.

### BACHELOR'S FARE.

Frequently whining and always repining,
Vex'd and perplex'd at not having a wife,
Thinking to marry, decided to tarry,
So pass the days of a Bachelor's life.
His mind ever ranging, unconstant and changing,
Its fraught with anxiety, trouble, and care,
And fed with vain wishes, poor pitiful dishes!
But most that's delicious in Bachelor's Fare.

How cheerless and lonely is he that has only
Himself to have thoughts for, himself to maintain:
No one to regale him when sorrows assail him,
And none to bewail him in sickness and pain!
Though marriage brings trouble, its comforts are double,
As all happy husbands can truly declare,
To all that the single state ever did arrogate,
Hence do we reprobate Bachelor's Fare.

Who call women evils, new, old, or blue devils,
Convince one they're acting the comic part o'er
Of the fox in the fable, which not being able
To pluck and to suck the sweet grapes, calls them sour!
To love a sweet creature, with grace in each feature,
Not even a Bachelor's self can forbear;
But such to neglect, and fain to reject,
Those fools may expect that want Bachelor's Fare.

It can't be denied that sometimes wives will chide
As they ought when they see there's occasion;
And those who do blame them for this, and defame them,
Deserve a severe flagellation:
To have an adviser each day growing wiser,
A true bosom friend, is the married man's share;
But though 'tis distressing and spirit depressing,
To lack this great blessing is Bachelor's Fare.

Though children, too truly, are often unruly,
And boys may sometimes be too lavish of treasure,
Yet few, rich or poor, ever liv'd I am sure,
That did not afford to their parents much pleasure;
If all men of this, and of all other bliss
That wedlock contains, were but fully aware,
Not one in a score, the nation all o'er,
Would wish any more to have Bachelor's Fare.

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### THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE.

Happy and free are a married man's reveries;
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;
He knows not the Bachelor's revelries, devilries,
Caressed by, and blessed by, his children and wife.
From lassitude free too, his home still to flee to,
A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share,
A fire-side so cheary, the smiles of his deary,—
O, this boys, this is the married man's fare.

Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
Busy promoting his comfort around,
Dispelling dejection with smiles of affection,
Sympathizing, advising, when fortune has frowned.
Old ones relating, droll tales never stating,
Little ones prating, all strangers to care;
Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some munching,
Economy dealing the married man's fare.

Thus is each jolly day, one lively holiday:
Not so the bachelor, lonely, depressed—
No gentle one near him, no home to endear him,
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;

No children to climb up—'twould fill all my rhyme up,
And take too much time up, to tell his despair;
Cross housekeper meeting him, cheating him, beating him,
Bills pouring, maids scouring, devouring his fare.

He has no one to put on—a sleeve or neck button—
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee;
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too,
With overdone, underdone, undone is he;
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter, with pleasure, new joys to prepare;
But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens,
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.

He calls children apes, Sir, (the fox and the grapes, Sir,)
And fain would be wed when his locks are like snow;
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out;
And maidens, deriding cry "No! my love, no!"
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow,
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares;
And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who cares?

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### UNREQUITED LOVE.

*Translated from the Spanish by Mr. Bowring.*

Say, Juan, say, of what he died?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair!
Of unrequited love he died—
What said he, shepherd?—thou wert there
When death stood threatening at his side—
—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again.
Poor youth! he had been scorn'd by pride—
Of unrequited love he died!

And when he felt the failing breath
Grow weak—what said he of his doom?
—That there are pains far worse than death,
And he had known them—thoughts of gloom
Shadow'd the portals of the tomb—
Some things he said—and none replied—
Of unrequited love he died!

And when the last, last throb drew nigh,
Before the fluttering spirit fled?
—Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead:
But there are thoughts which cannot die.
No more he felt, no more he said;—
He sleeps upon the valley's side—
Of unrequited love he died!

*London Magazine.*

### PREFIGURATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

With a total disbelief in all the vulgar legends of supernatural agency, and *that* upon firmer principles than I fear most people could assign for their incredulity, I must yet believe that the "soul of the world has in some instances sent forth mysterious types of the cardinal events, in the great historic drama of our planet. One has been noticed by a German author, and it is placed beyond the limits of any rational scepticism; I mean the coincidence between the augury derived from the flight of the twelve vultures as types of the duration of the Roman empire, i. e. Western Empire, for twelve centuries, and the actual event. This augury, we know to have been recorded many centuries before its consummation; so that no juggling or collusion between the prophets and the witnesses to the final event can be suspected. Some others might be added. At present I shall notice a coincidence from our own history, which, though not so important as to come within the class of prefigurations I have been alluding to, is yet curious enough to deserve mention. The oak of Boscobel and its history are matter of household knowledge. It is not equally well known, that in a medal, struck to commemorate the installation (about 1686) of Charles II. then Prince of Wales, as a Knight of the Garter, amongst the decorations was introduced an oak-tree with the legend—"Seris factura nepotibus umbram."

Z.

*Ibid.*

## ENGLISH MANNERS.

Society, as it now exists, is less picturesque than in former times, when the privileged few might enact a thousand wild follies with impunity: yet it is said that modern education in females, is wholly calculated to enable them to show off in public. The present system may be defective, and capable of great and necessary improvement; but there can be no doubt that it has tended to make women more rational companions, by opening new sources of mental cultivation to the inhabitants of town and country. Dress and dissipation no longer entirely absorb the ideas of the one, and the vulgar detail of household œconomy, the ingredients necessary to make a pudding, and the quilting of a counterpane, are not permitted to engross the minds of females bred in retirement; and most assuredly even the leaders of fashion are infinitely more guarded in their conduct and behaviour than the belles of former times, who, if we may form a judgment from the novels and comedies of their day, were insatiate in their endeavours to obtain notoriety. Ladies in this æra are usually so quiet and circumspect, that they pass without remark; they dare not, as heretofore, set scandal openly at defiance; and, though slander finds an equal number of victims, the frailty of the human heart in the weak, and the malice of the envious, which will discover spots in the purest, are the food upon which this foul pest is sustained. With less pains and preparation than are usual with the other sex, women attain a certain degree of ease and elegance of manner, so as to be fitted for any circle to which an exalted marriage or any similar circumstance may introduce them.

In mixed societies the difference of rank is scarcely distinguishable, and we are still more puzzled to trace the professions. A military man, unless he happens to have lost a limb in the service, is liable to be disregarded, whilst the mustachioed beau, whose campaigns have never extended farther than Bond-street, is mistaken for the hero of many battles in the Peninsula.—Barristers leave all the dust of the courts with their wigs and gowns; and authors, no longer hanging to the skirts of a patron, are frequently pointed out enacting *le cavalier seul* in the centre of a quadrille. It is still the fashion to assume a *nom de guerre;* but the grave designations of Bickerstaff and Ironside are as completely cast aside as powder and perriwigs. We have the more romantic assumptions of Barry Cornwall and St. John Dorset; and the fancy, upon reading poetry thus undersigned, pictures the charms and graces of youth. The fraternity are likewise grown bold: as half of the world read, the other half necessarily write: and, without the ceremony of preface or dedication, we boldly commit our lucubrations to the press, and periodical works have become so plentiful, that we can scarcely go to a rout without stumbling upon a popular editor, or, at the least, a contributor. But the general knowledge of polite literature, which is absolutely necessary to fit us for companions to our equals, ought to have a stronger effect upon our manners than is perceptible. We have still much to learn and to unlearn; the art of conversation, the means of pleasing, are not sufficiently studied. We are too selfish, too apt to pride ourselves upon the advantages of birth, fortune, or education, and fancy that we may *command* attention when we should endeavour to *win* it; whilst those whom some fortuitous circumstances have advanced in the world, and who have imbibed their early ideas from the mean habits of low parents, unconscious of their deficiencies, will betray their origin at the very moment when they fancy that they are showing off to the greatest advantage.

In a commercial country like England, where every honour is open to the fortunate adventurer, who in his career has preserved any thing like a character, it may seem perhaps illiberal to deny the power of such a person to assume the appearance and the manners of a gentleman. To a mild temper, and an uncorrupted heart, the task may not be difficult, because the frame of such a mind cannot suggest any thing offensive, and quiet unassuming manners must always pass uncensured; but, when the disposition is violent, and the heart malevolent, the best imitator of elegance, he who is most cautious and pains-taking in his endeavours to pass for a man of polish and breeding, will be betrayed into the disclosure of a base sentiment, or into the performance of a degrading action, whenever he is thrown off his guard by a sudden impulse or a powerful temptation. The colour of the mind will show itself; and, though a gentleman may be equally a villain with a plebeian, the acts, or the manner in which each performs them, will be widely contrasted.

*Lady's Magazine.*

# The Founders of Spanish Liberty, Quiroga, Riego, Aguero, and Banos.

The situation of Spain at present occupies so large a share of the public attention, that we shall readily be excused, if even we do not get the thanks of our readers, for adverting to the subject. Though we have no attachment to politics, and have an ample and more agreeable field to range in, yet we cannot but participate in that general feeling in favour of Spanish liberty, which pervades all ranks in this country, from the Peer to the Peasant. What may be the result of the approaching struggle between France and Spain, we do not pretend to foretell; but that it threatens as much danger to the former, as to the latter, seems to be a general opinion.

We need not here enter into a long history of the events of Spain during the last twelve or fourteen years. It is sufficient to observe, that Bonaparte's insatiable ambition led him to attempt the subjugation of Spain; that he entrapped the present King Ferdinand VII., a weak and faithless monarch, who had superseded his father on the throne. Ferdinand resigned his crown to Napoleon, who placed it on the head of his brother Joseph; but notwithstanding that, he poured immense armies into Spain, the spirit of the people was roused, and with the aid of England, under our great Captain, the Duke of Wellington, the French, after several years' hard fighting, were driven from the Peninsula, and at the peace of 1814, Ferdinand VII. was restored to his throne.

During the time that this King was a prisoner at Valency, in France, a constitutional and representative government was organized in Spain, under the auspices of England. The Spanish constitution had the concurrent sanction of all the sovereigns of Europe, and Ferdinand himself swore to maintain it; but he had scarcely reached Madrid, when he violated his oath, and overturned the Constitution, sending to dungeons and death, the brave Patriots who had fought and bled to restore him. The Spaniards had, however, tasted the blessings of freedom, and though borne down for a time, their spirit was not subdued. Various attempts were made to restore the Constitution, but without success until, on the 1st of January, a new revolution was effected, principally through the means of those brave men, Quiroga, Riego, Aguero, and Banos, of whom we present to our readers correct and spirited portraits. Although the revolution had been organized, yet, before it could be carried into effect, Quiroga and Arco Aguero were arrested and thrown into different prisons; the troops, however, with whom the insurrection originated, determined to liberate them, and elected Quiroga Commander-in-Chief, and Aguero had the direction of the Staff. These two Patriots were liberated. Riego with three battalions dashed into the town of Arcos, where Calderon, the royalist general, had ten thousand troops, yet he arrested Calderon and the whole of his staff, and proclaimed the Constitution. Quiroga in the mean time surprised the garri-

son of San Fernando, incorporated the troops with his own, and fortified it against every external assault. The month of January passed without the Patriots making any progress, while the royalist chief Freyre, had collected an army of 15,000 men to oppose them. The leaders of the Patriots found themselves shut up in La Isla, near Cadiz, with only five thousand men.

Riego, prompted by one of those inspirations which occur only to great minds, suggested the idea of marching at the head of a flying column, to spread the seeds of liberty in the provinces, while the rest of the army should maintain its position at San Fernando.—Having selected 1500 men he set forward on his daring but noble exploit; and although thinned by fatigue and repeated skirmishes, and at length compelled to disperse, yet Riego so far accomplished his object as to excite the flame of patriotism in the provinces through which he passed.

In the mean time Freyre invited the army of San Fernando to Cadiz, and promised to proclaim the constitution on the 10th of March; but suspecting some treachery, it was agreed that a deputation composed of Aguero, Banos, and Galiano, should represent the national army at the approaching spectacle, while Quiroga remained at his post.

After a night of festivity, the morning of the 10th dawned, and Cadiz exhibited a scene of indescribable animation; the deputation from San Fernando were received in triumph, some threw their cloaks on the ground to serve as carpets, and they were everywhere hailed as liberators. General Freyre however treacherously ordered his soldiers to fire on the assembled populace, upwards of five hundred of whom were killed and wounded.

The provinces of Galicia and Navarre had by this time proclaimed the constitution, and the spirit of patriotism extending, Ferdinand VII. yielding to the empire of necessity, promised to accept the political code of 1812, and convoke the Cortes (the legislative assembly of Spain); and on the 9th of July, he again swore to maintain it. Of his subsequent conduct we shall say nothing; but it is certain that the factious, who have kept up the flame of civil war in Spain, and oppose the constitution, are not numerous, and would have been extinguished before now but for foreign aid and encouragement.

To Quiroga, Riego, Aguero and Banos, Spain is indebted for her political freedom; and these patriots, as virtuous as they are brave, are not less to be admired for their moderation, than for their courage and patriotism. Having restored their country to its liberties, they aspired not to any other honours, and although they have all had appointments either military or ministerial, yet they have exhibited no anxiety for office, or sought to turn their talents, their reputation, and their influence, to their personal advantage.

## SHIPWRECK IN THE GREENLAND SEAS.

On the 14th of April, 1794, the Wilhelmina, commanded by James H. Broerties sailed from the Texel for the whale fishery, and, on the 22d of June, arrived near the western coast of Greenland, alongside vast plains of moving ice that overspread the sea. They cast anchor, and made preparations for the fishery. Fifty other ships had repaired to the same ports, attracted by the great number of whales frequenting them. On the 25th of June huge flakes of ice environed and pressed on the ship on all sides. The crew then, for eight days and nights together, had to cut and saw their way through the ice, thirteen feet in thickness, trying to get the ship clear. Several vessels got away; but the Wilhelmina and ten others were locked in the ice.

On the 25th of July the ice began to separate, and left a sort of opening, through which the Wilhelmina attempted to pass; but, after incessant rowing for four days, they found their passage again intercepted by another field of ice; and here they were shut up, as it were, within a bason. Four other ships reached the same place. The ice showing no signs of opening, the Captain determined to shorten each man's allowance. The flakes of ice drove with such force against the ships, that the Wilhelmina was shattered, and almost broken up, five or six feet above the water line. Shipwreck now appeared inevitable to all; and two out of five vessels had already been lost, and the crews distributed among the remaining ones, with all the provisions that could be saved. The ice continued to accumulate to the height of twenty-four feet above the ships.

On the 25th of August, the three remaining ships were immovable in the ice. The captains dispatched twelve men to four other ships, at some distance, in the same position as them-

selves. From these they learned, that two ships had been crushed by the pressure of the ice, and that two others were in a truly deplorable state. Two Hamburgh vessels, somewhat more distant, had perished in a similar manner.

Though locked up in the ice, the ships kept driving before the wind.—On the 30th of August they had sight of Iceland. Two days after, a part of the ice was so agitated, that two captains, profiting by the circumstance, in all likelihood gained the open sea, as they soon lost sight of them.

Though the Wilhelmina was hourly threatened with destruction, it was the 13th of September ere it took place. On that day a mountain of ice came suddenly rushing down against it, with a prodigious noise, crushing every thing in its way. So sudden was the accident, that the sailors in their hammocks had not time to dress, and were obliged to escape half naked over the ice, exposed to all the injuries of the weather. With great difficulty could they save any provisions, for the ship was intersected, as it were, one part being about ten feet above the surface of the water, and the other entirely destroyed, or buried under an enormous heap of ice.

In this way another ship had been overwhelmed and lost on the 7th of September. The crew fled for an asylum to the ship of Capt. Castricum; with much toil they had stopped up all the leaks, and in other respects the ship was in good condition. But the crew had no small trouble to reach the Castricum. The ice was not uniformly solid; clefts and crevices, opening under their feet, exposed them to the risk of a fresh wreck. At length they set up a tent on the solid part of the ice, and, to guard as much as possible against the excessive cold, they kindled a fire with the wreck of the ship. Relying with confidence on the Divine Providence, they expected relief, though it must obviously come in some extraordinary way. One inconvenience, as may readily be conceived, would intrude upon their wretched asylum; the heat of the fire melted the ice, and they had to dig holes in different places, to get rid of the water: without this precaution they must have been continually shifting their habitation.

Some rest, which these unfortunate men enjoyed in the night, served to re-animate their courage. Next day they redoubled their efforts to reach the Castricum. A flame in motion, that was on its mainmast, indicated its liberation from the ice; a sight of this rekindled their ardour. The three shipwrecked captains, Broerties, De Groot, and Volkert Jansz, proceeded each at the head of their crew. Their route was very dangerous; for they were obliged to leap from one ice-flake to another, and, every time, ran no small risk of plunging into the water.

On the 1st of October, they judged they had arrived at the end of their sufferings; but a frightful scene opened, that almost drove them to despair; the vessel was in a condition much more deplorable than before. It had been carried to a considerable distance; every moment it was in danger of being crushed by overhanging ice: at last, they were fortunate enough to reach it. Scarcely were they on board, when there came up fifty men of the crew of the Hamburgh ship, that had been lost on the 20th of September. The harpooner, with twelve sailors, were drowned, in trying to reach Iceland on floating fragments of the wreck.

As well as these unfortunate men were able to judge, they were then in 64° N. lat. A new misfortune threatened them: the provisions on board the Castricum were too scanty to suffice for all who had repaired to it; they were soon exhausted, and these destitute mariners were obliged to feed on pieces of flesh left on the skeletons of the whales. They then fell to eating the dogs that had been in the vessels that were lost. To quench their thirst, they drank snow-water, wherein was an infusion of chips. They were now looking for death to terminate their sufferings, when the ship, that kept still driving towards the coast, came within the distance of five or six miles from the Continent. Several sailors tried, but in vain, to reach the land; they found, however, a desert island, where they gathered some blackberries off the bushes: they were obliged to remain there.

On the 10th of October, a tempest arose, which threatened the ship with instant destruction: it was still preserved, however, by the crew. The next day enormous ice-flakes fell on the ship, so as to crush, and in a manner overwhelm it. This accident was so sudden, that the men on-board could save nothing to make a fire with; they

had only time to collect some sails, and bring together eleven small boats: but these precautions were useless; their safety lay in flight, and in running from one ice-flake to another, to find one solid and large enough to hold them all. No language can describe the wretchedness of their situation.—Exposed to all the rigours of cold, on an immense island of ice, which was liable every instant to be dashed to pieces, almost entirely destitute of food and clothing, they could only expect dying of hunger and cold, or of being buried under blocks of ice.

It is only at the last extremity that hope abandons man. These sufferers, unwearied in their exertions to save their lives, set up two tents with the sails which they had saved; wherein they had shelter, patiently waiting for the will of Providence: but, after the 13th of October, they were under the necessity of quitting the mass of ice that supported them, as it was drifting out to sea. Then 250 men set out on a trial to reach the Continent; thirty-six others, who reckoned it impossible, remained on the ice. Those who ventured to go, being of different opinions as to the route to be taken, separated into different companies. The Captains Jansz de Groot, Hans Christiansz, and Martin Jansz, accompanied by forty sailors, set out on the 13th of October. Each man had thirty biscuits for his whole stock of provisions. After a short, but very toilsome march, they arrived on the shore of some island, where they passed the night. On the following day they were for trying to get at the Continent, but were disappointed; their way being partly obstructed by an immense quagmire, or floating marsh. To their great surprise, they found some inhabitants; and it was fortunate that some of the mariners understood their language. Assistance was implored, and these savages, generally considered as inhospitable, were very ready to afford it, removing the shipwrecked crews in their canoes to their huts, and helping them to some dried fish, to the flesh of seals, and to some vegetables, to appease their hunger.

They spent several days with these their benefactors; but, fearful of encroaching on the laws of hospitality, by consuming all the provisions, they resolved to continue their route, in hopes of finding a Danish colony, where they might obtain relief adequate to their necessities. In their long and wearisome march they passed through different tribes of the Greenlanders, with some of whom they had a kind reception, but from others they had ill treatment; being frequently, also, in danger of perishing by hunger and thirst. A little moss, scratched from the surface of the rocks under the snow, and the raw flesh of the dogs which they killed, added to that of a few animals which they caught, were the only resources within their reach. At length, after numberless accidents and fatigues, they arrived on the 13th of March at Frederickshaab, a Danish settlement, where they experienced a truly generous treatment, and all possible aid was administered to them. Here they remained till they could get their health re-established, and embark for Denmark. At last they were fortunate enough to arrive in Holland.

The Captains Castricum and Broerties, with such as had taken their route to the north, arrived in like manner, without any particular accident, at Frederickshaab; with the exception of Broerties, who died on the road.

Their companions in misfortune, who could not come to a resolution of joining them, had preserved a canoe, and a small quantity of provisions. The mass of ice on which they were was driving towards Staatems Hock; it would not bear them much longer, as the sea was rolling, and, with the movement, the ice was gradually diminishing: in fact, they were in the greatest danger of being lost. In that crisis, the wind changed to the north-west, and thereby enabled them to reach the land without difficulty. On the 6th of October, they found a small boat, which the crew of the Castricum had abandoned, and a man in it, who, being unable to accompany the rest, was only looking for death. On the same day, three of their comrades, that had been left behind, overtook them, having been obliged to abandon an old man on the extremity of an ice-flake, where he must have perished. They all, however, embarked, and were long tossed up and down before they could reach Greenland. The savage tribes were hospitable, sharing their wretched provisions with them. They, at last, also arrived at a Danish settlement, where provisions were in no great plenty; but they were kindly entertained with the best. At Hol-

steinberg (lat. 67°) they learned, that a ship belonging to the King of Denmark, was at anchor about two miles from the shore The ship was obliged to winter here, and to proceed on the fishery in the spring, before they could return to Denmark. The shipwrecked sailors sought and procured employment on-board, and, after a prosperous voyage, were conveyed to Denmark, whence, finally, they obtained a passage for Holland,

Out of 400 men in the ships that were lost, only these 140 were saved.

## PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. VI.

### MOSES'S TRIAL.

" Well, what trial's next to this for
stealing wine?"
A Jew stepp'd forward, " Vy, my
Lord, 'tis mine."
" Well," said the Judge, " then you
must state the case—
" You have been here before—I know
your face."
" Vy, yes, my Lord, my face's a look-
ing-glass,
Vere you may see the form of every
ass."
" What's that you say? I don't right
hear your brogue."
I say, my Lord, the prisoner there's a
rogue.
But if your Lordship please, I'll tell
the story,
And reasons vy the rogue is brought
before ye.
One rainy day I travell'd on the road,
My heart beat on my ribs, it did for-
bode
Some treadful ill; and never in my life
Vas it ere wrong, but ven I took a vife.
My skin vas vet quite thro' and thro',
no doubt;
I stopt to vet inside as vel as out,
And having got a class, vy off I shet,
Striding thro' thick and thin, and dirt
and vet.
But you vill ax vat made me so fast
post,
Vy, I forgot, my Lord, to pay the
host.
I giggled ven I cet outshide de door;
But had'nt got a mile, my Lord, before
That white-faced plackguard from the
hedge did pop,
" He knock'd me town, and robb't me
of my shop,"
Here Moses ceas'd, and grasped awhile
for breath,
And waited till he heard the verdict
" death."
The day arrived, the morn it rose so
fair,
That half the world, and Moses too,
was there,
And on the platform boldly took his
stand,
And shook the dying prisoner by the
hand.
The hangman told him to be gone, in
vain,
When'er he turned, the Jew was there
again.
" Good bye," said Moses, and he
shook his head;
The hangman heard him, and again he
said,
" All night you'll stay here staring, I
suppose,"
" Lord! vy I only vant to puy his
clothes."

## The Novelist.

No. XXII.

### THE SOLDIER.

FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER.

When I was a slave, said Niceron, we lived in a little village which now belongs to Gavilla: there, as Heaven would have it so, I fell in love with the wife of Terentius the sutler—you remember Melissa, the pretty dancing girl—my fondness, I assure you, was not for her person, or at all of a licentious kind—No—I loved her for what I could get, and may I die if ever I was disappointed! If I wanted money, or any thing else, I had only to coax her and have it. Her good man happened to die in the city, I therefore posted away as fast as I could to go to her. Friends, you know, are tried in adversity.—My master, as luck would have it, was gone to Capua, to sell his wares. I took this opportunity of persuading a comrade of mine to accompany me to the five-mile stone. He was a soldier, and as fierce as Pluto.—We proceeded, the moon shining as bright as the day, till we came about the crowing of the cock, among some tombs; my companion began to mutter something to the stars, whilst I went whistling along, thinking of nothing at all; at length I looked behind me, and observed my Soldier leisurely undressing himself, and placing his clothes before him on the ground. My heart was up to my mouth—I stood like a corpse; whilst he, making a liquid circle round his clothes, was in a moment changed into a wolf.—You think I jest—You are mistaken—I

would not tell a lie for an estate—But as I was saying, as soon as he became a wolf, he set up a terrible howl, and fled into the woods. At first I was deprived of all recollection, but when I went to take up his clothes, I found them turned into solid stone. You may imagine how I was terrified; nevertheless I drew my sword, which holding before me, I made the best of my way to the house of my mistress. I was as pale as a ghost, my spirits were quite gone, a cold sweat ran over me, my eyes were sunk, nor did I recover but with the extremest difficulty. Melissa began to express her surprise at my being abroad so late. "If," said she, "you had been but a little sooner you might have assisted us. A wolf entered our yard, disturbed the cattle, and tore some of them in pieces; though he got away, he had nothing to boast of, for our man ran a lance through his neck." Hearing this, I never stopped to close my eyes, but as soon as it dawned, ran home as if I had been robbed. When I came to the place where the clothes had been changed into stone, nothing was to be seen but a quantity of blood: when I reached home, I found my soldier in bed, and under the care of a surgeon, for a wound in the neck. I then found him out to be one of those who can take what shapes they please, and I would never consent to mess with him again.—I care not a farthing what people may think of my story, but if I have told a syllable of untruth, I wish I may be hanged.

*** There was a disease to which the Greeks gave the name of Lycanthropy, a kind of frenzy which induced the patient to imagine himself transformed into a wolf. Pomponius Mela speaks of the Neuri, who had the power of transforming themselves into wolves, and resuming their former shape at pleasure. Olaus also, in his Northern History, describes a people of Livonia, who about Christmas time, changed themselves into wolves, and committed great barbarities on women, children, &c. The Neuri were a people of the North, and it is not improbable, but that Mela and Olaus, from some ancient superstitious traditions, refer to the same nation. The Neuri are mentioned by Herodotus, who speaks also of their possessing this quality, but refuses to believe it. The idea probably originated from the extreme aversion in which this animal has been peculiarly held, from its propensity for rapacity and cruelty. In Attica it was particularly destructive, and public rewards were given to those who killed it.

To see or to be seen by a wolf, was believed to take away the faculty of speech, as in Virgil:

"Lupi Mœrim videre priores."

Which idea is indeed borrowed from Theocritus. Abundance of proverbial expressions concerning the wolf, are to be found in the Adagia of Erasmus, and no animal in the circle of natural history, has been more noticed by ancient writers, or received stronger marks of cordial or inveterate dislike.

A whimsical story is told by Pliny of the Antæi, one of whom was of necessity to be turned into a wolf. They cast lots who it should be. The victim was taken to a pool, stripped of his clothes, and turned naked into the woods. The clothes were left upon a tree. If for the space of nine years the *human-wolf* forbore to taste of human flesh, he returned to the pool, swimming over which, he took his clothes, and resumed his former shape. From this imaginary power of assuming shapes of animals, came the word *Versipellis*, which occurs in Apuleius, Petronius, Plautus, and others. It was used to express extreme reproach and dislike, corresponding with our word *Turn-Coat*.

## Miscellanies.

### DESCRIPTION OF AN EASTERN CARAVAN,

BY VISCOUNT CHATEAUBRIAND.

It was midnight when we arrived at the Khan of Menemen. I perceived at a distance a great number of scattered lights; it was a Caravan making a halt. On a nearer approach, I distinguished camels, some lying, others standing; some with their loads, others relieved from their burdens. Horses and asses without bridles, eating barley out of leather buckets; some of the men were still on horseback, and the women veiled, but not alighted from their dromedaries. Turkish merchants were seated cross-legged on carpets, in groups round the fires, at which the slaves were busily employed in dressing pilau. Other travellers were smoking their pipes at the door of the Khan, chewing opium and listening to stories. Here were people burning coffee in iron pots; there hucksters went about from fire to

fire, offering cakes, fruits, and poultry for sale. Singers were amusing the crowd; Imans were performing their ablutions, prostrating themselves, rising again, and invoking the prophet; and the camel-drivers lay snoring on the ground. The place was strewed with packages, bags of cotton, and cuffs of rice. All these objects now distinct, now confused and enveloped in a half shade, exhibited a genuine scene of the Arabian Nights.

## THE BROWNIES.

The Brownies formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. They were meagre, shaggy, and wild in their appearance. Thus Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

"Faunes, or brownies, if ye will,
"Or satyrs come from Atlas hill."

In the day time the Brownie lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt, and in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. But, although, like Milton's lubber fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire, he does not drudge from the hope of recompence. On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

The last Brownie, known in Ettrick forest, resided in Bedsbech, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed, till the scrupulous devotion of an old lady induced her to *hire him away*, as it was termed, by placing in his hand a porringer of milk and a piece of money. After receiving this hint to depart, he was heard the whole night to howl and cry, "Fare well to bonny Bedsbech!" which he was compelled to abandon for ever.

When the menials of a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonish them:—"Gang a' to your beds, Sirs, and dinna put out the wee grieshoch (embers)." It seems no improbable conjecture, that the Brownie is a legitimate descendant of the Lac Familiaris of the ancients.

## EXECUTIONS IN SPAIN.

The executioner places the head of the culprit between his own thighs, and on the signal being given, they both swing off together, the former sitting, *à califourchon*, on the shoulders of the latter; he then twists the body round and round with the utmost velocity, at the same time kicking violently with his heels on the breast and lungs of the criminal, and raising himself up and down, (as one does in a hard trot) to increase the weight of the hanging man; all this the Spaniards assure us is to put the unhappy wretch the sooner out of misery. We leave our feeling readers to judge of the real effect which must thus be produced on the miserable sufferer. The face is never covered, and the bodies are left hanging the whole day, with all the horrible distortion produced on the countenance by so frightful a death. The moment the hangman throws himself off with the criminal, all the spectators take off their hats, and begin saying *Ave Marias* for the soul of the dying man, which continue all the while that the executioner is twisting and twirling and swinging and jumping. The Spaniards have the oddest way of praying it is possible to conceive; they begin in a high loud tone, *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, and gradually descend to a low buzz, scarcely audible; this, added to the lively motions of the hangman, change entirely the effect of so awful a scene; for when observed from a short distance, it appears literally as if the two men were waltzing together, while the spectators are humming a slow march. A large black robe, with a broad white collar, is the costume of all condemned criminals in Spain.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF A MAN FAMED FOR DEEDS OF CHARITY.

While sojourning on earth, he fill'd up the measure
Of Time that to mortals is given
So well, that he's gone to inherit the treasure
That in life he exported to heaven.

Richard Flecknoe has these excellent lines addressed to a Miser:

Money's like muck, that's profitable while
'T serves for manuring of some fruitful soil;

But on a barren one, like thee, methinks,
'Tis like a dunghill that lies still and stinks.

EPIGRAM, BY RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Do good with pain, the pleasure in't you find,
The pain's soon past, the good remains behind;
Do ill with pleasure, this you've for your pains,
The pleasure passes soon, the ill remains.

A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food on a Friday—the Irishman had made him as good a Catholic in this respect as he was himself.

A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets who had lost her master, and was ready to whelp; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her, (which it may be supposed he was not suffered to want) during her confinement.—*Southey's Omniana.*

TARRING AND FEATHERING.—Tarring and feathering, it seems, is an European invention. Holinshed mentions that one of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was "that if any man was taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventure, without any hope of return to his fellows."

EPITAPH IN ST. PETER'S CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF THANET.—On Mr. Richard Joy, commonly called the Kentish Sampson:

Herculean hero! fam'd for strength,
At last lies here, his breadth and length;
See how the mighty hero's fall'n!
To Death, the strong and weak are all one!

LACONIC EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

I caught a fever—weather plaguey hot—
Was boarded by a Leech—and now am gone to pot.

Coaches to be let for hire were first established in London in 1625. At that time there were only twenty, which did not stand in the street, but at the principal inns. Their number increased gradually, and in 1813 there were twelve hundred in London.

Mail coaches were first established about the year 1783.

T. T—Y—N.

SWEET HOME.

The following Ballad, which was written and composed by Mr. J. Barry, was sung with great success by Mr. Collyer, at Vauxhall, last season:

When wand'ring far on distant soil,
Where Fortune bade me roam;
'Mid splendid scenes, or joy or toil,
I ne'er forgot my Home—
Sweet Home!

But, ah! what must the captive feel,
Whose thoughts alone are free!
His pallid looks and sighs reveal
How much he pines for thee—
Sweet Home!

Nero, they say, heard the sound of a trumpet among the hills and the rocks round about him, and groans over the tomb of his mother.

EPIGRAMS.

1. ON A MISER, NAMED MORE.

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door;
His hand was iron,
And his heart was *More.*

2. THE IRISHMAN'S RECKONING.

"Who lives there, honest fellow?" said a travelling stranger,
As on through the county of Antrim he sped,
And who fancied that houses shut up implied danger:
"Lives there," answered Teague, "why a man that is dead."
"When did he die?" cried the stranger more gaily;
Teague paused, scratched his caxon so straight and so sleek,
Then replied, "By my conscience, my jewel, why really,
If he'd lived till to day, he'd been dead a whole week!"

3. ON PETER WILSON, WHO WAS DROWNED.

Peter was in the ocean drowned,
A careless, hapless creature!
And when his lifeless trunk was found,
It was become *salt-Peter!*

Edward, King of England, having ordered his tax-gatherers to impose a heavy tribute upon his subjects, and having collected an immense sum together, he began to be delighted with the sight of so much treasure. He saw a demon playing about the money piled up; for which reason he being terrified with the sight, and abhorring the tribute-money as dishonestly acquired, ordered it immediately to be taken out of his sight, and restored to the people.

NAVIGATION.—This art is certainly now greatly improved, for on comparing the modern and the ancient voyages I perceive that our modern tars sail as far in a month as the ancient could in the course of twelve: their whole art consisting chiefly in coasting along the shores, and consequently they made but little way.

REWARD FOR OVER-POLITENESS.—A gentleman, who lodged in New Bond-street, being confined by illness a long time, his servant was daily accosted by a man whose sole business was a constant inquiry after his master's health: when the gentleman was recovering, his servant acquainted him of this stranger's civility; curiosity induced him then to discover who he was, when, lo! he turned out to be an undertaker. It was then agreed between the master and servant, to make him a proper acknowledgement for his politeness; the servant was accordingly instructed to say his master was dying, and in a few days after, that he was dead; the instructions were obeyed, the undertaker paid his devoirs to the servant, with a present of two guineas on being informed he was to have the job. He was next introduced to take measure of the corpse, to which he was proceeding with a face as hypocritical as Judas Iscariot's, when suddenly the dead alive jumped up, gave him a hearty horse-whipping and kicked him down stairs.

P. P. P.

## Useful Domestic Hints.

GLUE.—A correspondent says, it has been erroneously stated in the public papers that India rubber will make good glue: he asserts that it will never set or harden. For a strong, firm, cheap glue, nothing has yet been discovered superior to the best kind of that which is in general use; and for a fine, clear, and transparent kind, which will even unite glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible, nothing is equal to isinglass boiled in spirits of wine.

GRAVEL WALKS.—The destruction of worms and insects, by the use of salt, is an effectual preservative of the beauty of gravel walks. Where worms rise much in the morning, strew a moderate quantity of salt over night, if the weather be dry. When your trees or borders are out of crop, strew salt on them to destroy the nests of insects, &c. Insects in old walls might be destroyed with salt brine and a syringe. On the rough trunks of old trees, the same liquid may destroy some eggs lodged therein in autumn, or larvæ in spring; also it may be tried in destroying caterpillars, though in some cases salt itself is to be preferred.

MUSHROOMS.—The following simple and easy method is recommended for trying the quality of field mushrooms: Take an onion, and strip the outer skin, and boil it with them; if it remains white, they are good; but if it becomes blue or black, there are certainly dangerous ones among them. Where the symptoms of poison have already taken place, the medical assistant recommends an emetic, drinking plentifully of warm water, and, when the contents of the stomach are brought off, to have recourse to strong cordials, such as ginger, tea, and brandy, with laudanum, or cayenne pepper made into pills.


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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## Execution of a Criminal in the Sandwich Islands.

A modern voyager, relating the particulars of his being cast away on a desert shore, says, "After having walked eleven hours without having traced the print of a human foot, *to my great comfort and delight*, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet; my pleasure at the cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in *a civilized country*." Was ever civilization so libelled? Never, we believe, and yet the charge is too true, for the barbarous punishments, the hangings, gibbettings, racks and tortures of the enlightened nations of Europe are not only a reproach on its character, but if practised by the untutored Indian, or the half-man half-savage of new or unexplored regions, would be pronounced as revolting and barbarous.

The subject of our plate for this week has induced these reflections. It represents the execution of a criminal in the Sandwich Islands, as described by M. Arago, in his interesting Narrative of Freycinet's Voyage round the World.

The punishment of death is inflicted in various ways in the Sandwich Islands, and, as if suffering was regarded as nothing, they begin by subjecting the criminal to a fast of forty-eight hours. This practice entirely differs from the system of the Brazilian tribes, who, previously to punishing, indulge their prisoners of war with every pleasure which can make them regret the loss of life. Here, as soon as the two days' fast is terminated, they conduct the criminal bound to a morai, at the door of which the high priest is waiting for him, and pronounces a certain formula. Two or three persons then lay the criminal down on a piece of wood, placing his head on a stone, while the executioner, who is chosen indiscriminately from among the most athletic of the spectators, despatches him by a violent blow on the forehead with a club, as exhibited in our engraving. His body is either interred immediately, or left to the birds of prey, according to the will of the priest, or the nature of the crime.

The Sandwich islanders have another

mode of execution by strangulation: the criminal is fixed with his back to a cocoa-nut tree, and strangled by two men, who pass a cord round his neck, and draw it with great force, supporting themselves by another tree at a short distance from the first.

## ANTIQUITY OF HATS, SHOES, AND PATTENS.

*(For the Mirror.)*

HATS were first seen about the year 1400, at which time they became of use for country wear, riding, &c. F. Daniel relates, that when Charles II. made his public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he had on a hat lined with red velvet, and surmounted with a plume, or tuft of feathers; he adds, that it is from this entry, or at least under this reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforward began to take place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before. In process of time, from the laity, the clergy also took this part of the habit, but it was looked upon as a great abuse, and several regulations were published, forbidding any priest, or religious person, to appear abroad in a hat without coronets, and enjoining them to keep to the use of chaperons made of black cloth with decent coronets; if they were poor, they were at least to have coronets fastened to their hats, and this upon penalty of suspension and excommunication. But in modern days hats are made in shape according to the whim of the wearer, and we have the Joliffe—the Noble Duke—the Regent—the Collegian—the Dandy, &c. and to crown all, a scientific treatise on that ornament of the caput.

SHOES.—The history of the covering of the foot is very obscure. Baudoin, a shoe-maker by profession, has a learned treatise of the ancient shoe, "De Solea Veterum," where the origin, matter, form, &c. thereof are particularly inquired into. Baudoin maintains that God, in giving Abraham skins of beasts to clothe him, did not leave him to go barefooted, but gave him shoes of the same matter; that after ram skins, men came to make shoes of rushes, broom, paper, flax, silk, wood, iron, silver, and gold. Pliny says, that one Tychius, of Bœotia, was the first who used shoes; Xenophon says 10,000 Greeks who followed Cyrus, wanting shoes in their retreat, covered their feet with raw skins. Caligula wore shoes enriched with precious stones. The Indians, like the Egyptians, wore shoes made of the bark of the papyrus. But in modern days we have well hammered soles, backed with bright revolving heels, and upper leather, which reflects the passing objects like THE MIRROR; and, as Gay says—

"Let firm well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet."

PATTENS.—A patten, or a shoe of wood, with an iron ring, worn under the common shoe by women, to keep them from the dirt. Gay says the word is derived from Patty, where in Trivia, he says—

"The *Patten* now supports each frugal dame,
Which from blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name;
But does not recommend its use in snow;
Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
The gath'ring fleece the hollow *patten* loads."

But——"Good housewives
Underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread."

Solearius, in Latin, signifies a patten-maker, a maker of horse-shoes, a shoe-maker, cordwainer. But in the modern state of refined life the patten is looked upon with contempt by the fair part of creation, who trip away with fantastic toe, and scatter to and through, with the sculponea or clog, the London mud.

P. T. W.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### DRAMATIC TRAVELS.

*The Diligence from Paris to Lyons.*

Madame de Staël (and hers is the best name I know to lead off an essay) declared, that, were she going to the gallows, she would be busied all the way in scrutinizing the characters of her fellow-convicts. No doubt, she was thinking of the old times, when one was sure to meet with good company, and plenty of it, in a trip to the guillotine. Not being over particular, I must prefer, for the scene of my observations, a vehicle of less *dispatch*; for in running post to the other world, according to the supposition of the ever-supposing Baroness, I should be a deal too absorbed in number One to be at all dramatic. Such scenes are rather too much for a joke—and I here may mention having been for the first

time highly disgusted with the facetious Pierce Egan, for representing the last scene of the condemned in one of his variegated caricatures. No—give me a *Diligence*, that pleasant misnomer, that with sixteen, eighteen, nay, twenty passengers, stowed in three cabins, and a parachute-looking affair called a Cabriolet, at top, together with I know not how many tons weight of baggage, rolls along the pavé at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, stoppages non-included. "Didst ever see a Diligence?" Wert thou ever, then, at Chelsea or Battle-bridge, at Greenwich or Brook-Green fair? Saw'st thou the elephant's vehicle and habitation, or that of the lions? "Walk in, gentlemen!" You may remember these. Such is a Diligence! And lumbering vehicles as they are, enough indeed to drown any John Bull in a flood of spleen, yet, let me tell you, the yard of the *Messageries Royales* beats out and out your *White Horse Cellar*, or your *Swan with Two Necks*. I don't talk of Portsmouth, or Liverpool, or voyages in the sea-way, for "that beats Banagher," as we Irishmen say; but in the quiet, well-behaved, rowley-powley mode of travelling on dry land, the very sublime of tantalization is the *Messageries*. Only suppose one of our island brethren dropt there, one of those fellows, greedy of travel, with the organ of space protruding like a horn from the midst of his forehead, with what feelings must he peruse the inscriptions on the Diligence and over the *bureaus*—to Bayonne and Madrid—to Lyons, Turin, Milan, Rome, &c.—to Strasburg, Munich, Vienna—to Berlin—to St. Petersburg. Lord bless you, sir, 'twould be as much as his life's worth!

"*En route*," cries the conducteur, "*Montez Messieurs*;" but before getting in, and, consequently, describing my company, I must premise that the Diligence has five horses; 'tis strange, but I have always found that French postilions, like poets, (is it poets?) delight in odd numbers. For many a cogitative post was this point a subject of puzzle and annoyance to me. I asked the reason of all and every postilion; they shook their enormous cues, but answered nothing, till, at last, one fellow, more knowing than the rest, told me, with a sly look at his leg-boxes, that the odd horse was for his boots. This reason was fully adequate.

Being all seated, we trotted off, and ere the coach reached Fontainbleau, I was in full possession of the country, profession, and opinions of my fellow-passengers. In spite of my wishing to be a bit of a republican, I never yet encountered a society, great or small, without being thoroughly convinced of the non-existence and moral impossibility of equality: go where you will, there is always a cock of the walk. There was one here—a stout, well-built, comfortable Breton, of that province of France which preserves, in character, the similarity to Old England, which its name and origin would lead us to expect. Our Breton, however, was not all English: a sharp hook nose, and jaw of more than ordinary dimensions, bespoke the Frenchman. He accosted us all gaily, without any of that long ice-breaking conversation about the weather, which generally occupies the first half-hour of our stage-coach journeys. Of the postilions, peasants, conducteur, &c. he demanded divers questions out of the window in an authoritative tone, designating them with a supercilious, *tu*.—Sweet second person singular!—not when thus flung to a menial or inferior, but when the fascinating lip of the foreign fair allows, and replies with the endearing monosyllable. Reader, if thou intendest to act the *gallant traveller*, a kind now the most fashionable amongst us, and strangely omitted by Sterne, and if in thy first adventure thine ears are saluted with the novel and delightful sounds of *mon cœur—je suis à vous, &c. &c.* believe them not. One *tu*, one *va*, one *va-t-en*, is worth a thousand pathetic sentences and protestations, unless, indeed—the lady should go so far as to call you her good friend, her *bon ami*, for that denotes a conquest won. Strange! that so vivacious a nation should use, in appearance, the coldest terms of endearment, should mark their affection by one syllable, and its highest point by three.—"*Ma respectable amie*," writes St. Preux to Julie. What a sentence for an English lover to preface a love-letter with!—"My respectable friend!"—O Jehu!

The worthy Breton had received answers from, that is, made acquaintance with, all the inmates of our rumbling tabernacle, save and except one, an English dandy, who as yet had not recovered confidence enough in strange company to trust his mouth with French. He, however, shewed his affability and wish to be conversable by admiring with his eyes and fingers the fur-pelisse of the Breton. Having felt it for some time, he demanded what it was made

of?—"Wolf-skin." To which, in the true dandy chain of argument, the Englishman redemanded, where such was to be had, and what it would cost? "*Un coup de fusil?*" said the Breton. "And there are such animals here?" said the Briton. "Sure as a gun, in Bretagne," said the other. About ten minutes had elapsed, when my dandy drew out his memorandum-book, as by stealth, and noted down—Mem. *Wolves in Brittany.*

In the corner opposite to me sat an old corporal of the *Ex*, or imperial guard, as I soon found out, when the view of the little inn at Cour de France, where Napoleon passed the night of the surrender of Paris, and the Chateau of Fontainblean, the scene of the Emperor's first abdication, led us to talk of the great man. The corporal had been in Spain, and in Russia, and at Leipsic he had bidden adieu for a while to the *grande armée*, having got heartily tired of fighting all day, and accompanying the Emperor all night with torches. I envied the rogue's situation of holding a candle to Napoleon. He added, that his regiment had been *ecrasé*, annihilated at Waterloo; that, has one of the ex-guard, he could not hope to be again employed; and that he was returning to Nismes, his native shwn, to turn his sword into a plough-share. Yet he did not speak as a an orough Bonapartist, whose extreme had uncompromising admirers are now, I to ve remarked, for the most part confined m England. Like almost all the French a *ilitaires*, he had grown not a little le hamed of the later invasions of Napo-in on; and he had made that progress g impartiality, which the ignorant enerally do, who never arrive farther than common-place. He hated the English mortally, and told me so, for which I honoured him internally, externally striving to put on a smile of contempt; and the fellow was deeply read in the twenty volumes of the "Victoires et Conquêtes des Français," which he quoted, chapter and verse, to my frequent discomfiture, who could by no means cope with the twenty volumes.

To complete my *dramatis personæ*, I should describe the bodkins, otherwise the occupiers of the middle seats, who, however, exchanged places now and then with other and divers wights from the cabriolet, *a parte post*, and *a parte ante*, as Mr. Coleridge would describe them. The bodkins proper, consisted of a young gentleman and his wife, both of whom (for in France, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, the grey mare is the better horse) had a little time since established an iron-foundry on the banks of the Loire, through the means of English capital, English machinery, and English workmen: an hundred of the latter, he informed me, he had transported from Wales and Staffordshire, to his manufactory near La Charité: the rogues did well, but liked the wine too much. He spoke of England, and of Mr. Crachy, the *roi de fer*. The little man, and his little wife, talked, looked, and breathed nothing less than iron, which, with the brass of the corporal and the Breton, left us Englishmen to look rather *soft* in such metallic company.

I never yet was in diligence, stage, or public vehicle, that each passenger did not vow, that it was the narrowest and most uncomfortable one he ever was in; this consequently was ejaculated and echoed, *nem. con.* the responses of the bodkins being the longest and most querulous. "Last year," said the man of iron, "there was delightful travelling, and cheap, by the voiture of the Master of the Posts, that brought one in two nights to Lyons; but our blessed government, which meddles with every thing, was bribed by a round sum of money from the Diligence-office to put a stop to the competition. So now we pay double, and take double the time—the blessed effects of legitimacy. This is not the way they manage matters in England." The Breton being an Ultra and a Bourbonist, kindled at the word *legitimacy*, as did the corporal at the mention of England, and they growled their invectives in such unison, that it was impossible to understand either. "It's the way with you all," continued the surviving voice of the Breton; "all you '*sacrés negocians et fabriquans*,' damned merchants and manufacturers, are insurrectionists, and carbonari, and wish the downfall of your legitimate Sovereigns." The little man, instead of repelling the accusation, grinned assent, and began to open his case by the *Guerre d'Espagne*. Here they fell to it tooth and nail, the Breton quoting the *Drapeau Blanc* to prove that Bessières had taken Madrid, and his antagonist bringing forward the *Constitutionnel* to prove the fleets and armies that England was preparing to defend the Peninsula withal. Here the corporal broke in, "*je voudrais bien voir Messieurs les Anglais encore une fois en Espagne.*" I observed, "he

might perhaps have that pleasure."—The corporal, skilled in his art, knew the ground he held was weak, so he took up an ironical position. "But the English, it must be allowed," said he, "are good soldiers, they fight almost as well as the Russians."—"Why," said I, with a lucky memory at the moment, "which of your regiments was it, that beat so gallantly the Russian Imperial Guards at Austerlitz?" "'Twas my own." said the soldier with kindling enthusiasm; "it was the chasseurs of the imperial guard that *culbutaient*, upset, the Russians at Austerlitz."—"You yourself belonged to that regiment? then you must have been also in Portugal at the passage of the Esla?" The corporal answered "*Oh, oui*," with a most involuntary accent, it being there that Lord Paget overthrew and cut up the said *chasseurs* with notable slaughter. "But we were outnumbered," continued he, "as we always were when beaten—at Toulouse, for instance, were you not double our number?"—"Perhaps so, but you were beaten; at Talavera, you were double our number, yet were repulsed." The corporal was about to reply, when he was taken in flank by my dandy compatriot with a burst of French and English, but so mingled and so uncouthly pronounced, that neither of us knew what to make of it. It, however, interrupted an argument which might have gone farther than was agreeable.

Thus we jogged on through the wild and rocky tract beyond Fontainbleau, the beautiful town of Nemours, and Montargis, when night overtook us.—Thence the next day, along the Loire to Nevers, where we were assailed by myriads of those manufacturers of bead purses, bead cords, and bead every thing, selling for sous what cost shillings in England. The Loire is broad and grand, but it possesses no beauty,—I was going to observe great rivers seldom do, but the Rhine occurred, and saved me from an assertion which France and Italy would allow. We had lost our bodkins, and here took in others, people of the country, who joined the corporal in relating feats of the French arms, and bearing testimony to each other's veracity mutually. Their vaunts, however, did not interfere with me, as here the Austrians were concerned, being encamped for a long time in 1814, they on one side of the Loire and Davoust on the other, in a state of truce nominally, but really in continued perils to the Germans from the hatred, sagacity, and courage of the French peasantry. Roanne was generally the scene of these short and sanguinary struggles. Here we passed a beautiful bridge of Napoleon's, not yet over the Loire, but at the side of it. I forgot to mention that we had passed through Moulins, nay, through its very market-place, as mean and dirty a hole as ever was hallowed by sentiment. To look for Maria was in vain; the girls of the Bourbonnais are not pretty, and French girls know how to console themselves in better ways than Maria with her pipe. Neither Dandy, Breton, nor Corporal, had ever read the Sentimental Journey; so I was left to a long soliloquy on Sterne and sentiment—"all that sort of thing and every thing in the world." Mounting Tarare, and rolling down to Lyons, little conversation passed worth recording; we entered the second capital of France, and found it in a devil of an uproar—it was the funeral of the God Mercury, the Deity of Commerce, whose obsequies seven or eight hundred youths had followed, and they had finished by casting poor Commerce into the Rhone, to the great annoyance and occupation of the police.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## HIGHLAND WEDDINGS.

"Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic dancing and deray;
Nouther at Falkland on the green,
Nor Peebles at the play."

KING JAMES I.

If there is any thing under the sun in which true happiness really consists, we are told it is in the consummation of a marriage, where the parties, uninfluenced by sordid motives, are entirely brought together by the magnetic power of love. Of such a description the Highland marriages are in general. The lower classes, being pretty equal in their circumstances, policy and interest have less influence in their marriages than is the case with any other rank of people; and consequently the parties are left more to the unbiassed dictates of their own voluntary choice.

When a couple of young lovers propose to get married, the nearest relations of both parties meet to take the case into consideration; and, in general, it is no difficult matter for the lovers and their advocates to get a decision consonant to their inclinations. This is called the booking ("*leuruck*") or contract, which is very often ratified by no other covenant than a few bottles

of whisky. If the parties come to an understanding, the lovers are immediately declared bride and bridegroom; and some Tuesday or Thursday in the growth of the moon is fixed upon for the celebration of the nuptials. Meanwhile, to sustain the dignity of the bridal pair, from motives of policy as well as of state, they select from their kinsmen two trustworthy persons each, who are delegated to the other—the male to protect the party from being stolen, (a practice once common, and not yet extinct,) and the female to act as maid of honour and lady of the bedchamber on the bridal occasion.

A few days prior to the bridal day, the parties, with their attendants, perambulate the country, inviting the guests, on which occasion they meet with marked attention from old and young. The invitations are all delivered to the parties *propria persona* at their firesides; and if the wedding is to be a cheap one, a small present is sometimes offered to the bride, and accepted of.

On the morning of the wedding-day, some lady, who is above the ordinary level, and who has been constituted mistress of the ceremonies for the day, arrives to deck the bride in her splendid habiliments. She is received by the clean white bride, previously prepared for her by a duck in the cold bath; and, retiring to the wardrobe chamber, she is speedily metamorphosed from a "sonsy country lassie" into a downright lady—at least, if muslins and ribbons are all that is requisite to confer this distinction, she is entitled to it. The bridegroom, too, at his apartments, has his own decorators, who deck him out most splendidly with marriage favours and other ornaments suitable to the occasion.

Meanwhile, repeated vollies of musketry summon the guests to the wedding. Mounted on his palfrey, each "crony" shapes his course to the house to which he was invited; while droves of youngsters flock along the road, whose hearts at every shot are bounding with joy. On their arrival, they are ushered into the breakfasting apartment, to partake of the forenoon's entertainment, consisting of good milk porridge and cream, on which they fare very sumptuously. After this mid-day repast, they are led to the ball-room, or dancing apartment, to share in its enjoyment. Here the bride or bridegroom is seated at the upper end of the ball-room, and receives the company, as they successively arrive, with great pomp and ceremony; and the dancing and mirth is prolonged for some hours.

At the time appointed, the bridegroom selects a party of young men, who are dispatched to summon the bride and her party to the marriage ceremony. Their approach is announced by showers of musketry opened upon them by some of the bride's men, and returned, most of the guests being furnished with pistols. The bride's party accordingly prepare themselves for the procession. The bride is mounted upon some *canny* charger behind an expert rider; drams go round to her health and prosperity; and, the company being all in readiness, she leaves her native residence for another, amidst the cheers and *feu-de-joie* of the assembly. Marching to the sound of the inspiring bag-pipes, and the discharge of fire-arms, the bride's party proceed to the place appointed for the marriage. The bridegroom's party follow at some little distance; and, both arrived at the appointed place of rendezvous, the bridegroom's party stand in the rear till the bride's party enter the meeting-house, agreeably to the rules of precedence, which on this occasion are decidedly in favour of the bride in all the proceedings of the day.

Soon as the hymeneal knot is tied, the candidates for the honour of wonning the kail, as they call it, drive off *pell-mell* for the bridegroom's house, horsemen and footmen promiscuously. Both parties, now mingled together, proceed with multitudinous jovialty towards the bridegroom's, the scene of the future festivities of the night. A volley of fire-arms announce their arrival; and the company assembled at the door, to welcome the bride, assail her with a basket of the bridal bread and cheese, the properties of which are well known. The bridal pair are then seated at the upper end of the banquet, and the guests are arrayed, according to their quality, around the far-extending tables, formed of doors, chests, and cart bottoms, sustained by sturdy supporters of wood or stone; and wooden beams and deals for chairs, in common form. The more plebeian part of the guests, freely disposed of in the stables or byres, make themselves very comfortable with their cheer.

Shortly the waiters come round the circle, presenting each with a spoon, which he must carefully return when done with it. The spoon is followed with the hardly-contested kail. After

bie, a remove of savoury broth is presently brought in; of which all having partaken, the still more delicious "*hotch-potch*" succeeds. Then follow fowl of every feather, and every beast and creeping thing—

"Hind and fore spalls of a sheep
Drew whittles frae ilk sheath;
Wi' gravie a' their beards did creep,
They kempit wi' their teeth."

The dinner being over, the "shemit reel" is the next object of attention. All the company assemble on the lawn with flambeaux, and form into a circle. The bridal pair and their retinue then dance a *sixsome reel*, each putting a piece of silver into the musician's hand. Those desirous may then succeed, and dance with the bride and the two maids of honour; and are gratified at the commencement and termination of each reel by the usual salutes.

In the meantime, the stewards of the feast having removed the temporary erections from the dancing apartments, the shemit reel being over, the guests re-occupy their seats in the original order, and dancing and mirth is again resumed. Tartan plaids, spreading in every corner, invite the fair to take shelter in those most congenial to their inclinations. The jovial smiling bowl, now reeking in a corner, allures to its side its votaries—the circling glass adds additional stimulus to the riotous spirit of the company. In short, Pleasure presents herself for courtship in all her luring forms.

As the night advances, the company grows still more happy. The numerous ills of the human lot, which at other times so much afflict them, now cause them no concern; on the contrary, they are entirely full of its pleasures. Hence, all the corners of the house, instead of declamations against the infirmities of age, or the badness of the times, are full of the happiest communications. Opportunities long sought for declaring secret friendship have now occurred, and the warmth with which they are expressed forcibly bespeak their fervency. Two patriarchs "had long indulged the hope of seeing an honourable alliance betwixt *their* families. Both honest and respectable, the union of their children would be a highly suitable match; and should such a desirable event ever occur, there was a black stocking in secret, which would eject on the occasion of the wedding." In another, you may see two hearty grey-beards, whose locked hands and contacting noddles show the closeness of their friendship, relating to each other, with much complacency, those tales of "*auld langsyne*" in which they themselves acted so prominent a part. In another corner, the fond lover, with his dearly beloved locked in his affectionate embrace, melting her heart with his wooing strains; and in another, the vocal choir, whose throats of steel vociferate their harmonious ditties on the gratified ears of the company; while, on the top of a bed, or at the back of the door, the juvenile part of the guests, assembled in tumultuous rabble, will also join their voices in the general uproar.

On the floor the dancers are beyond compare. Fired with emulation who shall *win the dance*, every nerve and muscle is put in active exercise. The lads are gaining greater agility every successive reel; while, in the language of the poet,

"The lasses bab'd about the reel,
Gart a' their hurdies wallop,
And swat like ponies when they speel
Up braes, or when they gallop."

This scene lasts for some hours, until the presence of day warns the bride to prepare for the bedding. Wishing, if possible, to elude the public gaze, she attempts to steal away privately, when, observed by some vigilant eye, her departure is announced, and all push to the bridal chamber.

The door is instantly forced open, and the devoted bride, divested of all her braws, and stripped nearly to the state of nature, is placed in bed in presence of the whole company. Her left stocking is then flung, and falls upon some individual, whose turn to the Hymeneal altar will be the next. The bridegroom, next led in, is as rapidly demolished, and cosily stowed alongside of his darling. A bottle and glass being then handed to the bridegroom, he rewards the friendliness of those who come forward to offer their congratulations, with a flowing bumper. When the numerous levee have severally paid their court, they retire, and leave the young couple to repose.

On returning to the grand scene of festivity, we shall find that the aspect of the company there has suffered no small alteration during our absence. Overpowered by the peculiar influence of the ardent friendship which fills the elder branches of the company, those boisterous expressions of esteem which recently occupied them so much, have declined into the calmest complacency.

Overcome by the most unspeakable sensations, the tongue, which was lately so voluble, has totally failed. Those legs, which but a few hours ago displayed the greatest agility, have now refused their office; and the whole machine is become perfectly unwieldy and unmanageable:

" In their mawes there was na mank;
Upon the firms some snor'd;
Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
Wi' een like collops scor'd."

Seated by the victorious bowl, the *Far Cuil* is still engaged in his musical vocation. With bow alternately above and below the strings, he is earnestly employed at *Tullochgorum*, while cries for the same spring, proceeding from the dancers on the floor, incessantly ring on his ears. Insensible to time or measure, some of the young people still wallop on the floor, and unabated clamour reigns throughout the house.

Meanwhile, all the avenues leading from the town are thronged with retiring guests "*careering*" on their way home; and the company is ultimately reduced to the immediate friends and relations of the young couple, who wait to offer their morning congratulations. When the bridal pair are supposed to have reposed themselves sufficiently long, they are warned to get up, to prepare for the breakfast and the morning levee. On entering the grand breakfasting parlour, the whole concourse of friends receive them with showers of compliments and congratulations, accompanied by such gifts as may be convenient; and yesterday's scene of festivity is again renewed, and prolonged for the day.—*Popular Superstitions of Scotland.*

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## THE LONG VACATION.

A PARODY.

My Lord now quits his venerable seat,
The Six Clerk on his padlock turns the key,
From business hurries to his snug retreat,
And leaves vacation, and the town to me.

Now all is hush'd, asleep the eye of care,
And Lincoln's Inn a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the porter whistles o'er the square,
Or Pompey barks, or basket woman scolds.

Save that from yonder pump, and dusty stair,
The moping shoe-black, and the laundry-maid,
Complain of such as from the town repair,
And leave their little quarterage unpaid.

In those dull chambers, where old parchments lie,
And useless drafts in many a mould'ring heap;
Each for parade to catch the client's eye,
Salkeld and Ventris in oblivion sleep.

In these dead hours what now remains for me,
Still to the stool, and to the desk confin'd,
Debarr'd from Autumn shades, and liberty,
Whose lips are soft as my Cleora's kind.

Hail, beauteous nymph! how does thy presence gild
The brow of care, and mitigate my pains!
With thee (such ecstacy thy beauties yield)
Bondage is free, and hugs thy pleasing chains.

Blest in thy love, sincerely I despise
The quibble, warmly urg'd with many a frown,
Hear each opinion of the learn'd and wise,
Nor envy Cato's wig, or Tully's gown.

W. R******.

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## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

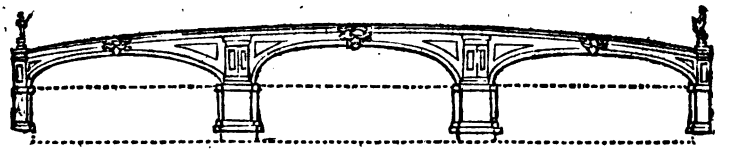
When Love and Friendship both were young,
In frolic mood one day;
They strove by argument to prove
Who bore the widest sway.

" My empire!" Love exulting cried,
" O'er all mankind extends,"
" And mine!" said Friendship, " oft begins,
Where your's in coldness ends.

" Thy transient reign, like youth's gay charms,
Decays with beauty's flower,
Whilst my consoling influence soothes
The mourner's darkest hour.

" Then, urchin! know Love's pow'r is vain,
Unless with Friendship join'd;
Thy chains the senses may enslave—
Mine the immortal mind."

# Plan for a New London Bridge.



While the good citizens of London are very properly hesitating in adopting any of the plans submitted to them for a new London Bridge, the expense of which is so serious as to make many of them wish to repair the present ruinous structure, we beg leave to recommend to their notice the plan of a bridge which may obviate all their objections and difficulties, answer their purpose better than any other plan yet offered to their notice, cost them nothing in design, and comparatively little in expense.

The structure to which we allude, and of which the above Engraving presents a correct view, is called the Bridge of the Holy Trinity, over the Arno, at Florence, and is of great celebrity among antiquaries and mathematicians. It was built in 1566, by Bartolomeo Ammanati. The bridge is faced with marble, but the vault between the faces is built with common stone, coarsely wrought, and bonded at intervals from face to face by stone of a better quality, properly worked.

The middle arch of this bridge yields a clear water-way of 50 Florentine braccia, or 87½ English feet: and the other two arches are each 44 braccia, 15 soldi, 4 danari, or about 76 feet wide. The curvature of these arches, which are a Gothic curve, dressed in a fashionable Roman costume, affords the flattest roadway and the greatest waterway, with the smallest quantity of material of any stone bridge ever constructed; and when we consider that its form is peculiarly suitable for cast iron, which is twelve times stronger than common stone in compression, and even ten times stronger than marble, need we say any further to urge it as the model for the new London Bridge. In short, the Bridge of the Holy Trinity, at Florence, is, for elegance, strength, and airiness, the finest structure of the kind in modern architecture.

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## MEDICAL QUACKERY.

*(Continued from page 373.)*

At one time I received very flattering accounts of the large income of the dentists, and that they had more patients than they could attend. I found this supposition was derived from the assumed consequence of some of these gentlemen, whose servant, if you call, will look over a slate with much apparent caution, and probably tell you, "next Thursday, at eleven, is my master's first unengaged hour." I therefore imagined, if I adopted this profession, as I had acquired some celebrity in the country by extracting teeth, and contrived to be more *visible* to patients, I might get forward, keep my country-house, carriage, &c. as well as others, whose abilities, I knew, did not exceed my own; but alas! I discovered that I must descend ere I could hope to even gain a living as a dentist, and must become a mere *mechanic*, able to make and fix "from one to a whole set of artificial teeth in the most natural manner." As to getting money by careful, safe, extraction of teeth, that is out of the question; for Esculapius himself, with all his skill, would not have found his family in salt by this operation. Indeed, since the importation of French watches has so spoiled our native watchmakers' trade, many of them have become dentists, and, by their mechanical abilities, are able to beat the surgeons out of the field. So little surgical knowledge, it should appear, is now wanting in this department, that an ivory-turner, who has often made me a bow for laying out a shilling with him, is now, I find, one of your head dentists. Let the London dentists beware, for there is a man in the country who advertises that he can "keep the *dentes humanus* in a state of vegetation, so as to resume their sensitive power when placed in the alocoli or socket of a carious tooth or stump!!!" It cannot be surprising to you, that I should decline all interference with metropolitan masticators, after the knowledge I had acquired of the London trade.

I next thought of becoming an oculist, which is certainly a part of the profession more consonant to my conception of the dignity of a surgeon than the last; but about that very period the controversy was proceeding between Sir Wm. Adams and the army medical officers, before the Committee of the House of Commons; and I therefore inferred there were not enough patients for those now in practice: for without entering into the question as to who was the *aggressor*, it is very evident if he (whoever he was) had had *quantum suff.* of patients, he would have found some better employment than to *out up* his neighbour; and however respectable many of this class of practitioners may be, and I know are truly so, yet I fear there are some amongst them who are foolishly exerting themselves to bring a degree of odium on the name—for what can be more calculated to do so, than for one of these gentlemen, on visiting a watering place, to cause a paragraph to be inserted "that ********** *****, the most celebrated oculist in the world, happily for the afflicted, had taken up his residence there for a short time;" or for another to go to the offices of the different London papers with paragraphs, each inclosing a sovereign, congratulating the public on the good looks of the Duke of K*** when he alighted at the door of Mr. **********, the oculist, in ***** ****** street, thus contriving to allure patients by shewing that the said oculist must be in great repute for this personage to visit him, and next to let the world know his residence? Such is the folly of human nature, that the bait almost universally succeeds to a certain extent, and if a man in any trade or line of practice can once make it appear to the public that he serves or attends the great, it becomes a fashion to patronise him, when, in point of fact, few persons are less able to judge of the man's merit than those nursed in the lap of affluence; for, accustomed as they are to adulation, the medical attendant who can condescend to feed them with well disguised flattery, or assume the tone of abject servility, has too often the credit of possessing superior skill and science. But to return to the story of the paragraphs inserted by this latter gentleman. Most of the papers received his fee and placed the information in that part of their publication which it deserved, called by those who are "up to the thing" the puffing columns; but the *Times* completely exposed the quackery, by prefacing the congratulation of the *modest gentleman* with the damning word "ADVERTISEMENT" in small capitals, which, if you'll allow me a pun, made a *capital* joke of *him* and his *congratulations*. Not abashed by this, he next went to the King's Levee, and presented his work on a disease of the eye. Did he mean to insinuate that our gracious Monarch was not *clear sighted?* or did he suppose his treatise would be read? No! no! it was all to puff himself in the newspapers the next day, and endeavour thereby to make the public think he was superior to all others in the same profession. Has he made any new discovery beneficial to mankind? if not, why attempt to assume superiority over his fellows? This latter endeavour to puff himself did not, I understand, prove so satisfactory to him as he anticipated; for on the same day, a noted manufacturer and dealer in quack medicines, whose advertisements are a disgrace to the country where they are tolerated, presented his book, also (I suppose) recommendatory of his *nostrum*, and the notice of both presentations appeared in the same paper. Certainly the nostrum-monger has more claim to the *gratitude* of Government than this oculist, for the first boldly inserts his advertisements and *pays* the duty, whereas the latter is a sort of contraband dealer in the article, and endeavours to bring himself before the public in a *sly* sort of way, as an article of *intelligence*. I think he must find practice declining very much, or he must be very unsuccessful, else he would not be obliged to resort to such methods, after being a practitioner of several years standing. It will be more fair in me to do so, as I have to make a practice, and I shall adopt methods of making myself known, which I will hereafter explain.

I was for some time pleased with the sounding and important name of a *Medico-Chirurgical Electrician*, and therefore came to town to see how the land lay (as we used to say at sea), but this fine sounding name was all *vox et præterea nihil*, and with the exception of one respectable practitioner, they were all obliged to advertise and puff, through thick and thin. Poor A, B, C, D, &c. have, according to some of these gentlemen, been dreadfully afflicted; but "by the blessing of God," as old Dr. Bossy used to say, on Tower Hill, the cure has been most wonderfully effected by the *skill* of the relators of the cases. Some of this

class consult the stars in regard to their patients, and apply accordingly, in a greater or less degree, their remedy.

*(To be continued.)*

# The Novelist.

## No. XXIII.

### THE GHOSTS OF CRAIG AULNAIC.

There is perhaps no nation or clime, from California to Japan, where that very ancient and fantastic race of beings called ghosts, is not under different terms and different characters more or less familiar to the inhabitants; but particularly to the brave mountaineers in the Highlands of Scotland. But unlike the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies that now-a-days stalk about our premises, and, like the cameleon, feed upon the air, the ancient race of Highland ghosts were a set of stout, lusty, sociable ghosts, "*as tall as a pine, and as broad as a house.*" Differing widely in his habits from those of his posterity, the ghost of antiquity would enter the habitation of man, descant a lee-long night upon the news of the times, until the long-wished-for supper was once prepared, when this pattern of frankness and good living would invite himself to the table, and do as much justice to a bicker of Highland crowdie as his earthly contemporaries. Indeed, if all tales be true, many centuries are not elapsed since those social practices of the ghosts of the day proved an eminent pest to society. With voracious appetites, those greedy gormandizers were in the habit of visiting the humble hamlets, where superabundance of store seldom resided, and of ravishing from the grasp of a starving progeny the meagre fare allotted to their support.

Beyond their personal attractions, however, it is believed, they displayed few enviable qualities—for, besides their continual depredations on the goods and chattels of the adjacent hamlets, they were ill-natured and cruel, and cared not a spittle for woman or child. The truth of this remark is well exemplified in the history of two celebrated ghosts, who "*once upon a time*" lived, or rather existed, in the Wilds of Craig-Aulnaic, a romantic place in the district of Strathdown, Banffshire. The one was a male and the other a female. The male was called *Fhua Mheir Bein Baynac*, after one of the mountains of Glenaven, where at one time he resided; and the female was called *Clashnichd Aulnaic*, from her having had her abode in Craig-Aulnaic. But, although the great ghost of Ben Baynac was bound, by the common ties of nature and of honour, to protect and cherish his weaker companion, *Clashnichd Aulnaic*, yet he often treated her in the most cruel and unfeeling manner. In the dead of night, when the surrounding hamlets were buried in deep repose, and when nothing else disturbed the solemn stillness of the midnight scene, "oft," says our narrator, "would the shrill shrieks of poor *Clashnichd* burst upon the slumberers' ears, and awake him to any thing but pleasant reflections."

But of all those who were incommoded by the noisy and unseemly quarrels of these two ghosts, James *Owre* or Gray, the tenant of the farm of Balbig of Delnabo, was the greatest sufferer. From the proximity of his abode to their haunts, it was the misfortune of himself and family to be the nightly audience of *Clashnichd's* cries and lamentations, which they considered any thing but agreeable entertainment.

One day as James Gray was on his rounds looking after his sheep, he happened to fall in with *Clashnichd*, the Ghost of *Aulnaic*, with whom he entered into a long conversation. In the course of this conversation he took occasion to remonstrate with her on the very disagreeable disturbance she caused himself and family, by her wild and unearthly cries—cries which, he said, few mortals could relish in the dreary hours of midnight. Poor Clashnichd, by way of apology for her conduct, gave James Gray a sad account of her usage, detailing at full length the series of cruelties committed upon her by *Ben-Baynac*. From this account it appeared that her cohabitation with the latter was by no means a matter of choice with Clashnichd; on the contrary, it appeared that she had, for a long time, led a life of celibacy with much comfort, residing in a snug dwelling, as already mentioned, in the wilds of Craig-Aulnaic; but *Ben-Baynac* having unfortunately taken it into his head to pay her a visit, he took a fancy, not to herself, but her dwelling, of which, in his own name and authority, he took immediate possession, and soon after expelled poor Clashnichd, with many stripes, from her natural inheritance; while not satisfied with invading and depriving her of her just rights, he

was in the habit of following her into her private haunts, not with the view of offering her any endearments, but for the purpose of inflicting on her person every degrading torment which his brain could invent.

Such a moving relation could not fail to affect the generous heart of James Gray, who determined from that moment to risk life and limb in order to vindicate the rights and revenge the wrongs of poor Clashnichd, the Ghost of *Craig-Aulnaic*. He, therefore, took good care to interrogate his new *protege* touching the nature of her oppressor's constitution, whether he was of that *killable* species of ghost that could be shot with a silver sixpence, or if there was any other weapon that could possibly accomplish his annihilation. Clashnichd informed him that she had occasion to know that Ben-Baynac was wholly invulnerable to all the weapons of man, with the exception of a large mole on his left breast, which was no doubt penetrable by silver or steel; but that, from the specimens she had of his personal prowess and strength, it were vain for mere man to attempt to combat Ben-Baynac the great ghost. Confiding, however, in his expertness as an archer—for he was allowed to be the best marksman of his age—James Gray told Clashnichd he did not fear him with all his might—that *he* was his man; and desired her, moreover, next time he chose to repeat his incivilities to her, to apply to him, James Gray, for redress.

It was not long ere he had an opportunity of fulfilling his promises. Ben-Baynac having one night, for the want of better amusement, entertained himself by inflicting an inhuman castigation on Clashnichd, she lost no time in waiting on James Gray, with a full and particular account of it. She found him smoking his *cutty*, and unbuttoning his habiliments for bed; but, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the hour, James needed no great persuasion to induce him to proceed directly along with Clashnichd to hold a communing with their friend Ben-Baynac the great ghost. Clashnichd was a stout sturdy hussey, who understood the nack of travelling much better than our women do. She expressed a wish, that, for the sake of expedition, James Gray would mount himself on her ample shoulders, a motion to which the latter agreed; and a few moments brought them close to the scene of Ben-Baynac's residence. As they approached his haunt, he came forth to meet them, with looks and gestures which did not at all indicate a cordial welcome. It was a fine moonlight night, and they could easily observe his actions. Poor Clashnichd was now sorely afraid of the great ghost. Apprehending instant destruction from his fury, she exclaimed to James Gray, that they would be both dead people, and that immediately, unless James could hit with an arrow the mole which covered Ben-Baynac's heart. This was not so difficult a task as James had hitherto apprehended it. The mole was as large as a common bonnet, and yet nowise disproportioned to the natural size of his body, for he certainly was a great and a mighty ghost. Ben-Baynac cried out to James Gray, that he would soon make eagle's-meat of him; and certain it is, such was his intention, had not James Gray so effectually stopped him from the execution of it. Raising his bow to his eye when within a few yards of Ben-Baynac, he took an important aim; the arrow flew—it hit—a yell from Ben-Baynac announced its fatality. A hideous howl re-echoed from the surrounding mountains, responsive to the groans of a thousand ghosts; and Ben-Baynac, like the smoke of a shot, evanished into air.*

Clashnichd, the Ghost of Aulnaic, now found herself emancipated from the most abject state of slavery, and restored to freedom and liberty, through the invincible courage of James Gray. Overpowered with gratitude, she fell at James Gray's feet, and vowed to devote the whole of her time and talents towards his service and prosperity. Meanwhile, being anxious to have her remaining goods and furniture removed

* Nothing can appear more surprising to the refined reader, than that any human being, possessing the rational faculties of human nature, could for a moment entertain a notion so preposterous, as that a ghost, which conveys the idea of an immortal spirit, could be killed, or rather annihilated, by an arrow, dirk, or sixpence. It was, however, the opinion of the darker ages, that such an exploit as killing a ghost was perfectly practicable. A spirit was supposed to be material in its nature, quite susceptible of mortal pain, and liable to death or annihilation from the weapons of man. Such an opinion is repeatedly expressed in several passages of the Poems of Ossian, and in the doctrine of the *Seanachy*, down to the present day.

to her former dwelling, whence she had been so iniquitously expelled by Ben-Baynac the great ghost, she requested of her new master the use of his horses to remove them. James observing on the adjacent hill a flock of deer, and wishing to have a trial of his new servant's sagacity or expertness, told her those were his horses—she was welcome to the use of them; desiring, when she was done with them, that she would inclose them in his stable. Clashnichd then proceeded to make use of the horses, and James Gray returned home to enjoy his night's rest.

"Scarce had he reached his arm-chair, and reclined his cheek on his hand, to ruminate over the bold adventure of the night, when the Clashnichd entered, with her 'breath in her throat,' and venting the bitterest complaints at the unruliness of his horses, which had broken one-half of her furniture, and caused more trouble in the stabling of them than their services were worth. 'Oh! they are stabled, then?' inquired James Gray. Clashnichd replied in the affirmative. 'Very well,' rejoined James, 'they shall be tame enough to-morrow.'"

From this specimen of Clashnichd the Ghost of Craig-Ailnaig's expertness, it will be seen what a valuable acquisition her service proved to James Gray and his young family; of which, however, they were too speedily deprived by a most unfortunate accident. From the sequel of the story, and of which the foregoing is but an extract, it appears, that poor Clashnichd was but too deeply addicted to those guzzling propensities, which at that time rendered her kin so obnoxious to their human neighbours. She was consequently in the habit of visiting her friends much oftener than she was invited, and, in the course of such visits, was never very scrupulous in making free with any eatables that fell within the circle of her observation.

One day, while engaged on a foraging expedition of this description, she happened to enter the Mill of Delnabo, which was inhabited in those days by the miller's family. She found the miller's wife engaged in roasting a large gridiron of fine savoury fish, the agreeable effluvia proceeding from which perhaps occasioned her visit. With the usual inquiries after the health of the miller and his family, Clashnichd proceeded, with the greatest familiarity and good humour, to make herself comfortable at the expense of their entertainment. But the miller's wife, enraged at the loss of her fish, and not relishing such unwelcome familiarity, punished the unfortunate Clashnichd rather too severely for her freedom. It happened that there was at that time a large caldron of boiling water suspended over the fire, and this caldron the beldam of a miller's wife overturned in Clashnichd's bosom! Scalded beyond recovery, she fled up the wilds of Craig-Ailnaig, uttering the most melancholy lamentations, nor has she been ever since heard of to the present day.

## Miscellanies.

### THE TREACHEROUS HOSTS.

Many years since a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy, and asked for supper and a bed; the landlord and landlady were elderly people and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer—asked many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady shewed him to his room, and when she quitted him he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning—pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and shewed him the accursed gold: for its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said that he had risen very early and gone away. "Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son who has lately returned to France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct towards wayfaring mariners." Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers, when they found that they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child; they confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken alive upon the wheel.

## WAR.

*(From the German of Schiller.)*

In plains which had formerly possessed plenty and happiness, and over which thousands of people were spread, nothing but devastation was now to be seen; the fields, abandoned by the industrious husbandman, lay waste and uncultivated, and where a young crop or a smiling harvest appeared, a march of soldiers destroyed the fruits of a twelvemonth's labour. Burned castles and villages in ashes lay upon all sides, the melancholy objects of contemplation, while their plundered inhabitants repaired to join an army of incendiaries, and retaliate upon their fellow-citizens that fate to which they themselves had been the first victims. In order to avoid oppression, recourse was had to violence. The towns groaned under the licentiousness of undisciplined garrisons, who squandered the property of the inhabitants, and exercised the utmost disorders. While the march of an army laid waste an entire country, or plundered it by winter-quarters or contributions, the industry of a whole year was effaced by the ravages of a month. The fate of such as had a garrison within their walls, or in their neighbourhood, was the most unhappy, because the victors trod in the footsteps of the vanquished, and no greater indulgence was to be expected from friends than from enemies. All these different calamities brought want and hunger to their utmost pitch, and the miseries of the latter years were increased by a sterility. The crowding of people in camps and quarters, want upon one side, and excess on the other, occasioned contagious distempers, which were more fatal than the sword. All the bonds of social life were dissolved in this universal confusion: the respect for order, the fear of the laws, the purity of morals and of religion, were lost under the weight of an iron sceptre. Anarchy and impunity disdained every law, and men became ferocious according as their country was wasted. No situation was longer respected, no property was secured from plunder. The soldier, in a word, reigned, and that most brutal of despots often made his superiors experience his own power.

## METHOD OF GILDING LIVE FISH.

The following recipe for gilding live fish is from the posthumous papers of Mr. Hooke. Put some Burgundy pitch into a new earthern pot, and warm the vessel till it receives so much of the pitch as will stick round it; then strew some finely powdered amber over the pitch when growing cold; add a mixture of three pounds of linseed oil, and one pound of oil of turpentine, cover the vessel, and boil the contained ingredients over a gentle fire; grind the mixture as it is wanted, with so much pumice stone in fine powder as will reduce it to the consistency of paint. When the fish has been wiped dry, this mixture is spread upon it, and the gold leaf laid over it, and gently pressed down, after which, the fish may be immediately put into the water, and the cement will harden, and be in no danger of falling off. This may be performed upon cray-fish, carp, &c. without injuring the fish.

## Useful Domestic Hints.

*Cautions against the Effects of Lightning.*—Many and often are the accidents occasioned by the effects of lightning, some of which are altogether unavoidable, but there are others which might in some measure be rendered harmless were proper preservatives used: the want of consideration as to its nature and phenomenon, often lead astray; it shall be my endeavour to point out those effects, and the most likely methods of protection. The nature of lightning is uncontrovertably proved to be electricity, which was first discovered by Dr. Franklin, by means of an electrical kite, which he caused to be raised during the passage of a thunder cloud, when a piece of metal which he suspended at the end of the line, exhibited all the phenomenon which is produced by the electrical machine; this and subsequent experiments led to greater proofs, and infallibly substantiated the cause and nature of lightning, and also the universality of the electric fluid. Lightning is the accumulation of great quantities of electric fluid; thus when a cloud becomes surcharged with too great an abundance, on the approach of another less charged, or, as it is termed, negatively electrified, compared with the former, a discharge takes place between them, and the superabundance of the surcharged cloud is received by the less, and thus an equilibrium is produced; thunder being the report produced by the sudden revolution or explosion. Thus lightning being always disposed to discharge itself when

accumulated in great quantities, it happens if no other cloud is near, and if it approaches pretty near the earth, it discharges itself on the highest buildings or eminences: hence the utility of the conductors (invented by Dr. Franklin) attached to the highest part of a building and carried to the ground, or a pool of water where the fluid may be received with safety; these being made with metal and pointed at the top, receive the fluid of the passing cloud without any injury to the building; this may be applied as the safest guard to all buildings whatsoever, attached to the masts of ships, &c. &c. The best precaution for the body must depend in some measure upon circumstances and situation; when journeying or walking, should a person be overtaken by a storm, many run under trees to obtain shelter from the rain, and have thereby lost their lives, not considering that they attract the lightning; whereas they would be much safer were they to enter an open field or plain, permitting the rain to wet the surface of their bodies; then there would be less danger, owing to the lowness of their situation; and the moisture of their clothes (should the lightning even there strike them) would in every probability carry off the electric fluid. Again, should a violent storm occur when in a building where the above-mentioned conductor is not used, the lowest part of the house will be the safest, the cellar, if any, safer still; but should the storm increase so as to appear dangerous, four wine bottles might be placed in the centre of the cellar, with a shutter placed on them, the bottles used as supports, glass not being a conductor of electric fluid, they will thus become insolated; on this a person might recline and be free from danger. With these practical remarks the person must consider also local situation, surrounding buildings, whether in the centre of a plain or surrounded by trees, which if higher than the building will first receive injury; the lapse of time also between the flash and the consequent thunder clap, will also intimate the degree of danger. These short remarks, it is hoped, may be of use, and be instrumental in saving a fellow creature from a calamity frequently occasioned by either not knowing, or reflecting upon the phenomena of lightning, or the best modes of protection, which these observations are offered in some measure to obviate.

T. N——s.

# The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

## TURKISH EPITAPH.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

Sir,—Permit me to offer you a poetical version of the beautiful "Turkish Epitaph on a Child,"—which appeared in Number XXIII of your excellent miscellany.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

Since none are eternal but God!
All must die sooner or late—
In this world, I was but a bud,
A rose-bud—but blighted by fate.

To mansions of bliss, and of love,
I soar from dominions of gloom,
Transplanted to gardens above,
Where flow'rs immortally bloom.

M'PHERSON.

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The following epitaph on John Bailey, a poor ideot, who died in 1777, and was buried at Strathfieldsay, were written by the late Lord Rivers, and were intended as an inscription on a tombstone, the expense of which the servants of his Lordship wished to defray.

Asleep beneath this humble stone
Lies honest, harmless, simple John,
Who free from guilty care and strife,
Here clos'd his inoffensive life;
Unlike the great, his failings few,
He *practised all the good he knew*,
And *did no harm!*—his only sin
Was, that he lov'd a drop of gin;
Yet when his fav'rite was not near,
Content he took a horn of beer.
This little village nurs'd and bred him,
And old Lord Rivers cloath'd and fed him;
'Twas there he liv'd caress'd by all,
The fav'rite of the servant's hall;
With them he ate his daily bread,
They lov'd him living, mourn him dead,
And now have kindly join'd to raise
This little tombstone to his praise.
Nor should the learned and the wise,
Such humble merit e'er despise;
Who knows but John may have a place,
Where wit dare *never show its face!*
Then farewell, John—God grant that we
May harmless live and die—like thee.

---

ON A FAT GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

When T—— walks the streets, the paviors cry,
"God bless you, Sir!" and lay their rammers by.

IMPROMPTU ON A SLENDER MAN CARRYING A GUN.

Guns carried ramrods once, now in spite of puns,
Things are reversed—see! ramrods carry guns.

EPIGRAM.

As a man and his horse had just tarried one day
At an Inn, and the hostler was bringing some hay,
Says the man "it must be very irksome indeed,
With bits in their mouths for the horses to feed."
"Not at all," says the hostler—"unless I'm a sinner
I've a *bit* in my mouth every day at my dinner."

When a steam vessel went out from a certain seaport town to meet his Majesty on his way to Scotland, a person remarked it was a regular gull, as it was generally supposed the owners knew the King's vessel had previously gone by. Yes, was the reply—that was a *sea gull.*

Two Gentlemen going out to sea on a rough day, the one said to the other, we shall certainly be sick; a third replied, that would be a *vast heaving.*

Lord ——, the other day, speaking of the marriages of the two sons of Sir Robert Peel, the great manufacturer, the one to Lady Jane Lennox, the other to Lady Jane Manners, his M—y said, "you see, my Lord, these Peels can't leave off their Spinning-Jennies."

The Marquis de Voyer d'Argenson kept, for many years, Madamoiselle Jehan, an actress, at Ormeo, in Touraine, his country seat. She died, and as Christian burial was not then allowed to players, the Marquis had her body burnt, and reduced to ashes, in a case of *amyanthe (asbestos).* As he was a great lover of chemistry, the idea then occurred to him of subjecting the ashes to the operation of heat. By this means a small quantity of glass was produced, which he sent to his jeweller, with directions to make two rings, which was accordingly done. One of those rings was in the possession of the late M. de la Borde, Chamberlain to Louis XVI. It appeared of common green glass.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We can assure our correspondents that we are very grateful for their continued kindness, and that it is our most anxious wish to insert such of their favours as are approved of, as early as possible; but the extent of our correspondence requires time, not only to allow for its insertion, but even to decide on its merits; and we beg that no young author will think his communication actually rejected, because it has neither been inserted nor acknowledged.


## Advertisements.

This day is published,

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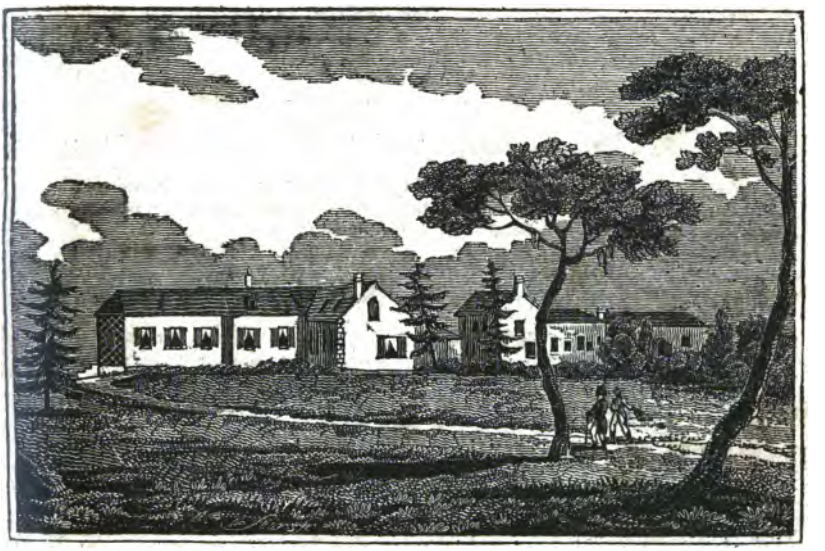
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXVI.] SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1823. [Price 2d.


## Bonaparte's House at St. Helena.



Great men and great events give celebrity to places in themselves insignificant.

Stratford on Avon had been an obscure and neglected village but for the accidental circumstance of its having been the birth-place of Shakspeare. Waterloo was a place scarcely ever heard of in England until the decisive battle of the 18th of June, 1815, gave it an immortality equal to Marathon, Thermopylæ, Cressy, Agincourt, Blenheim, or Austerlitz; St. Helena had merely been considered as a barren rock had it not been the residence of the most illustrious of exiles—Napoleon Bonaparte: and Longwood would have perhaps been still considered as a farm-house, or at least as a country residence for a deputy governor of the island, had it not been the house in which Napoleon passed the last few years of a life the most fruitful in events.

We have already given the tomb of Napoleon, and we now present our readers with a view of Longwood, the house in which he died: Longwood, formerly a farm belonging to the East India Company, and afterwards the country residence of the Deputy Governor, is situated on one of the highest parts of the island of St. Helena, pretty near the west. It possesses no peculiar attractions either of natural beauty of situation, or architectural merit in its construction—its whole history is comprised in its being the last residence of Napoleon, and the place where one of the most extraordinary individuals that the world has produced breathed his last, and quitted a world of which his ambition was to be the sole master.

It will no doubt be recollected by many of our readers that the British Government sent out the materials of a new wooden house to St. Helena, which had been constructed in England, on a large scale, and in a style of corresponding splendour, but that Napoleon refused to occupy it.

## THE MATRIMONIAL LADDER.

*Written on seeing an ingenious Toy, called the Matrimonial Ladder.*
*(For the Mirror.)*

ADMIRATION.

While graceful Chloe leads the gay quadrille,
What new sensations Strephon's bosom fill,
An introduction gained, the youth advances,
And hopes she's disengaged the two next dances.

FLIRTATION.

The suit obtained, they tread the mazy round,
At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found,
Strephon assiduous plies the glittering fan,
And proves himself a very nice young man.

APPROBATION.

With favouring smile the fair one hears his prattle,
Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle,
Then as new raptures rise in every glance,
Exclaims, "I think we'd better join the dance."

DECLARATION.

Next morn he calls, the custom's very old,
To hope the lady has not taken cold.
Thinks she looks charmingly in dishabille,
And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fill.

HESITATION.

Her sweet joy with soft confusion veils,
Miss gently checks her swain's romantic tales;
"She's sure mamma will think these raptures wild,
She knows not how to act, she's quite a child!!"

AGITATION.

With sighs and vows persists the wounded swain,
Begs she'll recall those words, and think again,
Fearful of frowns, or veto from mamma,
The softening nymph refers him to papa.

ACCEPTATION.

Joy in his lips and rapture on his tongue,
On neat red tape his various parchments strung;
See Strephon bears the mystic circlet high,
Which bids hope's tide flow strong, his terrors fly.

SOLEMNIZATION.

At church arrived on some unlucky day,
Poor Chloe faulters out the word *obey*;
Thus of Love's Ladder gained the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing muse must trace.

POSSESSION.

Her honey moon and raptures fled together,
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather,
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unasked for came.

RUMINATION.

An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see,
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea,
Blue burn the candles, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

ALTERATION.

No more a social walk the morn employs,
A greasy novel constitutes her joys,
While he, poor soul, condemned alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend and empties his decanter.

IRRITATION.

Returned at eve, unnumbered queries wait him,
And she who loved so late appears to hate him;
From trifles light as air, the quarrel swells,
The husband bullies and the wife rebels.

DISPUTATION.

Fierce and more fierce, the wordy contest grows,
Taunts, gibes, and sneers, and every thing but blows;
Each to a separate couch in rage retires,
Whence sleep is banished by vexatious fires.

DESPERATION.

Breakfast renews the quarrels of my fable,
She spoils the tea, and he upsets the table;
All patience lost, no power can peace impart,
Only in one thing they are agreed—to part.

DETESTATION.

Loud she proclaims the thousands which she brought him;
He cool retorts "'twas only that which caught him;"
"The world shall know your conduct, brute," she cries,
"Sooner the better, sweet," the youth replies.

SEPARATION.

Equipped for parting see these quondam turtles,
Dead are love's roses, withered all his myrtles;
Such are the ups and downs of love's short story,
"For better or for worse," 'tis death or glory.

S. M.

## ON CLUBS.

*(For the Mirror.)*

"Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find,
In leagues offensive and defensive joined."

Man is said to be a social animal, and, as an instance of it, we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I knew a considerable market town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this *corpulent* club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified, but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another, composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates were coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and antimonarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club.—That of the George, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's Day, and swear "Before George," is still fresh in every one's memory.

In the beginning of the last century there were in several parts of this city what they call Street Clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street conversed together every night.

The Hum-Drum Club was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum Club was an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one that was formed in the reign of King Charles the Second: I mean the Club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members they took their seats according to the number of their slain.—There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little time after its institution.

I. H.

## Select Biography.

### MICHAEL BRUCE.

Doubtless there are many of our readers who have never before heard the name mentioned which we have

prefixed to the present article; but all have heard of the amiable and accomplished Henry Kirke White, and it is impossible to present any stronger inducement to peruse these pages, than to state, that Michael Bruce was, in many respects, the counterpart of that very interesting individual. To both of them may, with equal propriety, be applied those beautiful lines of Wordsworth:—

"Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
"Thou happy soul, and can it be
"That these
"Are all that must remain of thee?"

I have felt keenly the force of this beautiful burst of heartfelt lamentation, after reading again and again the very small volume which contains his poems, and the few epistolary remnants of his elegant mind, which have been collected by the industry of those who possess taste and sensibility enough for so pleasing yet melancholy a task.

The biography of Bruce is soon discussed. He was born in Kinross, a town in Fifeshire, and the humble cottage where he first drew breath I have in earlier and happier days often passed. His parents were quite in the lower walk of life, and altogether unable to command the pecuniary means of aiding their son in his wishes to cultivate those talents fully, which began at an early period of life to develope themselves. Genuine worth and real modesty generally accompany each other; and painful indeed is it to reflect that their path through life should so often be "unnoticed and unknown," when the sheer impudence of the shallow and assuming will so frequently carry them triumphantly onwards. Comparatively few were the friends of Michael Bruce. He went through a course of study but very little above what was common enough in the North even to those in the humblest station: but his mind was of no common order. Possessed of an imagination as elevated as it was correct, and a judgment sound as it was strong, he availed himself fully of whatever advantages he possessed; but alas! for the mind that is cast in a finer mould than ordinary, a man of genius is very often the envy of those who, do what they may, are destined never to rise above mediocrity; but they know not the annoyances which far more than counterbalance its advantages. What can compensate for the morbid sensibility which compels them to view with disgust the commonplace events, and the common-place personages, with which they continually come in contact? What can the most splendid genius bestow as an equivalent for the agonizing wretchedness of the disappointment, the neglect, perhaps the sarcasm of the worthless and unfeeling—matters which to minds differently constituted would *be nothing*, but to *them* are overwhelming and distracting to a degree that is almost inconceivable? Under this torturing but indescribable state of feeling did poor Chatterton flee to that tremendous resource of despair—suicide; and a similar lot was Kirke White's, as he writhed under the inhuman and causeless malice of a cold-blooded reviewer, with such an acuteness of misery as to hasten his progress to a premature grave.

The subject of our brief memoir had *his* disappointments, and we know how deeply he felt them. The struggle of existence was too much for him—the heart knoweth its own bitterness—his health was, at the most interesting time of life, observed to decline gradually, but surely—consumption, with her wan, livid look and hectic flush, had marked him for her victim; and having drank but very slightly, and with much distaste, of the cup of life, it fell from his lip, and was "as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."

"Heaven gives its *favourites* an early death," as some poet says; and to such an one as our hero, the pale horse and his rider must have come in any character but that of the King of Terrors. Bruce's death-bed must have been a scene of singular and deep interest. There was indeed the fainting and the weakness of humanity; but there were also the *deep, strong consolations* of religion to cheer him. His soul had indeed (like the ark of Noah) floated over the waters of Desolation, but it rested at length on the ararat of Comfort, and the rainbow of Hope was distinctly visible to his eye of faith, ere it closed for ever on all terrestrial objects.

The extract subjoined is part of a beautiful poem which he composed shortly before his death, as he reclined on the banks of Lochleven, his mind enfeebled by misfortune, and his frame shattered by the disease which put a period to his woes, and introduced his unshackled spirit to scenes more congenial with its pure and lofty aspirations.

"Now Spring returns—but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown!

"Wasting and shiv'ring in the inconstant wind;
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

"The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

"Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate—
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of life and light adieu!

"I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe—
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore—
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit and return no more.

"Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains—
Enough for me, the church-yard's lonely mound—
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

"There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits heavy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphne lies!

"There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hope of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise!"

"I have not many friends," observes Bruce, in a letter to Mr. Pearson, on the decease of his former school-fellow, Dryburgh, dated November 20, 1766, "but I love them well. Scarce one enjoys the smiles of this world in every respect, and in every friend, I suffer. Death has been among the few I have—Poor Dryburgh!—but he is happy—I expected to have been his companion through life, and that we should have stept into the grave together; but Heaven has seen meet to dispose of him otherwise. What think you of this world? I think it is very little worth—you and I have not a great deal to make us fond of it—and yet I would not change my condition with the most wealthy, unfeeling fool in the universe—if I were to have his dull heart in the bargain. Farewell, my friend—my rival in immortal hope! —my companion, I trust, for eternity. Though far distant, I take thee to my heart. Souls suffer no separation from the obstruction of matter, or distance of place—oceans may roll between us, and climates interpose in vain. The whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind. Farewell!—may'st thou shine when the sun is darkened—may'st thou live and triumph when time expires. It is at least possible we may meet no more in this foreign land—this gloomy apartment of the universe of God; but there is a better world, in which we shall meet to part no more!" EDGAR.

## MEMOIR OF CAPT. FRANKLIN.

In battle fearless, and in danger brave,
Bearing his country's red-cross flag aloft,
Triumphant over foes and elements,
No peril stopp'd him!—OLD PLAY.

Captain John Franklin was born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1786, and entered the Navy, as Midshipman, at the early age of fourteen, under the command of the present Vice-Admiral Lawford, in the Polyphemus. After serving in that vessel at the battle of Copenhagen, in April, 1801; Mr. Franklin subsequently sailed with Captain Flinders, on his voyage of discovery, in the Investigator; and upon that ship being declared unserviceable, joined the Porpoise, under the command of the present Captain R. M. Fowler, and was wrecked on a coral reef on the East Coast of New Holland, where the crew remained upwards of eight weeks, until they were relieved by a vessel sent to their as-

sistance from Port Jackson. Mr. Franklin then accompanied Captain Fowler to Canton, and re-embarked with him in the Hon. East India Company's ship Earl Camden, commanded by Sir Nathaniel Dance; on which homeward-bound passage the Company's fleet beat off the French squadron under the orders of Admiral Linois. Upon his return to England, Mr. F. joined the Bellerophon, Captain Loring, and was on board that vessel in the ever memorable victory of Trafalgar, then under the command of Captain John Cooke, who fell in the action.—In October, 1807, Mr. Franklin was appointed to the Bedford, in which ship he remained nearly eight years, employed on the Brazil, North Sea, and West Indian stations; during which period he distinguished himself in the capture of the American gun-boats previous to the attack at New Orleans; and was also attached to the parties of seamen serving on shore during the whole of the operations at that place, under the orders of Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm. Mr. Franklin was next appointed First Lieutenant of the Forth, Captain Sir Wm. Bolton; but on the reduction of the war establishment remained on shore until January, 1818, when he was given the command of the Trent, on the voyage of discovery to the North Pole, under the orders of Capt. Buchan. That squadron having returned in the succeeding Autumn, in the April following Lieutenant F. was appointed to the command of an overland expedition in North America, with which he left England in May, 1819; and returned in October, 1822; was promoted to the rank of Commander in January, 1821; and made Post Captain in 1822.

## SPIRIT OF THE
# Public Journals.

### INDIAN SECT.

The following account of a sect, lately introduced by a person calling himself Swamee Narain, is taken from the *Bombay Courier*.

This sect is represented as having its rise from Odhow, to whom the charge of the human race was delivered by Christna when he left this world; but the first actual appearance of it in Guzerat, was upwards of one hundred years ago, when a Brimcharee called Gopal began to preach the new doctrines at Gopnath Mahadeo, in the district of Valak in Goilwar.

His successor Atmanund became a Swamee; by which the person is understood to lay down the observances of cast, and devote himself entirely to the service of the Deity. Nir Narin is the god worshipped, and an image of him is admitted, as by other Hindoos.

The grand principle of the system seems to be, that the souls of all mankind are equal. Distinctions of Cast are observed by his followers, but they are told that these trammels are only corporeal, and will all be left behind with their bodies; and the souls freed from them, will receive the rewards or punishment of their actions in this life, without any regard to the Casts to which their bodies may have belonged.

The principal observances enjoined are, abstinence from what are represented as the four besetting sins of the flesh, indulgence in drinking spirituous liquors, eating flesh, stealing, and connection with other than their own women.

His votaries are sometimes indulged with what they call a Sumadhee, in which the spirit is said to leave the body, and to be transported to the blissful regions their imaginations are taught to expect after death; and during the periods of its absence, no wound or infliction produces the slightest effect, or pain, the trunk is represented to be perfectly senseless, and after its return, the favoured person gives lively descriptions of what he has seen, generally abundance of gold and jewels, with palaces, &c. according to the fertility of his imagination.

A multitude of minor observances are also prescribed. Those who become Fakeers receive a name, and are instructed to submit to any ill usage without resistance, or without allowing the slightest resentment to remain on their minds; they are to forswear all worldly goods and all the concerns of this world; they are not even to possess any article made of metal, except a needle to sew their clothes and a knife to mend their pen for writing holy works; they are not to see, nor to think of a woman; if they do see one so as to distinguish her as such, if the idea of a woman comes into their minds, or if they touch one, they must fast for that day.

The followers, or those merely converted, are not enjoined to such strict observances; they are (besides the four great sins) to abstain from lying and to speak truth; not to engage in quarrels; to abstain from using all intoxicating substances, and some others that happen to be proscribed by the Mooksh

Dharm Géeta, Bhugvut and Veeshnoo Sehustr nam, which the Swamee professes to make the rules of his instructions.

Like the Roman Pontiff he gives absolution for sins already committed, but does not venture (like him) to grant indulgences for the future.

People of all Casts and persuasions resort to Swamee Narain, and the number of his followers is very great, estimated by the most intelligent natives at about one hundred thousand (100,000), principally from Kateewar and the western districts of Guzerat. Hindoos of all the four classes, Mahomedans, and even Dhers, are admitted; but all are seated, and feed, according to their Casts. The Swamee himself (who is a Brahmin) eats indiscriminately with any cast, as far down as Rajpoots, or Katees, but not below them.

Swamee Narain himself must be a very superior man, as he has acquired such influence over men's minds; and the distinguishing tenets between his system and that of other Hindoos, are so inoffensive that they might at least have escaped violent opposition; this does not however seem to have been the case; all the orders of religious mendicants in particular used to take ample advantage of the peaceful professions of his disciples by beating them sometimes unmercifully; and they boast that no instance ever occurred of this violence being resisted.

I shall mention (as tending to shew the Swamee desires to practice what he preaches) that the approach of a multitude of 50,000 people stated to accompany him on a recent visit to Ahmedabad, for the purpose of consecrating a temple to Nir Narain, having occasioned some reports that measures of security would be taken, which he heard of, he immediately sent a message to express his regret that his coming should occasion any trouble, and that rather than it should do so, he would prefer not coming at all. These reports being of course unfounded, he came and had obtained permission to occupy the Shahee Baug, a house belonging to government, but on his arrival, finding that he could not stay there without a risk of his followers injuring the premises, he removed of his own accord to an uncultivated plain at a considerable distance, preferring to submit, to all the inconvenience and want of accommodation, to running the risk of the slightest damage being committed by the people resorting to him.

The most intelligent people in the country, even while they regret (as Hindoos) the levelling nature of his system, acknowledge their belief that his preaching has produced great effect in improving the morals of the people: and my own intercourse with natives leads me to form the same opinion.***

## CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE EFFECTS OF ABSTINENCE IN PROMOTING LONGEVITY.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

Sir—Physicians relate wonders of the effects of abstinence in the cure of many disorders, and in protracting the term of life. The noble Venetian, Cornaro, after all imaginable means had proved vain, so that his life was despaired of at forty years of age, recovered, and lived to nearly 100, by mere dint of abstinence, as he himself gives the account. It is indeed surprising to what a great age the primitive Christians of the east, who retired from persecution into the deserts of Arabia and Egypt, lived, healthful and cheerful, on a very little food. Cassian assures us that the common rate for 24 hours was 12 ounces of bread and mere water: with this St. Anthony lived 105 years; James the Hermit 104; Arsenius, tutor to the Emperor Arcadius, 120; S. Epiphanius 115; Simeon the Stylite 112; and Romauld 120. Indeed we can match these instances of longevity at home. Buchanan writes that one Laurence preserved himself to 140 by force of temperance and labour; and Spotswood mentions one Kentigern, afterwards called S. Mongah or Mungo, who lived to 185 by the same means. Abstinence, however, is to be recommended only as it means a proper regimen; for in general it must have bad consequences when observed without a due regard to constitution, age, strength, &c. According to Dr. Cheyne, most of the chronical diseases, the infirmities of old age, and the short lives of Englishmen, are owing to repletion; and many diseases may be either prevented or remedied by abstinence, which ought to be observed both in sickness or health.

Among the brute creation we see extraordinary instances of long abstinence. The serpent kind in particular bear abstinence to a wonderful degree. Rattle-snakes have been seen that had subsisted many months without food, yet still retained their vigour and fierceness. Dr. Shaw speaks of a couple of cerastes (a sort of Egyptian serpent) which had been kept five years in a

bottle closely corked, without any sort of food, unless a small quantity of sand, wherein they coiled themselves up in the bottom of the vessel, may be reckoned as such: yet when he saw them they had newly cast their skins, and were as brisk and lively as if just taken. But it is even natural for divers species of animals to pass four, five, or six months every year without either eating or drinking. Accordingly, the tortoise, bear, dormouse, serpent, &c. are observed regularly to retire at those seasons to their respective cells, and hide themselves, some in the caverns of rocks or ruins; others dig holes under ground; a third class get into woods, and lay themselves up in the clefts of trees; others bury themselves under water, &c. and these animals are found as fat and fleshy after some months abstinence as before.—Sir G. Ent weighed his tortoise several years successively, at its going to earth in October, and coming out again in March, and found that of four pounds four ounces it only used to lose about one ounce. Indeed we have instances of men passing several months as strictly abstinent as other creatures. In particular the records of the Tower mention a Scotchman imprisoned for felony, and strictly watched in that fortress for six weeks; in all which time he took not the least sustenance; for which he had his pardon. Numberless instances of extraordinary abstinence, particularly from morbid causes, are to be found in the different periodical Memoirs, Transactions, Ephemerides, &c. It is to be added that in most instances of extraordinary human abstinence related by naturalists, there were said to have been apparent marks of a texture of blood and humours, much like that of the animals above mentioned. Though it is no improbable opinion that the air itself may furnish something for nutrition. It is certain there are substances of all kinds, animal, vegetable, &c. floating in the atmosphere, which must be continually taken in by respiration: and that an animal body may be nourished thereby is evident in the instance of vipers; which if taken when first brought forth, and kept from every thing but air, will yet grow very considerably in a few days. So the eggs of lizards are observed to increase in bulk after they are produced, though there be nothing to furnish the increment but air alone; in like manner as the eggs or spawn of fishes grow and are nourished with the water. And hence, say some, it is that turnspit-dogs, though they eat but little, yet are usually fat. D. K. L.

## THE SUSSEX CALF.

A long time ago, a butcher, who had purchased a calf not far from Lewes, sat with it on a horse at a public-house door, which a shoemaker (remarkable for his drollery) observing, and knowing that the butcher had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to steal the calf, provided he would treat him with sixpenny worth of grog. The landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropt one new shoe near the middle of the wood, and another nearly a quarter of a mile from it. The butcher saw the first shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the mean time, unstrapped the calf, and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it in his barn. The butcher, missing his calf, went back to the inn, and told his misfortune; at the same time observing, that he must have another calf, cost what it would, as the veal was bespoke. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn, which he would sell him. The butcher looked at it, and asked the price. The landlord replied, give me the same as you did for the calf you lost, as this, I think, is full as large. The butcher would by no means allow the calf to be so good, but agreed to give him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time on the horse. Crispin, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf again for another sixpenny worth, which being agreed on, he posted to the wood, and hid himself; where, observing the butcher come along, he bellowed so like a calf, that the butcher, conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried out in joy, "Ah! are you there? have I found you at last?" and immediately dismounted and ran into the wood. Crispin, taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf, and actually got back with it to the publican before the butcher arrived to tell his mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The publican unravelled the mystery, and the butcher, after paying for and partaking of a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got greatly applauded for his ingenuity.

## House in which Napoleon was born.

## Napoleon and his Family.

Anxious to mark, by a corresponding liberality, our gratitude for the extensive patronage with which the MIRROR has been honoured, we this week present our readers with extra embellishments. In our first page we have given a view of the House in which Napoleon died; and in order to make our graphic history of him complete, we here present a view of the House in which he was born, at Ajaccio, in Corsica; and Portraits—spirited portraits we may say—of Napoleon, his widow, the Empress Maria Louisa, and their son, the young Napoleon.

Having already given a memoir of Napoleon, and several interesting anecdotes respecting him, we have only on the present occasion to add, that he was born at Ajaccio, in a house still standing, and of which the above engraving is a view. His father, who was descended of an ancient family, was advocate of the place in which Napoleon was born, was honest and much respected.

Napoleon's first wife was Josephine, the widow of M. Beauharnois, with whom he lived long and happily; she was crowned with him and shared all his glory, until it was suggested, that in order to consolidate the power of the Emperor of France, he should seek for an alliance with some of the old families of Europe, and thus perpetuate his dynasty in his own blood, by giving it the support of other powers, who might thus feel an interest in its continuance. Napoleon consented to sacrifice the ties of conjugal affection to state policy; and the question now arose with what power he should seek a matrimonial alliance.

Russia was the first power that suggested itself, and a negociation was set on foot for the marriage of Napoleon with one of the sisters of the Emperor Alexander. There is no doubt that it would have been consummated, but for an artful intrigue of the Court of Vienna, of which Prince Schwartzenberg, the ambassador from Austria to France, was the principal actor.

The Prince having discovered the rapid progress of the negociations between Russia and France, dispatched several couriers to Vienna, by all of whom he announced Napoleon's marriage with a Russian Princess, as an affair nearly arranged, if not already concluded. He pointed out how injurious such an alliance would be to Austria, and added, that if the Emperor was not averse to giving one of his daughters in marriage to Napoleon, he thought he could break off the Russian marriage. He concluded with observing, that there was not a minute to lose, that he must therefore forthwith be furnished with full powers, and a *carte blanche*; and that with these full powers must be sent a *man of straw*,

whom he might own if the enterprise succeeded, and disown if it failed, all of which was immediately furnished to him.

At the time that this *man of straw*, (who was a German Baron) arrived, Bonaparte's sisters gave several brilliant fetes, at which Napoleon was present. It was so arranged that the Baron should be invited to one of these parties, and choosing the moment when Napoleon passed, he hazarded the words—"The Emperor Napoleon can marry the Emperor of Austria's daughter." Napoleon turned, looked at him, and walked on. The *man of straw* then took his seat in another part of the saloon, and watching the moment when Bonaparte again passed by, he repeated—"The Emperor Napoleon can marry the Emperor of Austria's daughter."

Bonaparte now looked more steadfastly on him than before, and, without making any reply, he showed him to Prince Schwartzenberg, who, as may well be supposed, was not far off. Napoleon pointed out the German Baron who had so singularly addressed him, and asked the Ambassador if he was acknowledged by Austria. "He is," replied the Minister, "if what he has said be agreeable to your Majesty, not otherwise."

On the following day the Emperor held a privy council, the result of which was to break off the match with Russia, and negociate a marriage between Napoleon and Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, which was soon afterwards accomplished.

It is stated in one of the recently published works on Napoleon, that at the time that he had captured Vienna, and was residing at Schoenbrun, an Imperial Palace near that city, he saw a portrait of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, with which he was so much pleased that he took it away with him. It is further said that Maria Louisa was much opposed to her union with Napoleon, considering him as a sort of monster in human form, and that it was only in obedience to her father and to save the Empire from dismemberment that she consented. Be this as it may, there is every reason to believe that the marriage was productive of happiness to both parties, and that Maria Louisa would have shared exile with her illustrious husband had she been permitted to do so.

Maria Louisa, who, on the fall of her husband, was given the Duchy of Parma, is the daughter of the present Emperor of Austria Francis II. by his second wife, Maria Teresa, daughter of Ferdinand IV. the present King of Naples. She was born December 12, 1791, and married to Napoleon Emperor of France and King of Italy, on the 2d of April, 1810, by whom she has issue, Francis Joseph Charles Napoleon, born March 20, 1811, and created King of Rome by his father. The last abdication of Bonaparte, in 1815, was made in favour of his son, who was proclaimed under the title of Napoleon II.; but the battle of Waterloo had been too decisive to permit the French the choice of their own sovereign. Young Napoleon is now under the guardianship of his mother and grandfather. His title is Duke of Reichstadt, and he has lately received a commission in the Austrian service. He is said to be a child of great promise, and it is by no means improbable that he may one day play an important part in the political drama of Europe.

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# The Novelist.

## No. XXIV.

## ELLEN:

### A SIMPLE TALE.

———"A mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song." SHAKSPEARE.

About six years ago I was staying at ———, a watering-place on the Sussex coast. It was one of the fine mornings in July, when the Sun had just risen above the top of the wave, and was scattering around his bright, warm rays; that having taken my customary dipping, I had wandered unthinkingly along the shore, admiring the impending grandeur of those tall cliffs, which, in the language of our great tragic bard,

———"Beat back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune."

I had trodden the same path the evening before, and it was my amusement in these marine perambulations to inspect the crevices of the rocks, and to carry home with me the most beautiful shells that chance threw in my way. I had rather a taste for conchology, and had made no inconsiderable collection of the specimens of our

own shores;—one group of rocks I had found particularly fertile in rarities, and these I had very nearly approached. A peculiar jutting out of the cliff at that place hid them from the sight till you were close upon them; I had nearly, in the marine phrase, doubled this promontory, when my progress was arrested by the sound of a female voice, chaunting a beautiful air in a very plaintive tone. I stood to listen—the words, as far as I can remember, were these:—

" Edward is gone—and I know not whether
His spirit may rest on land or sea;
O would that, love, we had sailed together,
Or thou hadst never been torn from me!

Ellen is sighing, but nought is nigh
To pity her moan but the wind and wave;
The gull shall soon, from her roost on high,
Sing a lullaby dirge over Ellen's grave."

The voice ceased. I advanced a few steps to the other side of the cliff, and the figure of the lovely warbler, reclining on one of the tallest of the rocks, was before my sight. Her long black ringlets were streaming down her neck, and her eye was fixed steadfastly on the horizon. She had her back towards me, which prevented her observing my approach. I thought I perceived her lips moving, as if muttering something to herself; and on a sudden giving a glance over the sea, she resumed her song:—

" I'll recline on this rock, and the wave shall bear
My paly form to that favoured shore
Where Edward is breathing a distant air,
'Mid the fury of war and the cannons' roar."

I had been gradually advancing towards her;—as she uttered the last words her voice faltered, and she seemed falling. I rushed forward and supported her. She startled at finding some one by her side, and, looking up with a listless air, " You are not Edward," she said, " Edward sailed last week." Her dark black eye was turned upon me as she spoke; but there was a languor in her gaze, that seemed to say her thoughts were not what she was about: her countenance was interesting, and had been beautiful, but sickness or sorrow had spread a pallid hue over her features; and though at times a transient hectic would flush her cheek, it soon passed away.—" Edward sailed last week," she cried;—" Ellen buckled on his sword,—and Edward smiled on Ellen;—but he is gone to the wars—I shall never see him more." I was still supporting her, and as she uttered these words, a hot tear fell upon my hand. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment; there was a thrill through my frame; and I began to feel a lively interest for the lovely stranger and her misfortunes. She observed what had happened; and pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief, with an air of the greatest simplicity, gently wiped my hand. " Edward will come back," said I, scarcely knowing what I uttered: " Come back!" she cried, starting from her seat, and staring full in my face; " Ah, no! you're joking with poor Ellen;—but you're a kind man, and you are kind to Ellen—Edward shall thank you." She put her hand into her bosom, and pulling out an amulet cross, which was suspended by a purple-ribbon from her neck, " Look," she said, " this is what Edward gave me—'Good-bye, Ellen!' said he; but Ellen could not say 'good-bye'—and he flung this round me—(she gave a wild stare).—There is a mist over the rest—I often harrass this poor head, but I cannot remember any more." It was easily to be perceived that her intellects were deranged, and I was unwilling to leave the unfortunate girl in that situation. I gently raised her; and, seemingly unconscious of what she was doing, she walked on by my side. We had not proceeded far along the shore, when a man and woman came running towards us, in breathless anxiety, who appeared to be searching for something they had lost. On recognising the poor girl, who was hanging in listless apathy on my arm, I saw a sudden flush of joy pass over the countenance of the old woman, and they both gazed alternately on me and her—the old man was the first to break silence, and asked me, in rather an angry tone, " What I was doing with his daughter?" I related to him the circumstances of our meeting, and what had since happened. They thanked me in very affectionate terms for my kindness, and then, turning to their daughter, loaded her with caresses and questions; but she seemed lost in thought, and not at all to understand their meaning. On the way home they related to me her history; they informed me, that they themselves

were attendants on the bathing-machines, and for the last twenty years had gained, by their joint endeavours in that occupation, a comfortable livelihood;—their only daughter, the unfortunate heroine of my tale, had a few months back fixed her affections on a young man of a neighbouring village; their attachment was reciprocal; and the day had been appointed for their marriage—but her love some time before had enlisted in the *** regiment, and the whole corps had been suddenly ordered off to the Continent: the poor girl had been inconsolable from the time she first heard the news; they continually found her in tears, and all attempts to comfort her were in vain; she attended him on board the ship that was to convey him away, and clinging to his arms, was for a long time unable to be separated. When the vessel was under weigh, they were obliged to carry her off by force; she fell into a swoon, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility: being put to bed, in a short time she was in a high fever. They obtained for her what little medical assistance their means could afford, and were in hopes she had been gradually recovering—but her grief preyed upon her mind, and though the fever had left her, her intellects were materially injured. Though they sat by her bedside, and paid her the most affectionate attentions that tenderness could dictate, she seemed not to recognise them, or to be conscious of their presence. Her Edward was always uppermost in her thoughts; and though lost to every thing else, she seemed to have a distant recollection of the scene she had been last engaged in. On the morning in question, they had gone out to their usual avocations, and had left her still lying in bed; on their return they were astonished and alarmed at finding the bed empty, and her clothes not in their place;—they inquired among the neighbours, but could find no intelligence of her: they at length heard that she had been seen pacing silently along the shore, and had accordingly proceeded in search of her, not without a fear that, in the deranged state of her mind, she might commit some act of desperation, before they would be able to prevent it. This simple narration of the poor girl's affection interested me extremely. While I remained at the place, I paid frequent visits to their cottage, and thought at last I could perceive a gradual amendment in poor Ellen's health; she at times exhibited signs of returning recollection, though her general discourse was of the little circumstances that had taken place during her last intercourses with Edward. I took an interest in her welfare, and rejoiced to think she was recovering; but, alas! how futile are human hopes! I was soon after called away from the place, and circumstances prevented my return during two years. I was then accidentally passing through, and stopped for a couple of hours, that I might inquire after Ellen. The path, that led to her cottage, was through the church-yard; and in going along, my attention was attracted by a tombstone of rude sculpture, that seemed newly erected. I walked up to it to read the inscription—it was simply this:—

To the memory of
Ellen Meston,
This stone was erected by
Edward Godalwin.
She died in a deranged state of mind,
April 3, 1817.
Sleep on, sweet maid!
Soon we shall meet again.

I stood for a moment steadfastly gazing on this stone, and unconscious of any thing around me. The recollections of my former adventure crowded on my mind—I remembered her interesting features—her affectionate simplicity. "Poor Ellen," said I, "thy roses were nipped, when they were beginning to expand;—thine was an unhappy lot here, but thou art gone to a better world, where sorrow and care are not." I felt a tear trickling down my cheek, which recalled me to myself. I took a last look on the stone, and proceeded on my way. "Is sensibility a blessing?" thought I, as I walked pensively along. "Surely not.—It may refine the passions—it may give a tone to the affections—but it makes us feel the thorns of life doubly acute: yet it is an amiable virtue, and one which we cannot refrain from admiring."

The gate of the little garden in front of their cottage was open; the flower-beds, which I used formerly to admire for their neatness, were trampled on and in disorder. The old people were removing their furniture, preparatory to their departure for a neighbouring village. They were surprised to see me, but received me with cordiality. I perceived that my presence recalled unpleasant remembrances, and therefore determined that my visit should be short. I was informed that Edward

had returned from the war, with a wooden leg and a pension. He was told of the affection and despondency of Ellen; but arrived only in time to see the first grass springing up on her grave. His grief is deep, but not violent; he has ordered that stone to be erected as a memorial of their loves—and his greatest pleasure is to visit at evening the green sod, which he allows not to be trampled on, or injured. The old woman opened a little work-box, and, producing a small net purse, placed it in my hand. My initials were on the side:—it was, she said, the work of her daughter during her illness, which she had desired, if ever I returned, should be given to me as a token of remembrance.

Poor Ellen! years have passed away, since the time I last gazed on your pale form—since the time I shed a tear of compassion on the turf that enshrouded it; but that purse—the last relic of your affection—the *memento* of your kindness, remains still whole and inviolate; it is treasured up amid the most precious of my earthly possessions;—and whenever I indulge myself with gazing on it, an involuntary tear starts to the eye of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

## MISERIES OF A SCHOOL-MASTER.

*The Groans of Pædagogus and his Usher, with a few Sighs from his Wife,*

*Pæd.* Having a boy brought to your scheol, with the character of a great genius, which you soon find out to consist in doing every thing he ought not to do, and avoiding every thing he ought to do.

*Usher.* Being accountable for this boy out of school hours.

*Mrs. Pæd.* Receiving a long letter once a fortnight from a maiden aunt, requesting me to see that he takes his medicine every night, and puts on his hat whenever he goes out into the play-ground.

*Pæd.* Explaining a difficult passage, and suddenly discovering that the eldest boy in the class has drawn a caricature of you on a blank leaf of his Virgil, and is handing it round to the rest.

*Usher.* Finding you have been walking half a dozen times to and fro before a lady's boarding school in the neighbourhood with a paper on your back, informing the world you are an ass.

*Pæd.* Being informed by a parent that he is very well satisfied with your school, but he thinks his child would come on faster, if he were removed now and then.

*Usher.* Yes, upon the same principle, I suppose, that a gardener transplants cabbages, to make them grow more rapidly.

*(Enter servant, bringing letters. Pædagogus opens and reads.)*

Sir,—Per Defiance I send back to school my son William—think him partic. deficient in correspondence—Please let him write me as often as convenient to improve his style. I shall always answer per first opportun. to show him how things ought to be done. Know the old prov. prac. makes perf.—Brings with him "Advice to Young Tradesmen," which please set him read for his amusement out of school-time. His mother wishes him to learn some poetry against a do which we are going to have, but I think it would be more improving for him to get off some of the Ready Reckoner. Hoping you'll attend to these directions,

I remain,
Yr hble servt,
Lon. Augt. 6th. 15. MM. WIDLIKENS.

(turn over.)

Mrs. Widlikens *complements* to Mr. *Pædagogus* begs he will teach the young *Gentelman* to speak *Collings* ode on the *Passons*, with proper *haksent* and *gestikilation:* also *Mackbeth's* speech about the *dager*, and a few *helegant vusses* out of Mr. Wordsworth, in the moving and pathetick line.—Mrs. W. will do *erself* the pleasure of riding *hover* on the 20th *Ult. Opes* Master W. will perfect by that time, as she intends to give a *speciment* of his talents to a select party of *amatoors* of *theatrikals*, which may be of use to Mr. *Padigogus's* School, which she shall feel pleasure in *patrinising* all as *lays* in *my* power, if so be as *I* am not disappointed in the speeches. Mrs. Jobbins informs me that *er* son is *studdyin* in the *belleter:* if its *noo* and *fashonable*, my young *gentelman* shall learn, if so, you'll *obleege* me by *purchising* one for him the *fust* time you come to town, which if not immediately I can do for you if you will send me a description.

Yours and so forth,

MARTHA ANGBLINA WIDLIKENS.

P. S. As restraint may cramp his *genus*, which I am *credably enformed* is all the rage in the *ier sirkles*, *youell* not suffer him to study too much.

Monday Morning.

*Complements to* Mrs P.—*Wen* I see you I may *praps truble* you with a *foo idears* on *hedicashun* as I dare say you *kno* your *intrest* too well not to wish to be *enformed* what it is as is most required in *junteel life.*

*Fish Street Hill, Monday Morning.*

Hope Mrs. P. will attend to Master W.'s teeth *reglar.*

## Miscellanies.

### THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Fienus, in his curious little book, De Viribus Imaginationis, records from Donatus the case of a man who fancied his body increased to such a size that he durst not attempt to pass through the door of his chamber; the physician believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination than to shew that the thing could actually be done, caused the patient to be thrust forcibly through it, who, struck with horror, and falling suddenly into agonies, complained of being crushed to death, and expired soon after. The other case is related by Swieten in his Commentaries upon Boerhaave, and is that of a learned man who studied till he fancied his legs were made of glass, in consequence of which he durst not attempt to stir, but was constantly under anxiety about them. His maid one day bringing some wood to the fire, threw it carelessly down, and was severely reprimanded by her master, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glass.—The surly wench, out of all patience with his meagrims, as she called them, gave him a violent blow with a log upon the parts affected, which so enraged him that he instantly rose up, and from that moment recovered the use of his legs.

### WARS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

In the consideration of the political benefits in the diffusion of knowledge, of arts, manufactures, and commerce, arising from war, the desolations by which those benefits have been purchased are very seldom taken into the account, though this has sometimes been the case.

A Synod, assembled in England under William the Conqueror, enjoined every knight or military tenant who had been with that monarch at the battle of Hastings, to do penance for one year for every man whom he knew he had slain there; and during forty days for every man whom he knew he had struck; and if he was ignorant of the number whom he had slain or struck, to do penance, at the discretion of the bishop of the diocese, one day in every week as long as he lived, without even excepting those who they say, in the preamble to these very Canons, "did of right owe military service to William, Duke of Normandy;" but an alternative was granted by the Church to these delinquents, which may explain the motive of the seeming humanity of the Canons:—"the penances might be redeemed with perpetual alms, by building or endowing a Church." There is one of these Canons, however, which, for the benefit of mankind, one could wish were revived by all nations. It is the sixth, which says—"let those who fought only for hopes of a reward, know that they ought to do penance as for murder."

The following is a chronological list of the various wars between England and France during the last seven centuries:—

| Date. | Duration. | Date. | Duration. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1141 | 1. year. | 1637 | 2 |
| 1161 | 25 | 1666 | 1 |
| 1224 | 9 | 1689 | 10 |
| 1254 | 5 | 1702 | 11 |
| 1339 | 21 | 1744 | 4 |
| 1368 | 52 | 1756 | 7 |
| 1422 | 49 | 1776 | 7 |
| 1422 | one month. | 1793 | 9 |
| 1512 | 2 | 1803 | 11 |
| 1521 | 6 | 1814 | 14 |
| 1549 | 1 | | |
| 1557 | 2 | 700 yrs. | 266 yrs. of war. |
| 1562 | 2 | | |

Those who, from practical knowledge, are well enabled to compute the numbers who fell in every year, might know that they would, in the aggregate, amount to no less than 26 millions of mankind, if 10,000 may be taken as a fair average for every year!

### HOW-D'YE-DO, AND GOOD-BYE.

One day Good-bye met How-d'ye-do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away," says How-d'ye-do, "your mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature."

"Whene'er I give one sun-shine hour,
Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom's flow'r,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'ye-do has tuned each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

"From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'ye-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence
Could you have ever flourished?
And can your hand one flow'r dispense,
But what my tears have nourished?

"How oft, if at the Court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'ye-do has failed to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion!

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

"Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind how-d'ye-does,
One kind good-bye would barter.

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time (there's no denying)
One half in how-d'ye-doing goes,
And t'other in good-byeing."

## Useful Domestic Hints.

*Cautions in Cases of extreme Cold.*—Too often is it the case, in accidents occasioned by extreme cold, of the calamity being augmented by applications quite contrary to that which the nature of the case requires. Thus, when a person has been exposed to an excessive degree of cold, how often is it they fly to a large fire, or apply heated water to the parts, which occasion not only great pain, but by such a sudden transition from excessive cold to heat, is attended oftentimes by very injurious effects upon the system. Instead of which, when a part is what is termed frost-bitten, snow should be used; or if not obtainable, the coldest water, which should be rubbed on the part till a glow is felt; this will soon be perceived, the snow or water being rather warmer than the parts affected; after some little time is occupied with such means, by degrees warmer applications may be administered, together with a small portion of brandy and water drank by the person, and when circulation has freely returned, he may retire to rest in a warm bed, from whence he will rise often with none or but a trifling injury, which may in a little time be removed by a little care and warm drinks, as broths, gruels, &c. Should any persons be so unfortunate as to be benighted, or lose their way during the cutting frosts of a cold wintry night, it is needless to recommend constant exertion, this being self evident; but it may be necessary to caution against giving way to drowsiness, as, should sleep oppress their powers, it is more than probable they may never wake again. Instances of this kind have often occurred. I have heard of several instances of watchmen being found dead in their boxes in the morning, solely owing to the cold and their giving way to sleep. Travellers on the outside of coaches, too, on such nights should beware of the fatal drowsiness; the intense coldness of the weather congealing the juices of the body, circulation is at length stopped, and consequently death ensues. That gallant enterpriser, Captain Parry, on his last expedition—(now no doubt where continued darkness reigns from day to day, surrounded by unbounded fields of ice, and interminable tracts of snow, Heaven grant that he is safe and his companions, too)—was well aware of this; and by his constant exertion and vigilant attention to the health and lives of his crew, saved many a dear wife and parent many a bitter pang. He often, after the exposure to the cold of several of his men, experienced the benefit of snow applications. Further, in accidents of breaking into the water through the ice, need not be mentioned the speedy necessity of changing the clothes; and if at some distance, to avoid riding home, walking or running being attended with far less danger, by keeping up a natural warmth and assisting circulation. By attending to these few hints many a valuable life may be saved. T. N——R.

*Improved Glue.*—By dissolving India rubber, (by process of boiling) into a sufficiently strong liquid state, it becomes a most excellent refined

species of glue: indeed so superior to the common manufactured kind of that article, that furniture cemented with it never gives way, or loosens in its joints, which is too often the case with the glue made from animal paste.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

CRIME.

It is enough for crime to once begin,
One fall (error) is sure to draw another sin:
Honour is like an isle with craggy shore,
Deserted once—we enter there no more.

DR. PITCAIRN'S WAY OF ASKING FOR SNUFF.—Madam, permit me to emerge the summits of my digits in your pulveriferous utensil, to excite a grateful titulation in my olfactory nerves.

EPIGRAM.

Cries Dick to Ned "Attend to my advice,
Give a thing *quickly*, and you give it *twice*."
"I've *felt* your proverb's force," Ned archly cries,
"It was your *quickness* gave me *two black eyes*."

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—They have an ancient custom at Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, that if the young men of the town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish, before ten of the clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head, a hundred of eggs for their breakfast, and a groat in money.

ON LITTLESTEPHEN, A NOTED FIDDLER.

Stephen and Time
Are now both even.
Stephen beat Time,
Now Time beat Stephen.

WINTER IN LONDON.—(By a French Traveller).—It is difficult to form an idea of the kind of winter days in London. The smoke of fossil coals forms an atmosphere, perceivable for many miles, like a great round cloud attached to the earth. In the town itself, when the weather is cloudy and foggy, which is frequently the case in winter, this smoke increases the general dingy hue, and terminates the length of every street, with a fixed grey mist, receding as you advance. But when some rays of sun happen to fall on this atmosphere, its impure mass assumes immediately a pale orange tint, similar to the effect of Claude Lorraine glasses—a mild, golden hue, quite beautiful. This air, in the mean-time, is loaded with small flakes of smoke in sublimation—a sort of flour of soot, so light as to float without falling. This black snow sticks to your clothes and linen, or lights upon your face. You just feel something on your nose or cheek; the finger is applied mechanically, and fixes it into a black patch.

EPITAPH ON MR. JOSEPH KING.

Here lies a man than whom no better's walking,
Who was when sleeping even always *tall-king*;
A King by birth was he, and yet was no king,
In life was *thin-king*, and in death was *Jo-King*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Medical Quackery," in our next.

Communications with the following signatures have been received, and are intended for insertion, although from their number it will be seen that we cannot promise the whole of them an early place in the Mirror. T. T-y-n, R. F., Anne Jane M., G., R. Y., Mrs. C. B. W., B—w, Henry S—n, J. H., W. D. B., A. W., S. J., C. H. F., G. C., J. O., C. H. C., B. T., W., H. X., H. T. G., H. M. N., T. H., R. R., M. E., Thos. Wigsby, Comus, L. P. K., P. P. P., Procurator, Instructor, A Cockney in the Country, and Omega.

"Cupid's Delight" does not delight us. Bonaventure's letter, and Thos. Single's complaint against fairs, are not in our line.

Amatory Poetry is the least acceptable of all our communications.

Some of our Correspondents whose favours we perhaps forget to acknowledge, express much uneasiness lest they should not have reached us. To such we beg to state that such is the regularity of the postman, and the care of our publisher, that a letter will scarcely ever fail of reaching us, unless the writer omits to pay the postage, in which case it is invariably returned to the post-office. The number of our correspondents, and the frivolous occasions on which those who do not *free* their letters often write, renders this a necessary part of our duty.

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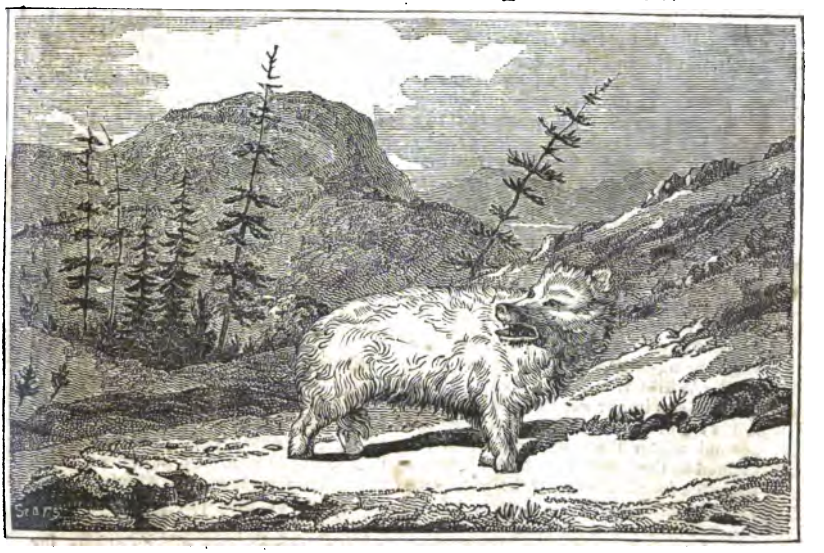
# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXVII.] SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1823. [PRICE 2*d.*


## The White Wolf and Dog-Rib-Rock.



ONE of the most arduous enterprises ever undertaken even by British sailors, whose very nature it is to set difficulties and dangers at defiance, was the expedition of Captain Franklin to the shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1819-1822; of which a most interesting narrative has just been published.

The object of the Expedition was to facilitate the discovery of the North West passage, in the prosecution of which, another of our gallant countrymen, Capt. Parry, is engaged. Capt. Franklin, though not succeeding to the extent that could have been wished, has made many interesting discoveries in those regions, which have rarely been penetrated by civilized man, and never before with the same means of observation. In the course of the journey, our brave countrymen endured the most dreadful privations, and suffered all the horrors of cold, hunger, and fatigue. Snow for their bed, and a slab of ice for their pillow, they still were contented, and had no other regret but that their success was not more decisive, and their discoveries of more importance; and thus it ever is with Britons, who, however difficult or dangerous may be the object in which they are engaged, sink all personal considerations in zeal for their duty to their country.

Our engraving this week presents one of those terrific scenes, which are numerous in the Arctic Regions, copied from an engraving in Capt. Franklin's valuable Narrative, after drawings made on the spot, by Lieutenants Back and Hood, who were attached to the Expedition.

The Dog-rib-rock, near Fort Enterprise, is so called from a tribe of Indians, named, the Dog-ribs, who inhabit the country to the Westward of the Copper Indians, as far as Mackenzie's River. They are of a mild, hospitable, but rather indolent, disposition. They spend much of their time in amusements, and are fond of singing and dancing. In this respect they differ much from the other aborigenes of North America, as they do in the treatment of women. The men do the laborious work, whilst their wives employ themselves in ornamenting their dresses with quill work, and in other occupations suited to their sex.

When bands of Dog-ribs meet each other, after a long absence, they perform a kind of dance. A piece of ground is cleared for the purpose, if it is winter, of the snow, or if summer, of the bushes; and the dance frequently lasts for two or three days, the parties relieving each other as they get tired. The two bands commence the dance, with their backs turned to each other, the individuals following one another in Indian file, and holding the bow in the left hand, and an arrow in the right. They approach obliquely, after many turns, and when the two bands are closely back to back, they feign to see each other for the first time, and the bow is instantly transferred to the right hand, and the arrow to the left, signifying that it is not their intention to use them against their friends. At a fort, they use feathers instead of bows. The dance is accompanied by a song. These people (says Capt. Franklin, to whose Narrative we are indebted for these particulars) are the dancing-masters of the country.

The White Wolf, of which a drawing is given in our engraving, was killed at Fort Enterprise, during the second winter that the expedition remained in the interior. Its length was four feet four inches; its height, two feet ten inches, and the length of the tail was nineteen inches. It was at first intended to preserve the animal, but proving too bulky, it was left behind. It was previously known that white wolves existed in the vicinity of the Arctic seas; and it is probable that the loss of colour is effected by the severity of the winter season. A white wolf, and a Polar bear, brought from the Arctic regions by Capt. Ross, are now among the curiosities in the British Museum.

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## THE FIRST OF MAY.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

MILTON.

The first of May was dedicated by the Romans to one of the most pleasing and splendid festal rites. The houses were decked with garlands of flowers, and the day was devoted to pleasure; the principal inhabitants going to Ostia, a pleasant town about sixteen miles from the capitol, in order to spend the time in greater festivity.

Some are of opinion, that the customs formerly observed in England on the first of May, have rather been borrowed from our Gothic ancestors than from the Romans; whether this may have been the case or not they were certainly observed with equal spirit. Shakspeare says, that it was impossible to make the people sleep on May-morning, and this eagerness "To do observance to a morn of May," was not confined to any particular rank in society, but royal and noble personages, as well as the vulgar, went out a "Maying" early in the morning of the first of May. Chaucer says, on that day "fourth goth all the court, both most and lest, to fetche the flouris fresh and braunch and blome;" and Stowe states, that "in the moneth of May, the citizens of London of all estates, in every parish, or sometime two or three parishes adjoining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage plays, and bonfires in the streets."

King Henry the Eighth and Queen Katherine partook of this diversion, and rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground at Shooter's Hill, accompanied with many lords and ladies. Here they were received by a company of 200 tall yeomen all clothed in green, with green hoods and bows and arrows. One of them personating Robin Hood, as captain of the band, requested the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot; to which his Majesty agreeing, Robin Hood whistled, and all the two hundred discharged their arrows at once, which they repeated on his whistling again. Their arrows had something placed in the heads of them which made them whistle as they flew, and altogether made a loud and uncommon noise.

About two years after this, an event happened which turned this day of rejoicing into one of sorrow, and led for a time to the entire suppression in London of the May games. The citizens taking offence at the encouragement

granted to foreigners, a priest named Bell was persuaded to preach against them at the Spital church, and in a very inflaming sermon, he invited the people to oppose the settlement of all strangers among them. Suddenly a rumour arose that on May-day all the foreigners in London would be assassinated, and many of them sought their safety in flight. The circumstance coming to the knowledge of the King and council, Cardinal Wolsey sent for the Lord Mayor and several of the city council, and exhorted them in strong terms to use measures for the preservation of the peace. A court of common council was accordingly assembled at Guildhall, the evening before May-day, in which it was resolved to order every man to shut up his doors, and keep his servants at home during the day. The order was communicated by each alderman to the inhabitants of his ward; but when May-morning came, it was found to have met with only a partial observance. As one of the aldermen was passing up Cheapside, he observed two young men at play, and many others looking at them: he seized the youths, in order to send them to the Compter, but they were soon rescued, and the cry raised of "Prentices! Prentices! Clubs! Clubs!" A great crowd instantly assembled; the mayor and sheriffs made proclamation for their dispersion in the King's name, but to no purpose; instead of obeying it, they broke open the houses of a number of foreigners, particularly Frenchmen, and continued plundering them till three next morning. As the multitude began then to scatter to their houses, the mayor and his attendants picked up about 400 of the stragglers, and committed them to the several prisons. While the riot lasted, the lieutenant of the Tower fired several large pieces of ordnance into the city, but it is said without doing much mischief.

On the 4th of May a special commission was opened at Guildhall for the trial of the prisoners; and to protect the proceedings from any interference on the part of the populace, the Duke of Norfolk brought into the city a body of 1300 men. On the 5th, thirteen persons were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and on the 7th, several more were condemned to suffer the same fate. For the execution of the criminals ten gallowses were erected in different parts of the city, and raised upon wheels, in order that they might be moved from street to street, and from door to door, the better to impress the whole population with the salutary terrors of the law. The dread day of punishment arrived; one man was executed at Cheapside, and the rest were about to be turned off, when, to the great joy of many a weeping family, and of the populace at large, a respite arrived from his Majesty, and the criminals were remanded to prison.

It was now resolved that the Lord Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen should wait upon the King, and solicit his forgiveness for the city. They went accordingly to his palace, at Greenwich, all clothed in deep mourning, but were allowed to wait a long time at the privy chamber door before his Majesty would deign to give them audience.

A trial of pride still severer awaited the corporation. The king and court seemed resolved to make them undergo the most abject humiliation before restoring them to favour. On the 22nd of May, the king held a court at Westminster Hall; he sat at the upper end under a cloth of state, surrounded by a great many nobles, knights, and gentlemen. Cardinal Wolsey announced to his Majesty, that the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council of the city of London were in waiting, and desired to lay themselves at his Majesty's feet. The deputation were then introduced by the lower end of the hall, and as they advanced, presented a truly melancholy spectacle. The chief magistrate, and other dignitaries of the city, were clothed in mourning gowns; they were followed by the whole of the prisoners, amounting to about four hundred, stripped to their shirts, bound together with cords, and with halters to their necks; and to add to the wretchedness of the latter part of the scene, eleven women were beheld among the number of the condemned. The whole falling on their knees, the recorder repeated the supplication which the corporation had before submitted to his Majesty. Cardinal Wolsey made answer in the name of the king. After severely rebuking the lord mayor, aldermen, and commonalty, for their neglect of duty, he told the prisoners, that for their offences against the laws of the realm, and against his Majesty's crown and dignity, they richly merited death. At this, they all set up a cry of "Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!" The king seemed moved; the nobles interceded; and at last, yielding to the sentiment of compassion, which the spectacle before him

was so deeply calculated to excite, Henry pronounced aloud his forgiveness of the city, and the pardon of the criminals, who being immediately released from their bonds, threw up their halters in the air, crying "God save the King."

After this disgraceful affair, the May-games fell into some disrepute; but as time deprived the recollection of it of its bitterness, they were gradually revived, till in the reign of James the First, there was scarcely a village in the kingdom but had its appropriated games and dances.

In 1664, the long parliament issued an ordinance against Maypoles, and they were all taken down. At the Restoration, they were permitted to be erected again; but the Puritans had by that time shorn the May-game of its principal glories.

Strutt mentions another custom observed on this day, which was kept up even in his time; that of the milk-maids dressing themselves very gaily, and borrowing abundance of silver plate, whereof they made a pyramid, which they adorned with ribbons and flowers, and carried it upon their heads, instead of their common pails. They were accompanied by some of their fellow milk-maids, and with a bagpipe or fiddle, they went from door to door, and danced before the houses of their customers.

All the ancient May-day customs are entirely in disuse in London; and the only substitute is the ludicrous caperings of the chimney-sweepers, some of whom are fantastically dressed in girls' clothes, their faces are smeared with brick-dust, by way of paint, and their dress embroidered with gilt paper in profusion.

In the county of Durham, the first of May is still a festival, when the May-pole is erected, and decorated with flowers; a prize being given to the person who will climb up, and fix a garland on its summit. The village girls with their heads, and several parts of their dress, ornamented with wild flowers, and the young men with garlands in their hats, dance round the May-pole until dark, when they adjourn to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, or farmer, who has provided a supper on the occasion, and the evening is passed in singing, dancing, and other festive amusements.

In Huntingdonshire, the children in the villages display garlands on the first of May. To a horizontal hoop, two semi-hoops are affixed verticular, at right angles, forming a sort of crown, and to these are affixed flowers, ribbons, handkerchiefs, necklaces, silver spoons, and whatever finery can be procured; this is suspended at a considerable height above the road, by a rope extending across from house to house, or from chimney to chimney; while the children attempt to throw their balls over it, from side to side, singing, and some begging halfpence from passengers. The money thus collected is afterwards spent in tea drinking, with cakes.

There is a singular species of festivity at Padstow, in Cornwall, on the 1st of May, which is called the Hobby-horse, from canvass being extended with hoops, and painted, to resemble a horse. Being carried through the street, men, women, and children flock round it, when they proceed to a place called *Traitor Pool*, about a quarter of a mile distant, in which the hobby-horse is always supposed to drink; when the head being dipped into the water, is instantly taken up, and the mud and water are sprinkled on the spectators, to the no small diversion of the whole party.

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## THE MONTH OF MAY.

May, the fifth month in the year, reckoning from our first, January; and the third, counting the year to begin with March, as the Romans anciently did, was called *Maius* by Romulus, in respect to the senators and nobles of his city, who were named *Majores*, as the following month was called *Junius* in honour of the youth of Rome, *in honorem juniorum*, who served him in the war; though some will have it to have been thus called from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, to whom they offered sacrifice on the first day of it. In this month the sun enters Gemini, and the plants of the earth in general begin to flower. The vulgar have a great opinion of the virtues of May-dew and May-butter. This month has ever been esteemed favourable to love; and yet the ancients, as well as many of the moderns, look upon it as an unhappy month for marriage. The original reason may perhaps be referred to the feast of the Lemures, which was held in it. Arthur Aikin says, "in this month the trees put on all their verdure; the hedges are rich in fragrance from the snowy blossoms of the hawthorn; and the orchards display their highest beauty in the delicate

bloom of the apple blossoms:" and Thomson calls May—

"One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms."

This month is drawn with a sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils, hawthorns, and blue bottles. Milton celebrates it, as does Shakspeare, when he says—

"On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever *May*,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air."

Numerous are the proverbs and similies May supplies: "Maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives."—"Look at your corn in *May*, and you'll come weeping away: look at the same in June, and you'll come home in another tune."—"A swarm of bees in *May* is worth a load of hay:" but "a swarm in July is not worth a fly."—"*May*, come she early, or come she late, she'll make the cow to quake."—And "A hot *May* makes a fat churchyard." P. T. W.

## MR. HAYTER ON CRAYON PAINTING.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—Anxious to communicate some information to crayon painters which I *know* to be of great advantage to the art as well as to the artist, I wish you to give it publicity by inserting it in the Mirror.

The late Mr. Russell, in his excellent "Essay on Crayon Painting," makes some objection to vellum as a surface or ground to use crayons on, owing, I believe, to its being *animal substance*. I do not recollect that he mentions whether *he* had ever used vellum; but if he did, and painted on the *prepared* side, that is, the side adapted for writing on, he must have found it very ill-adapted for the reception of crayons, because the *right* side of vellum will not *retain* the paint.

I have used crayons above 40 years, and am qualified, by experimental proofs, to affirm, "that good drawing vellum, when painted on with *good crayons*, is the very best ground that I know of, and I have tried many; and the colours are no otherwise changeable than what is the natural property of the material, and to which they are equally liable when used with water."

*The back, or least prepared side of the skin*, has a velvet-like nap, which receives and retains, *very permanently*, as full a body of crayon as any picture can require, as generally hitherto known by the name of "*drawing vellum;*" and it is to such I give the above commendation. But still, bearing in mind the authority of Mr. Russell's remark, I was desirous of removing his objection without relinquishing my favourite *crayon ground*, which led me to consider that vellum, *for pictures*, was liable to no wear, after being safe on the straining-frame. This thought induced me to inquire of a vellum-maker about the practicability of my proposal, which was, *to extract the animal moisture in the greatest possible degree, so as to leave the vellum as calcareous as possible*. This I *have found* may be done PERFECTLY; and it has not only divested vellum of the only objection that the best crayon painter we have ever had had made to it, but has greatly improved its RETAINING quality, the pores of the skin being deepened or increased, affording a most perfect receptacle for the crayon material; and yet the general surface is preserved so smooth, that when the vellum is *properly* filled with the paint, nothing can appear more pleasing, as to texture—insomuch, that many (some of whom were considerable artists) have doubted my having used the crayons dry; and *they*, as well as others, have taken them for smoothly finished water-colour pictures. I may be thought too partial to *crayons*, when saying I think them capable *(in proper hands)* of producing every effect that paint can produce; and as for their durability, I know of nothing that has been declared wanting but an *unchangeable surface* to lay them on, and which would also RETAIN them. This the *improved vellum* will do completely; and, indeed, it insists on a *thorough filling or body of paint before that finished smoothness can be attained* which is so pleasing in every picture that is liable to close inspection, if good in regard to the other *requisites* of a picture.

This discovery, or improvement, renders the endeavour after a method of "*fixing crayons*" as unnecessary as (I have ever thought it) futile, and leaves the picture to its only genuine "*fixing*"—a good plate-glass securely pasted over it to keep it from dust, and, like all other paintings, it should be kept dry.

I do not advance this information to give crayons any undue preference to other modes of painting, but to set

crayon painting in that point of consideration which it will be found entitled to, if proper use be made of these suggestions. The necessity of my using crayons in preference to oil paint, certainly did arise from a fit of illness, which may render any arguments I might advance less weighty than if they rested solely on scientific conclusions; yet I should be ungrateful to the chief of my worldly means of life, were I not to mention what I have proved to be favourable to the practice of crayon painting.

Crayons emit no offensive smell. If the colours of which they are composed are good, and properly refined, according to their substances, by grinding, calcination, or precipitation, and embodied into pastiles with the usual liquids best adapted to their various properties, they are no more liable to change their colours than in their original state. *Thus prepared*, they are used *without mixing with any liquid whatever*. Can colours become a picture more purely than by these simple means?

There is in some very interesting aspects of picturesque subjects, a certain clear, cool freshness, wherein blues, greens, and purples owe no connections with yellowness, red, nor brown, such effects crayon must be fully competent to; so are water-colours; but the very light parts of a water-colour picture being but a thin tincture, must be liable to evaporation or fading in a greater degree than *crayons;* for in crayons, the lights as well as shades are produced by an equal body or quantity of the material. Indeed crayon painting is most successfully effected by painting the darkest parts with *as little of the material* as will answer the purpose, while the lighter parts should be as full of crayon as the ground painted on will hold.

I might advance much more in favour of crayons; but I have no other intention than that of publishing the advantage I have found by getting VELLUM PROPERLY PREPARED, that those who know not how to use oil-paints, or, like myself, cannot endure the smell of the vehicles with which they must be used, might still enjoy the felicity of painting.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HAYTER.

24, Buckingham-place,
Fitzroy-square.

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## MEDICAL QUACKERY.

(*Resumed from page* 395.)

PLANET-STRUCK DOCTORS—MEDICAL SUPPERS—ELECTRICIANS—PNEUMATIC CHEMISTS.

The planet-struck doctors (for they have in a few instances assumed the title of M. D) soar above my comprehension, and as I have no ambition to build my *chateau in nubibus*, I shall leave them to take their flights of fancy as they please, giving them free liberty to take all such patients as choose these *aerial* excursions for the benefit of their health, to whom I say, *bon voyage*. From these, for whom a certain large building, lately removed from Moorfields to St. George's-fields, would be a proper receptacle—I come to others who are more in the substantial way, for they think it necessary to give expensive midnight suppers to such of the medical profession as will deign to accept them, in the hope of gaining or increasing what they call their *practice*, whether their *suppers*, their *puffing*, or their *ability* obtains the greater portion of emolument, they best know. An anecdote related to me by a gentleman present at *one* of these entertainments, shows they do not always answer the purpose, at least in the manner one of the masters of the feast conducted himself, for he was jumping up, drawing corks, &c. as if he had been in *practice* as a butler all his life, and pressing his guests to eat or drink of this or that, assuring them they never tasted any thing like it in their lives. A physician who had been invited, finding himself annoyed by such *ill-bred liberality*, turned on one side, and said, "d—n the fellow, does he suppose I never ate any thing good 'till I came here?" A third set of these "*practitioners*" are mathematical instrument-makers, who having learned to construct electrical apparatus, wish to make the public believe they know not only how to direct the power of this subtile agent, but also that they have become perfect *adepts* in medicine; this description of men having no idea of honourable professional feeling, not only presume to force *their* medical advice on persons sent to them by surgeons and physicians for *electricity* alone, but have been known to persuade patients, under various pretences, to take medicine, which, from the ignorance of the prescriber, has often proved seriously injurious.

Being, as you know, very partial to scientific pursuits, I hesitated much be-

fore I gave up my intentions of embarking in this line of the profession: not that I had any idea of becoming a star-gazer, nor should I descend to the level of the *ci-devant* mechanic, but the certain expense I should incur to counteract the puffs and advertisements of others, joined to the entertainments I must give, to put myself on a par with some of these gentlemen, induced me to examine my pecuniary resources, and I was obliged to decline the contest. If, indeed, the arch enemy of mankind did at the present day lend money upon simple bond, as we are told in the legends of olden time, he used to do, a fellow might be tempted to borrow of him; but since lawyers have become so numerous that every chandler's shopkeeper has his *solicitor*, and the "*glorious uncertainty of the law*" so great, I presume his cloven-footed majesty has abandoned his trade of usurer, probably he is *afraid* some of these *clever* fellows will find a flaw in his title.

I was then advised to become a *pneumatic chemist*, alias a *dealer in gases*, which are *said* to be a cure for *all* disorders incident to human nature; but probably the various accidents that have occurred with the *carburetted hydrogen*, or common coal gas, has operated upon the minds of the vulgar, who are not aware that there are many kinds of gas, and are afraid to give trial to such an apparently formidable remedy, lest it should explode within them, like the rockets, *à-la-Congreve*, lately tried in the whale fishery; or the system is too scientific to be understood by the popular world, or some other cause has operated to cause such a considerable reduction in the consumption of this aerial medicine, that the principal dealer, who used to send out his bottles *filled* with *air*, has now *descended* to a level with other *tradesmen*, and fills his bottles with the more *solid* article, *soda water*, of which he has become an *eminent* manufacturer.

I was once present when a merchant from the city, who had risen to affluence by industry, was inhaling *oxygen gas*, which was ordered either to amuse, or as an experiment; the cit being a *rich* man, was attended by his physician, who kept his finger on his patient's pulse, to note the effect, as oxygen increases the arterial action: the merchant who had of late been more accustomed to swallowing *Port*, endeavoured to force the gas, by giving a large gulp, as Lady Teazle says, into the stomach; the effort was ludicrous, but his observation still more so, for turning to his medical attendant, he observed, "this does not taste full in the mouth;" from this remark, and his manner, I was convinced the patient thought that he was the subject of some imposition, and after explaining to him the nature, and intended effect of the remedy, I opened a bottle of oxygen gas, and introduced a piece of paper, on which remained only a single spark: the instant renewal of brilliant flame astonished him, but observing the small quantity of water which is generally left in the bottles, in order, when they are turned down, to prevent the gas from evaporating, he very *sagaciously* remarked "that is very curious indeed, sir! but if you was to touch the *real gash* at the bottom there (*pointing to the water*) what would it do then?"

Upon another occasion I examined the purity of the oxygen gas, which a patient was inhaling, and for which he paid SIX SHILLINGS a dozen bottles; but I found it nothing more than common air; perhaps his ignorance of the proper test for this gas had subjected him to the imposition.

I also went one night to a lecture in **** ******, where, from the advertisements, the public were led to expect that they would see a man leap many feet high who never leaped before, and another sing the song of the Wolf in great style, although naturally he had no voice; all which was to be effected by the influence of the nitrous oxide, or laughing gas. I was rather unfortunate, for neither the *volligeur* nor the *vocalist* seemed to have a *sufficient dose* to produce the necessary excitement, and from the look of their eyes, countenance, and manner, I felt convinced they were confederates or hirelings, and that the air they inhaled was only common air; for the effect of this singular gas is too well marked to allow any person acquainted with it to be deceived.

It is to be regretted that some *scientific medical man* of *character* does not take up this subject, because in affections of the lungs it is the only *topical* application, and much relief might be afforded in many affections by increasing or diminishing the energy of this vital organ of existence, which certainly can be effected by a judicious exhibition of these aerial fluids.

As I am not however sufficiently strong in pocket to stem the torrent of ignorance, or of prejudice amongst the profession, excited, perhaps justly,

by the *quackery* of men who would injure *any cause* they espoused, I determined to have nothing to do with the sale of gas. I must confess personal considerations crept a little into my cogitations, "*For says I to myself, says I,*" if I become a dealer in gas, people knowing my person merely, and not remembering my name, might say "here comes," or "there goes the gas-man," and I might absolutely experience the pugnacious prowess of some rough countryman, who probably would suppose he gained unfading laurels by *milling* the famous *boxer* the *Gasman* (then alive); so Prudence whispered that I should let pneumatic medicine "*melt into thin air,*" *and,* "*like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.*"

By a card which I saw at a patient's house, I found there was a person who styled himself an *arthritist*, and I confess I was desirous to see what kind of a compeer I should be likely to have, if I adopted as a branch of practice diseases of the joints; I accordingly took some trouble to obtain an interview with him, and found a poor, decrepid, visionary, and ignorant old man, too besotted with his own wild reveries to be reasoned out of them, if any one had been inclined to trouble himself with such an Herculean task, I therefore left him, advising the *doctor* to cure himself, for I have seldom seen more diseased joints than his. There are some I learn in London who are getting large annual incomes, by applying friction, in the English manner, to distorted or contracted limbs: at Oxford it was also practised very extensively; and at Brighton there is a *man* and his *wife* who profess to *Shampoo*, according to the *Indian manner;* all this is very well, and in some instances useful, but it unfortunately and too frequently occurs, that persons who profess some of these peculiar arts, endeavour to prove *too much;* for they either deceive themselves, or, what is worse, deceive their patients, by promising them a cure in every instance which presents itself; and I have even heard of a person who assured a gentleman labouring under *anchylosis**, which is well known to be irremediable, that he would certainly be cured; the operator received 250 guineas!! but his patient was no better, and on the *professor* being publicly reproached with it in a medical society, he offered to return the money sooner than have the affair discussed; if I am rightly informed he was expelled the society in consequence; I am not acquainted however whether the money was refunded: but I would ask how many persons have paid large sums under a promise of cure, and have lost both their money and their time? The above *offer* of a return of money, although it was almost compulsory, is little better than the conduct of a black fellow, who *professed* and *promised* to cure a gentleman of the gout: *Mungo* received I believe 160 guineas, but the credulous dupe of a patient received—*no benefit; blacky* was not satisfied, but demanded 40 guineas more, and commenced an action to recover it, probably hoping to intimidate; in this he failed, and the *impudent Negro* was content to put up with his loss sooner than bring the subject before a jury.

*(To be continued.)*

* A stiffened and immoveable joint.

## PETER PINDARICS;
### OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.
### No. VII.

### THE QUICK RETORT.

As two men of Oxford were walking together,
With their mouths full of jokes, and their hearts light as feather,
A paper by chance on a window was set,
And inscribed thereupon "This house to be let."

They rapp'd at the door, and out came the maid,
Who, seeing two gownsmen, felt rather afraid:
"Are you to be let with this house, pray?" cried one;
"No, sir (she replied) *I'm* to be *let alone.*"

### ENGLISH AND IRISH TAKINGS.

A wag once asked an English clown,
What he would take to stand,
Stripped, on the steeple of the town,
With weights tied to each hand.

The clown a consultation held;
Thinks he, I may fall down:
Silver at length his fears repell'd,
He said—"he'd take a crown."

The same wag asked an Irish clown,
What he would take to stand,
Stripped, on the steeple of the town,
With weights tied to each hand.

Paddy reflected for a minute,
His eyes with caution rolled;
Then simply cried—"the devil's in it,
Why sure I'll take a cold."

# The Esquimaux Indians.

The Esquimaux Indians, of whom the above engravings are correct portraits, are now exhibiting in Piccadilly. The distinguished patronage they enjoy, and the important place they hold among the fashionable exhibitions of the metropolis, will be a sufficient apology for our notice, which we hope will prove aeceptable to our readers.

It is only within a few years that the discovery has been made of these singular and interesting people, the inhabitants of the Arctic Regions, who appear to be in a perfect state of nature, and subject to all the privations which can well be imagined. When we contemplate the situation of their country, which presents nothing but an unvaried scene of ice and snow, that has probably been accumulating since the creation, it is almost incredible that beings in the human form can exist in the winter season, which is very long. But the Esquimaux dwell in caves under ground, and do not seem sensible of their desolate existence; in the summer season they have no regular place, but with their families, sledges and dogs (which are the only beast of draught they make use of), pursue one unlimited course of hunting and fishing. They are generally obliged to eat their food, consisting of seal and rein-deer, in its raw state. Their canoes are very light and formed of seal skin upon a small wooden frame, neatly and securely fastened together with the sinews of the rein-deer; their huts and clothing are formed of the seal skin, and their bedding of the rein-deer skin. The implements used by them are skilfully constructed, and their expertness in throwing their darts is surprising.

The two individuals, with whose portraits we present our readers, are named Niakungitok and Coonahnik, and are man and wife. They were brought to England by Capt. Hadlock, who exhibited them in America for some time. They have been most successfully taught to read and write, and display an intellect and capacity that are really astonishing; and whenever they return to their own country they will be useful members of society, and may be instrumental in rendering great benefit to their fellow creatures. They are perfectly harmless, inoffensive, and of cheerful tempers, and differ very much from the general disposition of Indians. Capt. Franklin's Narrative, relative to his discoveries in the regions the Esquimaux inhabit, has been already read with admiration and delight;

and such is the curiosity excited by it, that from 500 to 700 persons have since visited the Indians, as they are in some degree illustrative of the work, and every one seems anxious to view the natives of a country which has given rise to so many expeditions, and with which we are still so imperfectly acquainted. Should the brave and enterprising Capt. Parry, however, succeed in the finding a North West passage, his success will form a very important feature in the annals of discovery; and add a fresh laurel to the many already acquired by our gallant and hardy countrymen.

Some idea may be formed of the frightful regions the Esquimaux inhabit, and of the hardships our brave countrymen must have endured, from the following account of the snow houses of the Esquimaux, where Capt. Franklin wintered, &c. which is taken from his "Narrative," just published:—

"The winter habitations of the Esquimaux, who visit Churchill, are built of snow, and, judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river, where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two feet deep, being the thickness of the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature, corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other exactly like courses of hewn stone around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards, by which contrivance the building acquired the properties of a dome. The dome was closed somewhat suddenly and flatly by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge-form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut up by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation.—When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it, to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with the knife. A bed-place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of pine branches, to prevent them from melting by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp upon, and, lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window.

"The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building, and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple, reared by Phidias; both are triumphs of art, inimitable in their kinds."

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

The City of London has produced no name more likely to last through all time, than that of Sir Richard Whittington. His rise in life forms the subject of a nursery tale, so instructively pleasing, that nurseries and story-telling must cease to exist, and every corner of Old England be divided into rational parallelograms, before we can expect to find a person, grown to the years of maturity, who has not heard of "Whittington and his cat," and, at one time, believed every thing he has been told of their wondrous adventures. It is not, however, on nursery authority alone, that the boy rests his admiration of this prodigy of good fortune; for who, that on a holiday ramble has sauntered to Highgate Hill, has not seen at the bottom of it the identical stone on which Whittington, after running away from his master, sat ruminating on his fate till he heard Bow bells ringing this prophetic peal in his ears:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

The stone, it is true, seems not very old; but it has the words "WHITTINGTON'S STONE" inscribed on it in large

letters, and can juvenile credulity require more?

The story of Whittington and his cat is not, after all, so remote from possibility as might be imagined. Mr. Southey, in his History of the Brazils, relates, that "the first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyuba, sold for a pound (pound weight) of gold. There was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they (the cats) were purchased as a speculation, which proved *an excellent one.* Their first kittens produced thirty *oitavas* each; the next generation were worth twenty; and the price gradually fell as the inhabitants were stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures." In the east, also, according to a Persian MS. quoted by Sir William Gore Ouseley, there is an island, which derived its name from a circumstance of the same kind.—In the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow of Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, a cat; there he fortunately arrived, at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island, which, from him, has been denominated Keis, or, according to the Persians, Keish." Mr. Collet, an intelligent collector of RELICS, asserts, without hesitation, that the story of Whittington and his Cat is "borrowed" from this tale of the east; but to adopt this inference would be to admit, that mere resemblance constitutes community of fiction. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that there may have been a plague of rats, and that cats may have been worth their weight in gold, more than once since the world began.

Although it is just possible, therefore, that the story of Whittington and his Cat, as it exists in nursery records, may have had some foundation in fact, there are few who will not be desirous of a more probable explanation of his extraordinary rise in life. Foote, in his comedy of "the Nabob," makes Sir Mathew Mite offer to the Society of Antiquaries a suggestion on the subject, which is not without ingenuity, whatever degree of truth it may possess.—"The commerce," says Sir Mathew, "which this worthy merchant carried on was chiefly confined to our coasts; for this purpose he constructed a vessel, which from its agility and lightness he aptly christened *a cat.* Nay, to this day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but *cats;* from hence it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing rat, but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat—that, gentlemen, was Whittington's cat."

We have the authority of Shakspeare for believing, that "the squandering glances of the fool" may often light upon facts that have escaped the penetration of wiser men. Although thrown out at random, this conjecture of Foote's happens to derive strong confirmation from some remarkable facts in the life of Whittington, and of the period in which he lived. It was necessary for a foundation to the fable, that the boy Whittington should be destitute and poor; but that this picture of his youth is wholly ideal, there is the strongest presumptive evidence. In the ordinances of the college which he founded, and which goes by his name, he is stated to have been the son of *Sir William Whittington, Knight.* It would appear, that there was a connection between this Sir William and the Lords of Whittington, in Derbyshire, but it must have been through some younger branch of the family; for we read, that in 1083 the lordship of Whittington passed into the possession of Guarine de Metz, who had won by his superior prowess the hand of Mollet, or Molde, the sole daughter and heiress of the Lord of Whittington, at a tournament held for the purpose of thus bestowing the lady, at Peveril's Place, or Castle, in the Peak. The posterity of Guarine and Molde assumed the name of Fitzwarren; and there is reason to believe, that it was into this family Sir Richard, the hero of the fable, married, for his wife is stated to have been an Alice Fitzwarren, the daughter of "Hugh Fitzwarren and Dame Molde his wife." When Sir Richard grew up in life, he is said to have been of the *Mercer's* company; but, like many others who have belonged to it, he was not a mercer, but a merchant. In the inscription to his memory in St. Michael's church, he is styled "Flos Mercatorum,"—"The Flower of Merchants." What the branch of merchandize was in which he engaged, is the point on which conjecture is to decide.

While Whittington was yet a boy,

the burning of coal was considered such a public nuisance, that it was prohibited by an act of Parliament, under pain of death; but it is singular enough, that by the time he had been "thrice Lord Mayor of London," (1419) and although there is no trace of any repeal, in the interim, of the prohibitory statute, the importation of coal formed a considerable branch of the commerce of the Thames. "As early as 1421," says Mr. Brand, in his History of Newcastle, "it appears to be a trade of great importance, and that a duty of two-pence per chaldron had been imposed upon it for some time." To account for the trade having made such progress, while a statute against it remained unrepealed, and of such rigorous operation, that, according to a record in the Tower, a person was once actually executed for offending against it (Sir Everard Home's Dissertations) we must suppose, that the crown had exercised that dispensing power, which it assumed in the earlier periods of our history, and had permitted to the lieges generally the importation of the forbidden commodity; or, what is more probable, because more consistent with the court practices of those days, granted to some favoured individual a license to make his fortune, by infringing the law. It would be making a bold leap to a conclusion to say, that Sir Richard Whittington was the individual on whom this privilege was conferred; and yet the supposition is countenanced by a very strong declaration in the foundation charter of Whittington's college. The members of it are directed to remember in their prayers "Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, *special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington;*" showing distinctly, that it was to some special privilege or favour conferred on him by these princes, that he was indebted for his rise in life.

It is farther extremely worthy of observation, that from the first opening of the coal trade in England, and for ages after, it had a reputation for making fortunes, only exceeded by that of the mines of Golconda and Peru. Even as late as 1649, when Grey wrote his Chorographia of the Coal Trade, it could still excite the most splendid hopes. "Some south Gentlemen," says Grey, "have, upon great hope of benefit, come into this country to hazard their monies in coal-pits. Master Beaumont, a gentleman of great ingenuity and rare parts, adventured into our mines with his 30,000*l*. But within a few years, he consumed all his money, and rode home upon his light horse."

Many circumstances thus combine to heighten the probability, that Sir Richard Whittington, who flourished at the same time with the commencement of this trade, was one of those who made a fortune by it; and that it was, as Sir Matthew says, "the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying *cat*," that was the real instrument of his aggrandizement. It had only to become a by-word, that by *a cat and a king* he had made his fortune; and popular invention would soon supply all the other lineaments of the story.

In the print of Whittington by Elstrucke, he is represented with a grimalkin by his side; but Granger, our best historian of portraits, says, that it was substituted for a skull, which originally occupied its place, as the common people did not choose to purchase the print without their favourite traditional emblem.

In whatever channel of commerce Sir Richard acquired his wealth, it is certain that he employed it in a very noble manner. We have seen how unbounded was his gratitude to the crown for the favours he had received from it, by the gift which he made to Henry the Fifth, of a sum equal to, at least, half a million of our present money. "Never before," said Whittington, "had subject such a king;" and well did Henry reply, "nor king such a subject." But it was not on the court alone that he lavished his treasures. Sir Richard was a liberal benefactor to the city, over which he had so often the honour to preside. At his own expense he built the chapel of Guildhall, and the library of Christ's Hospital; made large additions to the Guildhall and St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and left funds to his executors for entirely rebuilding the prison of Newgate, which was previously in a most ruinous and miserable condition. He, besides, annexed to the church of St. Michael's a college of priests, called after his name, with an alms-house for thirteen poor persons; and to use the words of his executors, in the ordinances of the college, "while he lived had ryghte liberal and large hands to the needy and poor."

If ever mortal remains deserved to "rest in peace," those of Sir Richard Whittington demanded this tribute of respect from posterity; yet, strange to say, they have been more, perhaps,

than those of most men, the sport of rude and unhallowed hands. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, the Minister of St. Michael's church, to which he had been so liberal a benefactor, in the base hope of finding some riches interred with the corpse, caused the tomb to be broken open; and when disappointed of his golden visions, rather than come away with nothing, he despoiled the body of its leaden covering. In the succeeding reign, the parishioners resolved to restore it; and again were the remains of this eminent man disturbed, in order to be re-clothed in that vesture, of which the previous indignity had deprived them.—*Percy Histories, London.*

## Miscellanies.

### ORGAN AT HAERLEM.

The organ in the cathedral church of Haerlem, in Holland, is reckoned to be the first in the world. It contains eight thousand pipes, some of which are thirty-eight feet long and sixteen inches in diameter, and has sixty-four stops and twelve bellows. The notes of this wonderful instrument can swell from the softest to the sublimest sounds, from the warbling of the distant bird to the awful tone of thunder, until the massy building trembles in all the aisles; it has a stop called the *vox humana*, which most admirably imitates the human voice. Handel, passing through Haerlem, could not of course resist the sight of the far-famed organ: he procured the keys, &c. and amusing himself some time, at last got into one of his rhapsodies, and rolled along the deep and thundering notes till the very steeple shook: a man passing by entered the church, but was so alarmed at the tremendous noise of the instrument and the shaking of the church, that he ran all round the city, and swore the devil had got into the organ.

### CHARLES II. AND A SAILOR.

In the reign of Charles II. a sailor who had been robbed of his pay in Wapping, determined to be revenged on the first person he met with. Next day overtaking a gentleman in Stepney Fields, to whom he related his mishaps, he insisted on having his loss made good. The gentleman for some time expostulated with him on the atrocity of such behaviour, but to no purpose; the tar was resolute, and the gentleman dreading the consequences, delivered his purse; but soon after had the sailor taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence Jack sent a shipmate with the following epistle to the King:—

"King Charles,

"One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another of the same sum, who has inhumanly sent me to Newgate, and swears I shall be hanged; therefore for thy own sake save my life, or thou wilt lose one of the best seamen in thy navy.

"Thine,

"JACK SKIFTON."

His Majesty on the receipt of the letter, immediately wrote as follows:—

"Jack Skifton,

"For this time, I'll save thee from the gallows; but if, hereafter, thou art guilty of the like, I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy. Thine,

"CHARLES REX."

### SHENSTONE.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (whose real name was Wilmot), when a person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money," says he, "is not worth struggling for. You cannot be poorer than I am; therefore, unhappy man, take it (throwing him his purse), and fly as quickly as possible." The man did so; he threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the footboy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In a short time the boy returned, and informed his master that he followed the man to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty:" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone inquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, who was reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, when the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone not only forgave him, but gave him employment as long as he lived.

## ON BAKERS AND BREAD.

The learned are in great doubt about the time when baking first became a particular profession, and bakers were introduced. It is generally agreed that they had their rise in the East, and passed from Greece to Italy after the war with Pyrrhus, about the year of Rome 583; till which time every housewife was her own baker; for the word *pistor*, which we find in Roman authors before that time, signified a person who ground or pounded the grain in a mill or mortar to prepare it for bakers, as Varro observes. According to Athenæus, the Cappadocians were the most applauded bakers, after them the Lydians, then the Phœnicians. To the foreign bakers brought into Rome, were added a number of freedmen who were incorporated into a body, or, as they called it, a *college*; from which neither they nor their children were allowed to withdraw. They held their effects in common and could not dispose of any part of them. Each bakehouse had a *patronus*, who had the superintendancy thereof; and these *patroni* elected one out of their number every year, who had the superintendance over the rest, and the care of the college. Out of the body of the bakers, every now and then, one was admitted among the senators. To preserve honour and honesty in the college of bakers, they were expressly prohibited all alliance with comedians and gladiators,* each had his shop or bakehouse, and they were distributed into fourteen regions of the city. They were excused from guardianships and other offices, which might divert them from their employment. By our own statutes bakers are declared not to be handicrafts. No man, for using the mysteries or sciences of baking, brewing, surveying, or writing, shall be interpreted a handicraft. 22 H. VIII. cap. 13. The bakers of London make the 19th company, and were incorporated in the year 1307.

The art of making bread was not known at Rome until A. U. C. 580. Before this time the Romans prepared their flour into a kind of pap, or soft pudding, for which reason Pliny calls them eaters of pap. Among the ancients we find various kinds of bread, such as *panis silligineus*, *panis secundus*, *autopyrus*, *cacabaceus*, &c. The French have great varieties of bread; as queen's bread, alamode bread, bread de Segovie, de Gentilley, quality bread, &c. all prepared in peculiar ways by the bakers at Paris. The bread de Gonesse excels all others, on account of the waters at Gonesse, about three leagues from Paris; it is light, and full of eyes,† which are marks of its goodness. *Bonpournichole* or *bonpournickel*, is the name of a very coarse bread eaten in Westphalia, and many other places. It still retains the name once given it by a French traveller, of *bonpournichole*, *good for his horse Nichole*, but is by no means a contemptible kind. It is far from being peculiar to this age or country; it has been known in distant places, and in different ages, and was called by the ancients *panis furfuraceus* or *panis impurus*, from its not being so thoroughly cleansed from the husk or bran as the fine sorts of bread are. The wrestlers of old ate only this sort of bread, to preserve them in their strength of limbs; and we may learn from Pliny, that the Romans for 300 years knew no other bread: and it has been said, that this coarse bread nourishes more, assuages hunger better, and generates humours less subject to corruption than the white. In Iceland bread is made from dried cod, likewise in Lapland, whose country affords no corn, and even among the Crim Tartars. In Upper Lusatia, a sort of white earth is found, of which the poor, urged by the calamities of war, make bread. This earth dug out of a hill where they formerly worked at saltpetre, when warmed by the sun, cracks, and small globules proceed from it like meal, which ferment when mixed with meal. Some persons have lived upon it for some time. It will keep for more than six years. P. T. W.

* How different in modern days. A few years ago we had a celebrated pugilist, a baker by trade, called the Master of the *Rolls*.

† An old proverb says, bread with eyes, and cheese without eyes.

## THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

The leaning tower of Pisa, so deservedly reckoned one of the greatest architectural wonders of modern Europe, has caused the city to be one of the first places that is visited by Tuscan travellers. The town which formerly stood upon the sea coast, was for ages the emporium of riches and commerce; but the sea deserted it, and as the water flowed from its lofty battlements, the merchants and traders of the East retired with it, leaving nothing but the name of its former commercial grandeur,

which the hand of time has not been able to efface. Upon approaching Pisa from Leghorn, the singularity of its first appearance strikes you with a sensation of pleasing novelty, the houses and public buildings seem as if they were but just white-washed, whilst its leaning tower, purely white, is distinctly seen at one end of it, with trees on either side, and the marble mountains of Carrano for the back ground.

Upon entering the city, every thing appears beautiful; what looked white at first still remains so on closer inspection—a novelty that fills with admiration every visitor; but such is the purity of the Italian atmosphere, that the hand of time which so defaces the noblest works of art in this country, there loses its power: in vain do we search for moss-grown walks and crumbling stone. Antiquity still beams forth in the garb of youth! The principal objects of curiosity in Pisa, are the cathedral, the baptistery, the leaning tower, and the Campo Santo, or burial ground; a set of walled cloisters, full of the oldest paintings in Italy. All these buildings are detached—they all stand in a fine open situation—they all look but just built—they are all of marble, and the whole place is extremely clean. The baptistery is a fine doomed building, richly carved, and is used solely for christening in. The cathedral is in the Greek style, of the middle ages, and is said to contain whatever is rich, grand, or masterly, in architecture: its massy pillars of oriental granite give it a pleasant and diversified appearance; yet the leaning tower is considered Pisa's greatest glory: with a mixture of wonder and terror, the beholder views it and instinctively calls out, "It's falling, it falls, it must shortly fall;" yet for ages has it remained, so to more distant time is it calculated to hand down the name of the architect with honour. It was built by William of Inspruck, a German, for the purpose of holding the bells of the cathedral to which it belongs; its height is about 140 feet, and its summit overhangs the perpendicular from the base 14 feet. During the building of the tower, the foundation gave way, from the looseness of the sandy soil on which it is built. Pisa also boasts of a university, with 46 professors, and 80 churches. The city once contained 100,000 inhabitants, but at present there is not above 22,000, so that the grass is seen growing in some of the streets. This city exhibits one of those geological changes which has so often engaged the attention of philosophers, the sea having now retired from it upwards of five miles, leaving nothing but a barren sterile sand.

T. L.

## PURCHASE OF WIVES.

In the Virginia papers lately received, we find some old documents, proving that in the early settlement of that Colony, it was necessary to import from England, young women as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying one of these shipments, and dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the simplicity of the times, and the concern for the welfare of the colony.—It is as follows:—"We send you, in the ship, one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia: there has been especial care had in the choice of them; for there hath not any of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they be put with several householders that have wives, till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our most Honourable Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and contain worthy gentlemen, who taking into consideration, that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil; therefore have given this fair beginning, for the reimbursement of whose charges, it is ordered, that every man that marries them, gives 120lbs. of best leaf tobacco for each of them. Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to the law of nature, yet we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers to them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH

*On the late tyrannical Dey of Algiers, who died of the plague, Mar.* 1, 1818.

Here lies one, who lately died,
Nobody sorrowed, and nobody cried;
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Idleness (says Quarles) is the dead sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

EPIGRAM.

If 'tis to marry when the knot is tied,
Why then they marry who at Tyburn ride;
And if that knot till death is loos'd by none,
Why then to marry and be hang'd's all one.

On the South wall of Streatham Church, is the following singular inscription: "Elizabeth, wife of Major General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did *one* thing to disoblige her husband." She died 1746.

EPITAPH IN RIPON CHURCH-YARD.

Bold infidelity turn pale and dye,
Beneath this stone six infants' ashes lye,
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned because they're here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason, ah, how depraved!
But search the Scriptures sacred page the knot's untyed,
They dyed, for Adam sinned, they live, for Jesus died.

No TRUTH IN THE LAND.—A woman, probably decayed in her intellect, stopped a divine in the street, with this salutation, "There is no truth in the land, Sir! There is no truth in the land!" "Then you don't speak truth, good woman," replied the clergyman; "Oh yes I do," returned she hastily; "Then there is truth in the land," rejoined he as quickly.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. T. W., and Tim T--y--n, in our next. We thank the latter for his hints, which shall be attended to.

A Correspondent reminds us that Monday next is the 259th anniversary of Shakspeare's birth-day; and he expresses a hope, in which we join, that every admirer of his genius will do honour to his immortal memory. We are sorry that the letter of our Correspondent reached us too late for insertion this week.

The article alluded to by "Amator Veritatis" was taken from the Asiatic Journal. Does not the writer, with whose general sentiments we coincide, mistake the word indulgence for absolution?

Our readers are respectfully informed that the First Volume of the MIRROR will be completed in the present month.


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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## Hindoo Jugglers.

The dexterity of the Hindoos, in tumbling, rope-dancing and legerdemain, is so much superior to that of Europeans, that the statements of travellers on the subject were much doubted, until they were brought to exhibit their singular feats in this country.

Nothing is more common in India than to see young girls walking on their heads, with their heels in the air, turning round like a wheel, or walking on the hands and feet with the body bent backwards. Another girl will bend backwards, plunge her head into a hole about eighteen inches deep, full of water and dirt, and bring up between her lips a ring that was buried in the mud. Two women may frequently be seen dancing together on a rope stretched over tressels; the one playing on the *vina* or Hindôo guitar, the other holding two vessels brimfull of water, and capering about without spilling a drop.

A plank is sometimes fixed to the top of a pole twenty-five feet high, which is set upright; a man then climbs up it, springs backward, and seats himself upon the plank. Another mountebank balances himself by the middle of the body on a bamboo pole, fifteen or eighteen feet high. He first sets it upright, and then climbs up it with his legs and arms, as if it was a firmly rooted tree. On reacning the top, he clings to it with his feet and hands, after fixing the centre of the pole in the middle of his sash, and dances, moving about in all directions to the sound of music, without the pole ever losing its equilibrium. He then descends, takes a boy on his shoulders, climbs up the pole again, and stands on the top on one leg.

Sometimes a boy lies across the extremity of the bamboo and holds himself quite stiff for a considerable time. A man lifts up the pole and the boy in that state, and moves them about in all directions without losing the balance.

A still more extraordinary feat is performed by the Hindoo women. One of them will sometimes balance herself in a horizontal position, with her arms extended like a person swimming, on the top of a bamboo pole ninety feet high, fixed in the ground. In a short time she seems to have lost her balance, and falls, to the no small

terror of the spectators; but this is only one of her customary movements; she catches by one foot in a rope fastened to a bar which crosses the middle of the pole, and remains suspended with her head downward.

Broughton, mentioning the exhibition of a set of jugglers, tells us, that he was particularly astonished by the feats of a woman, who rested on her head and feet, with her back towards the earth; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, the blades also inwards, under her neck. She then traversed round in a circle with great rapidity: keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords, whenever her breast chanced to be downward.

A man will balance a sword, having a broad blade, with the point resting on his chin. He will then set a straw upright on his nose or on a small piece of stick, which he holds and keeps moving about with his lips: lastly, he will lay a piece of thin tile on his nose and throw up a small stone, which, falling upon the tile, breaks it in pieces.

The Hindoos balance themselves on the slack rope with uncommon skill, by means of a long stick placed on the end of the nose. Sometimes at the top of this stick is set a large tray, from which walnut shells are suspended by threads. In each of these shells is a stick which reaches to the juggler's upper lip. By the mere motion of his lips he throws up these shells one after another upon the tray without deranging any thing, and continuing to balance himself all the time. During this operation he strings pearls upon a horse-hair by means of his tongue and lips alone, and without any assistance from his hands.

The feats represented in our engraving are three. The first is a juggler playing on the ground with cups and balls. His posture, which seems less favourable for his tricks than that of people of his profession in Europe, is no drawback from his complete success in the deceptions which he practices upon the astonished spectators.

The trick of swallowing a sword two feet long, or rather of thrusting it down the throat into the stomach up to the hilt, as represented in our engraving, has become very familiar in England by the public exhibitions of Ramo Samee and his companions, natives of India. Before the arrival in Europe of these jugglers, whose speculation is said to have been most profitable, attempts had been made, but unsuccessfully, to induce other professors of the art to come to England for the purpose of exhibition.

The Hindoos are not only extremely dextrous themselves, but they have found means to communicate their dexterity to the very brutes. They train bullocks, or buffalos, for instance, to the performance of a very difficult task. A Hindoo lies down upon the ground on his back, and places on the lower part of his stomach a piece of wood cut in the shape represented in the third figure in our engraving. A buffalo at the command of his master sets first one foot and then the other on this piece of wood, and then his two hinder feet in succession, and balances himself upon it. But this is not all; the master of the buffalo places a second pedestal by the side of the first; the animal steps upon it in like manner, and when he has placed all four feet on this moveable column, he balances himself upon it with wonderful dexterity. Goats are also taught to perform the trick, in which we know not whether most to admire the patience or the docility of the animal.

## BELLS AND BELL RINGING.

We have not been able to ascertain precisely the date of the useful invention of bells. The ancients had some sort of bells. We find the word "Tintinnabula," which we usually render bells, in Martial, Juvenal, and Suetonius. The Romans appear to have been summoned by these, of whatever size or form they were, to their hot baths, and to the business of public places. The large kind of bells, now used in churches, are said to have been invented by Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in *Campania*, whence the *Campana* of the lower Latinity, about the four hundredth year of the Christian era: 200 years afterwards they appear to have been in general use in churches. The Jews used trumpets for bells. The Turks do not permit the use of them at all: the Greek church under their dominion still follow their old custom of using boards, or iron plates full of holes, which they hold in their hands, and knock with a hammer or mallet, to call the people together to church. China has been remarkably famous for its bells. Father le Comte tells us, that at Pekin there are 7 bells, each of which weighs 120,000 lbs. Baronius informs us, that Pope John XIII. A. D. 968, consecrated a very large new cast bell in the Lateran church, and gave it the name of John. This is the first instance we meet with of what has been since

called "*the baptizing of bells*," a superstition which we find ridiculed in the Romish beehive. The vestiges of this custom may yet be traced in England, in *Great Tom* of Lincoln, and "the mighty Tom," at Christ Church, in Oxford.—Egelrick, Abbot of Croyland, about the time of King Edgar, cast a ring of six bells, to all which he gave names, as Bartholomew, Bethhelm, Turketul, &c. The historian tells us his predecessor Turketul had led the way in this fancy.—The custom of rejoicing with bells on high festivals, Christmas-day, &c. is derived to us from the times of Popery. The ringing of bells on the arrival of emperors, bishops, abbots, &c. at places under their own jurisdiction, was also an old custom. Whence we seem to have derived the modern compliment of welcoming persons of consequence by a cheerful peal.—An old bell at Canterbury took 24 men to ring it; and another required even thirty-two. The noblest peal of ten bells, without exception, in England, whether tone or tune be considered, is said to be in St. Margaret's church, Leicester. When a full peal was rung, the ringers were said *pulsare classicum*.

## THE TOMB OF THE MURDERER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR,—As I see in your little miscellany, that you are fond of giving notices of nearly forgotten antiquities and ancient remains, not only of modern but ancient art, I have presumed to send you a brief account of the tomb of Sir William de Tracey, the principal murderer of Thomas à Becket, the imperious and haughty prelate of the reign of Henry the Second.

This tomb, unknown to the world, and hidden in obscurity, is situated in the small parish church of Morthoe, on the Romantic cliffs of the bay of that name in the North of Devonshire.

The inhabitants of that part of the country, which is rugged and mountainous, are a wild and uncultivated people, and the only tradition they have among themselves concerning the tomb, is, that this Tracey was a monstrous giant in his day, and was the lord of all the country round. In the parish, situated near the bay of Mort, is a large valley, which is to this day called Willacombe Tracey, and an immense estate adjoining, denominated Willacombe, or William's Combe, as the word *Combe* is very common in Devonshire, and is a name given to every *valley*. It is also to be observed, that instead of William de Tracey, they say the giant's name was Willacombe Tracey. Let the reader refer to Hume's History of England, reign of Henry II., and he will find that William de Tracey was one of the principal murderers of the proud and haughty prelate, Thomas à Becket.

The parish church of Morthoe is very ancient, and the tomb of de Tracey, though it has been very ill-treated, is yet more perfect than might have been expected. There is a thick slab on the top of the vault, surrounded with Saxon letters, nearly all illegible from their being chipped and broken off. A full-length figure of de Tracey himself is engraved on the slab, cut in as if with a chisel, representing him in robes, and holding a cup or chalice in his hands. All around the vault, are various pieces of sculpture, such as nuns, the crucifixion, &c. together with his arms. A farmer in that part of the country informed me, that about fifty years ago, the curate of the parish and a gentleman who had come down there from London, opened the tomb secretly, and took away the skull and principal bones of the body, some of which were very large. He also intimated that the armour, shield, and sword of de Tracey were purloined at the same time. On my inquiry as to whether the clergyman was yet alive, he said that he had been dead many years, and no one knew who the other man was, he came and went so secretly. I reviewed the tomb, and sighed over the remains of one who had freed his country from a tyrant. The country around is very mountainous and romantic. There are three monasteries in the neighbourhood, all of which are said to have been built by de Tracey to expiate his crime. Perhaps one of your readers, by referring to the ancient Chronicles of Holinshed, Stowe, &c. can give you extracts from them as to Tracey, and the other murderers of Becket. It is believed that King Henry himself was in the secret, and prompted Tracy to do the deed, giving him all the North of Devon for his services. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A TRAVELLER.

*Barnstaple, April 24.*

## MEDICAL QUACKERY.

*(Continued from page 424.)*

I once had a strong inclination to *obtain* a *degree*, and become a *physician accoucheur*; but I found there were so many of this profession continually starting into practice, that I took a se-

cond thought upon the subject, and second thoughts are said to be sometimes the best; in this instance I think I may congratulate myself that I did so, for I am convinced there must be a scarcity of patients, as I understand the walls of the metropolis are placarded with bills, stating that "*midwifery cases are attended at half-a-guinea each, at* ——." What is the reason of this? Has the new Marriage Act frightened so many of the cooing pairs from entering into the bands of hymen? or is quackery invading this branch of practice? For my own part I think there are so many *illegitimate* cases, in consequence of the legal difficulties which the legislature has thrown in the way of marriage; and as they are cases which do not seek the light, some speculator considers he may make a good thing of it by letting the young ladies know where they may be rid of their burthen, and no questions asked: possibly the advertiser will take care the burthen *never troubles* the patient *any more*, for a *double* fee! In the present uncertain state of the law on marriage, if I was to enter on this line of practice, I think I should be more often obliged to find my way through the bye roads of Lucina than to travel on her turnpike. These private jobs pay well no doubt, as Colman has amply shown in his laughable tale of the "*Elder Brother;*" and if the line of the profession which, as you'll see in the sequel, I intend to adopt, does not answer, why I think I'll e'en get classed with the *old mother midnights* and *physician accoucheurs*. Curiosity induced me to set some inquiries on foot respecting the emoluments and practice of the persons who *profess* to rid the body of those parasitical insects, which "*grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength*"—a set of men more commonly termed *worm doctors*, for I thought probably a *respectable* line of practice of this description might be struck out. My agent traced out the persons who prepare the *entrails of fowls*, &c. to imitate the *tape worm*, and also found that a little fish called the bleak, common to the Thames, is in the early part of summer troubled with a white worm of from a quarter to half an inch in width, and half to three quarters of a yard long, when so tormented the fish keeps at the top of the water, is called a "*mad bleak*," therefore becomes an easy prize to the fishermen's boys, who gain a number of pence during the season by selling them for the purpose, as I am informed, of being exhibited as *baits* to catch the ignorant, who if they consult some of these *self-created doctors*, are persuaded that they are *devoured alive* with worms, and swallow medicine in such quantity, and of such a deleterious nature, that too often the constitution sinks under it. The person I employed certainly did his duty, and was determined to probe this matter fully, he therefore endeavoured to ascertain upon what terms the *chitterling merchants* and fishermen's boys would supply the *needful decoys*, to place in bottles; but his efforts were useless, as they declared they were *all* under *contract* to supply *none* but those now in *practice*.

Amongst other advice one of my relatives recommended that I should become a water doctor, urging that the profit was immense which I should derive, beside fees, from the decanters, &c. in which the *valuable fluid* of my patients was contained, when sent for inspection, and which (*i. e.*) the bottles, are never returned, he quoted the line on the pump-room, at Bath, ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ —*(water of elements the best)*; and attempted to prove that it was the only sure method to judge of diseases; I heard him *patiently*, and cut his sober reasoning very short, by asking him if he had never heard the *free* translation of his Greek motto, which was written on the Pump-room door, the morning after the learned quotation appeared—which however I shall not quote, but if it should be suspected to be indelicate, I refer the reader to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. This rather provoked the laughter of my relation, and I completely emancipated myself from the fear of becoming what the vulgar call *a water caster*, by relating these following anecdotes to him, for so great was my dependance on my kinsman in regard to pecuniary affairs, that if he had insisted upon it, I suppose I must have been not only a *water caster*, but a *water taster* sooner than offend him: *necessitas non habet legem* would I suppose have been my motto, like that of the man who gains 500*l.* per ann. by *tasting* the *Greenland oils*.

A country gentleman whose wife was a long suffering patient of the village apothecary, finding she derived no benefit from his medical friend's skill, resolved, unknown to him, to take the advice of an advertising *water doctor*; accordingly he came to town accom-

panied by his spouse, in order that the doctor might not only have the *criterion* on which his judgment was to be given as *fresh* as possible, but also that he might see the patient. They arrived at the doctor's house on the appointed day, for he was only to be seen two days in a week, and were introduced into a waiting room, where they found several female *patients* before them, who spoke highly of the doctor's skill; one of these endeavoured to extract from the gentleman's wife the nature of her complaint, &c. and her turn being arrived she was admitted into the consulting-room, to acquaint her *confederate* no doubt with all she had learned; the other *patients*, with great *politeness*, resigned their turns to the country lady and her husband, whilst they, I presume, remained as decoys for the next dupe: judge the surprise of all parties when, under the disguise of wig, &c. the country gentleman recognised his old friend the village apothecary—and the poor discomfited apothecary, who thought his nod or shrug was considered in his own neighbourhood as the fiat of fate, discovered he was not believed to be so oracular as he had supposed. Exposure followed, and the apothecary not only lost his country practice, but that of a water doctor also, and is now probably trying some other *trick*. I am not acquainted whether he is the same man who professed to sell *elephant's milk*, as a specific for some diseases, but the name he assumed was similar.

A man calling himself a water doctor settled in the west of England, and being a cunning sort of fellow, entered into a compact with a chemist in a neighbouring town to allow him a per centage on all medicines which he prescribed, and the chemist was to puff him as much as possible. Some farmers having met together, and the doctor's name being introduced, one of them offered a wager of a dinner, that the doctor was so ignorant of the nature of diseases, by the method he professed, that he would not know the difference between the urine of a horse and a human subject; the bet was accepted, and the farmer was to try the experiment: the chemist being one of the company, slyly withdrew, and sent notice to his friend the doctor of the intended trick. The farmer arrived, told his tale, presented the water, paid his guinea, and received a Latin prescription; he chuckled with delight to think how he should establish his own reputation for sagacity, and expose the doctor:—but when the prescription was translated by the chemist, it proved to be—"*Take outs quarter of a peck, split beans a quart, mix, let the patient take this the first thing in the morning, repeat the dose at noon and night, washing down each dose with half a pailful of good sweet water*," the laugh turned against the farmer, who was thus expensively taught how to feed his horse, and the story being widely circulated, the reputation of the doctor was raised so high that both he and his friend the chemist acquired good fortunes.

My relative laughed heartily at these anecdotes; but when I put into his hand the bill of a "*Mr. and Mrs. W******s, water casters, from London*," which was widely circulated in our part of the country, and in which the names of the diseases they professed to cure, were nearly half wrongly spelled, family pride came to my assistance, as my rich relative swore he would as soon see my name chalked on the walls, like *Doctor Eady's*, as that I should be classed with such a set of ignorant pretenders.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ORANGES.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

Mr. Editor,—The following is a short account of oranges, now a necessary article in our gaols:

The first China orange which appeared in Europe, was sent as a present to the old Conde Mellor, then Prime Minister to the King of Portugal; but of the whole case sent to Lisbon, there was only one tree which lived, and became the parent of all the flourishing trees since cultivated by the gardeners. It is supposed that the orange-trees at Beddington, in Surrey (which were introduced from Italy by Sir Francis Carew), were the first that were brought to England. They were planted in the open ground, under a moveable covert, during the winter months, and had been growing there more than a hundred years—i. e. before 1595. These trees all perished in the great frost of 1739-40. It has also been supposed to be a native of the Hesperides, or Canary Islands, and its fruit to be the golden apples which the daughters of the Hesperus caused to be strictly guarded by a dragon. The smell of the orange flower is exquisite. Du Tour is quite eloquent in its praise. He says, "the scent of the orange-flower is regarded as a standard of perfection in its kind,

It has not, like that of many flowers, a deceitful sweetness, which pleases only to injure. It is not faint, like the scent of the jasmine or reseda; it does not weaken the nerves, but rather strengthens them; it is a salutary odour, which refreshes the senses and enlivens the brain. In fine, it has no rival, and is as salutary as it is delicious." This description is quite *a-la-mode Française.* These flowers are much used in perfumes and scented waters. I think Thicknesse, in his travels through Spain and Portugal, mentions a tree which produced in one year 16,000. And as the poet says,

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the *orange* in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise.

P. T. W.

## ANECDOTE OF SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

Sir—Having in a late number of the Mirror seen a few lines titled "Cautions in Cases of Extreme Cold," I have been induced to send you an anecdote, which will further illustrate the absolute necessity of exercise during the exposure of the body to extreme cold. Dr. Solander, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, during their botanical excursion on the heights of Terra del Fuego, were exposed to extreme cold. Dr. Solander, who had more than once crossed the mountains which divide Sweden and Norway, well knew that extreme cold produces a torpor and sleepiness almost irresistible; he therefore conjured the company to keep always in motion, whatever pain it might cost them, and by whatever relief they might be promised by an inclination to sleep. "Whoever sits down will sleep," says he, "and whoever sleeps, will wake no more." Thus at once admonished and alarmed, they set forward; but while they were still upon the naked rock, and before they had got among the bushes, the cold was so intense as to produce the effects which had been most dreaded. Dr. Solander was the first who found the inclination, against which he had warned others, irresistible, and insisted upon being suffered to lay down. Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph Banks) entreated and remonstrated in vain. Down he lay upon the ground, which was covered with snow; it was with difficulty that his friend could keep him from sleeping. One of his black servants began to linger, having suffered from the cold in the same manner as the Doctor. Partly by persuasion, and partly by force, the party made them go forward. Soon, however, they declared "they would go no farther." Mr. Banks had recourse again to entreaty and expostulation; but these produced no effect: when the black was told that if he did not go on he would shortly be frozen to death, he answered, "that he desired nothing so much as to lie down and die." The Doctor did not explicitly renounce his life; he said he would go on, but that he must first take some "sleep," though he had before told the company "to sleep was to perish." They both shortly fell into a profound sleep; and after five minutes, Sir Joseph Banks happily succeeded in waking Dr. Solander, who had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that his shoes fell from his feet; but every attempt to relieve the unfortunate black proved unsuccessful.

*Shadwell.* J. Y.

## ANECDOTES OF ABSTINENCE AND GLUTTONY.

*(For the Mirror.)*

*Abstinence.*—Among the Jews various kinds of abstinence were ordained by law, and many of the primitive Christians denied themselves the use of such meats as were prohibited by that law, though others looked upon this abstinence with contempt. The council of Jerusalem which was held by the Apostles, enjoined the Christian converts to abstain from meats strangled, and from blood.

Abstinence is, however, more particularly used for a spare diet, or a slender parsimonious use of food below the ordinary standard of nature, and the ancients give numerous testimonials in its favour. Pliny says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever; and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time in Normandy, a woman thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived for six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years without either food or drink; and

that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year, without food or drink; and that, when she arrived at a proper age, she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Clausius mentions, that some of the more rigid Bannians in India abstain from food, frequently, for twenty days together. Albertus Krantzius says, that a hermit in the mountains in the canton of Schwitz lived twenty years without food. Guaguinus says, that Louis the Pious, Emperor of France, who died in 840, existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl at Confoulens, in Poitou, who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Cologne, who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw a hypochondriacal man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking only a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many years without food or drink. Sylvius says, there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely on water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health, without any kind of food or drink. It is said, that Democritus lived to the age of 109 years, and that, in the latter part of his life, he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, (according to some writers) on smelling honey and bread.

*Gluttony.*—When a man (or rather a monster of nature) was presented to King James I. that could eat a whole sheep at a single meal, the king inquired "What he could do more than another man?" he answered that "he could not do so much;" "hang him then," said the monarch, "for it is unfit a man should live that eats as much as twenty men, and cannot do so much as one." Indeed, an habitual glutton ought to be punished for endeavouring to create a famine in the places where he lives. A few examples of gluttony may however amuse our readers.

The Emperor Claudius Albinus would devour more than a bushel of apples at once; he would eat 500 figs to his breakfast, 100 peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of grapes, 100 great snappers, and 400 oysters. After such a bill of fare, well might Lipsius, who relates the anecdote, say, "Fye upon him; God keep such a curse from the earth."

Hardicanute, one of our Danish kings, was so great a glutton, that one of his historians calls him "Swine's-mouth." His tables were covered four times a day with the most costly viands that the air, sea, or land, could furnish. His gluttony killed him, for he fell down dead at a wedding banquet at Lambeth, and with him expired the Danish sway in England. The death of Hardicanute was so welcome to his subjects, that they celebrated the day with sports and pastimes, called *hock-tide*, which signifies scorn and contempt.

It is related of one Phagan, who lived under the reign of Aurelianus, that at one meal he would eat a whole boar, 100 loaves of bread, a sheep, a pig, and above three gallons of wine.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," states that one Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in Kent, eat a whole sheep of 16s. price, at one meal, raw; at another time, 30 dozen of pigeons. At Sir W. Sidley's, in the same county, he eat as much victuals as would have served thirty men. At Lord Wotton's mansion-house, in Kent, he devoured at one dinner 84 rabbits, which by computation at half a rabbit each man, would have served 168 men. He once eat to his breakfast 18 yards of black-pudding. Nay, Fuller even asserts, that he devoured a whole hog at one sitting, with three pecks of damsons!

A counsellor at law, in the reign of Charles I. of the name of Mallet, eat at one time an ordinary provided in Westminster for thirty men, at a shilling each, which at that time was sufficient to procure an excellent dinner. His practice being insufficient to supply him with good meat, he fed generally on offals, ox livers, hearts, &c. He lived to almost sixty years of age, and for the last seven years eat as moderately as other men.

An excellent appetite and great capacity of stomach are hereditary qualities with the present reigning family of France, for the Duchess of Orleans states, that Louis XIV. his brother, the Dauphin, and the Duke of Berri were most extraordinary eaters. She has often seen the Grand Monarque devour at one sitting, four plates of different kinds of soup, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a large plate of salad, roast mutton dressed in gravy and garlick, two solid slices of ham, a plate of pastry, and after that a *quantum suff.* of fruit and confitures. The king and his brother were passionately fond of hard eggs.

While on the subject of gluttony, which is frequently as much a disease as a passion, we shall add a few instances of *bulimy*, or an insatiable and perpetual desire of eating, which has been furnished us by our kind and intelligent correspondent, P. T. W.

There was a Polish soldier named Charles Domery, in the service of the French, on board of the Hoche frigate, which was captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. Borlase Warren, off Ireland, in 1799. He was 21 years of age, and stated that his father and brothers had been remarkable for their voracious appetites. His began when he was 13 years of age.—He would devour raw and even live cats, rats, and dogs, besides bullock's liver, tallow-candles, and the entrails of animals. One day (viz. September 17th, 1799), an experiment was made of how much this man could eat in one day. This experiment was made in the presence of Dr. Johnson, a commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child, and Mr. Foster, agents for prisoners at Liverpool, and several other gentlemen. He had breakfasted at four o'clock in the morning on 4lbs. of raw cow's udder; at half past nine o'clock, there were set before him 5lbs. of raw beef, and 12 tallow candles of 1lb. weight, together with 1 bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there were put before him 5 lbs. more of beef, 1 lb. of candles, and 8 bottles of porter. He was then locked up in the room, and sentries were placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and great part of the beef. At a quarter past six he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have ate more; but the prisoners on the outside having told him that experiments were making upon him, he began to be alarmed. Moreover, the day was hot, and he had not had his usual exercise in the yard. The whole of what he consumed in the course of one day amounted to

| | |
|---|---|
| Raw cow's udder..... | 4lbs. |
| Raw beef..... | 10 |
| Candles..... | 2 |
| | 16 |

Besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which this man attacked his beef when his stomach was not gorged, resembled the voracity of a hungry wolf; he would tear off large pieces with his teeth, roll them about his mouth, and then gulph them down. When his throat became dry from continued exercise, he would lubricate it by stripping the grease off a candle between his teeth; and then, wrapping up the wick like a ball, would send it after the other part at a swallow. He could make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes or turnips, but by choice would never taste bread or vegetables. He was in every respect healthy, 6 feet 3 inches high, of a pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made, but thin; his countenance rather pleasant, and he was good tempered. His perspirations were profuse, to which Dr. Johnson and the other medical gentlemen have ascribed the rapid dissipation of the ingesta, and his incessant craving for fresh supplies of food. In 1700 there lived at Stanton, near Bury, a labouring man of middle age, who for many days together had such an inordinate appetite, that he would eat up an ordinary leg of veal, roasted, at a meal. He would eat sow thistles, and various other herbs, as greedily as cattle are wont to do; and all he could get was scarcely enough to satisfy his hunger.—There was likewise a boy of the age of twelve years, at Barnesley, in Yorkshire, who was so ravenous that he would gnaw the very flesh off his own bones. When awake he was constantly devouring. In the space of six days he devoured 384lbs. of liquid and solid food.

## BONFIRES.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

Mr. Bagford, in his letter to the antiquarian, T. Hearne (vide Leland's Collection, I. p. lxxvi.) says, bonfires were so called because they were made of bones: and Bourne, in his Antiq. Vulg. p. 215, seems of the same opinion. There appears to be, however, some doubts of these gentlemen's conclusion: for Stow, in his Survey of London, says, "these were called bonfires, as well of good amity among neighbours, that being before at controversy, they were then reconciled, and made of bitter enemies, loving friends." It is therefore rational to suppose, they were called bonfires, after the French word *bon;* and when it is known, the people used also to have them in crowded cities, to cleanse the air from infection, there can be no doubt they esteemed them as fires productive of good, or good fires. Stow also says, they were made of *wood*, which circumstance makes it the more improbable they should be called bonfires "because they were made of *bones*." Doubtless the idea originated from the burning offerings of our primitive parents. G. S.

# Fairy Castles.

The various phenomena exhibited by nature present nothing more curious and extraordinary than those which are caused by the reflection and refraction of light from fogs and vapours arising from the sea, lakes, and morasses, replete with marine and vegetable salts. These vapours, by means of the said salts, form various polished surfaces, which reflect and refract the light of the sun, and even the moon, in various directions, by which they not only distort, but multiply the images of objects represented to them in a most surprising manner. They not only form images of castles, palaces, and other buildings, in various styles of architecture, but also the most beautiful landscapes, spacious woods, groves, orchards, companies of men and women, herds of cattle, &c. &c. these are all painted with such an admirable mixture of light and shade, that it is impossible to form an adequate conception of the picture without seeing it. The best scenery exhibited by the *camera obscura* is not more beautiful, or a more faithful representation of nature.

Though these curious and beautiful phenomena are not peculiar to any age or country, they are more frequently seen on the sea coasts; and though in some respects common in such situations, they have hitherto been so little noticed by the intelligent part of mankind as to be scarcely known to exist. Those which have most attracted attention have been seen in the summer season on the southern coasts of Italy, near the ancient city of Rhegium, called by the fishermen and peasants in their native tongue *fata morgana*, or *dama fata morgana*. They are, however, frequently noticed by the English, Erse, and Irish peasants, fishermen, and mariners; and denominated by the two latter sea fairies and fairy castles. The Erse fishermen, among the western isles of Scotland, frequently see represented on barren heaths and naked rocks, beautiful fields, woods, and castles, with numerous flocks and herds grazing, and multitudes of people of both sexes in various attitudes and occupations. These, as they know no such objects really exist, they constantly attribute to enchantment, or the fairies. They are also frequently seen on the coasts of Norway, Ireland, and Greenland. On the eastern and western coasts of South America, even on the highest summit of the Andes, the *fata morgana* are met with. Also far out at sea, in the midst of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the adventurous mariner sometimes observes them; and though well known under the name of *fog banks*, yet has their appearance been so imposing as to elude the nicest scrutiny, and to promise refreshments to the fatigued and sea-worn mariner which he could not obtain. The most ancient account of these aërial castles and islands which has been transmitted to us, is the representation of a beautiful island situated nearly in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland, first observed by some Danish and Irish fishermen

about the year 900, and from that period to the commencement of the 14th century frequently by the Anglo-Saxon, English, and French fishermen and mariners.

But, as this island could never be approached, it was called the *enchanted island*, and supposed by the maritime inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Spain, to be the country of departed spirits, and consequently denominated in Erse *Flath Innis*, or the Noble Island; in Irish *Hy Brasil*, or the Country of Spirits; by the Anglo-Saxons, *Icockane*, or the Country in the Waves; and by the French and Spaniards, who supposed it to consist of two distinct islands, *Brasil* and *Assmanda*, or the Islands of Ghosts. And so much persuaded were geographers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of their real existence, that they have place in all or most of the maps of the Atlantic in those periods. Even so late as about the year 1750, an English ship, returning from Newfoundland, near lat. 50° north discovered an island not heretofore known, which not only appeared fertile, but covered with verdant fields and shady woods, among which cattle were seen to graze; and only the appearance of a violent surge hindered the captain and crew from landing, according to their desire. So well convinced, however, were they of its real existence, that, on arriving at London, ships were ordered out to complete the discovery; but no island could be found, nor has any land been discovered in that track from that time to the present. Commodore Byron, in his Voyage round the World, mentions a fog bank in a high southern latitude, which appeared like an island, with capes and mountains, deceiving the most experienced seamen on board for some time.

From these evidences of the frequent appearance of the *fata morgana*, we shall proceed to describe one seen near the town of Youghal, in the county of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1796, according to the view given in our engraving, drawn on the spot by a young lady, one among a number of spectators. This was seen on the 21st of October, 1796, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the sun clear: it appeared on a hill, on the county of Waterford side of the river, and seemed a walled town with a round tower, and a church with a spire; the houses perfect, and the windows distinct. Behind the houses appeared the mast of a ship, and in the front a single tree, near which was a cow grazing; whilst the Waterford hills appeared distinctly behind. In the space of about half an hour the spire and round tower became covered with domes, and the octagonal building, or rather round tower, became a broken turret. Soon after this change, all the houses became ruins, and their fragments seemed scattered in the field near the walls; in about an hour it disappeared, and the hill on which it stood sunk to the level of the real field.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BOW-FAIR.

" Bring me the bow-string."
*Emperor of all the Turks.*

The *Bow-bell* tolls the knell of Bow-fair fun,
And *Richardson* winds slowly out of town;
Poor old " young Saunders" sees his setting son,—
And *Gyngell* pulls his red tom-tawdrey down.

Now three cart-horses draw the Caravan,
O'er smooth *Mae Adams*, to provincial fairs;
And pining Showmen, with companions wan,
Make dreary humour, while the hawbuck stares!

No more shall cockneys don their Sunday coats,
Stepney, Brook-green, or brighter Bow to fill;
No folk shall row to Greenwich hill in boats,
And roll in couples adown One Tree Hill!

Girls shall no longer dance in gingham gowns,
Nor monkeys sit on organs at the door;
*Gongs* shall be turn'd to frying pans; and Clowns
Take to the country, and be clowns no more!

No Learn'd-pig, no veal, no mutton pie,—
No heads be crack'd, no under garments won,—
No giants twelve, no Dwarfs just three-feet, high—
No calves with two heads, shown to calves with one!

At *Scowton's* dire destruction will be seen!
The trumpet will give up its tragic truths!
The magistrate, desiring to be *Keen*,
Will put an end, as usual, to the *Booths*.

No lucky bags, no drums, no three-hand reels,
No cocks in breeches, no tobacco-sots!
No more shall Wapping learn to dance quadrilles,
Or shake a hornpipe 'mid the pewter-pots!

No more the Fairing shall the fair allure,
For Fairs no more the fairing may expose:
In pleasure-lovers, work, shall work a cure!
And Sundays only show the Sunday clothes!

The magistrates decree that "fair is foul,"
And put a stop to profitable sport;
They exercise the Lion's shilling howl,
And cut the Irish giant's income short.

No more the backy box, in dark japan,
Shakes on the stick, and lures the rabble rout;
No more the lemon, balanced by the man,
Flies at the touch and flings its toys about!

Take warning then, ye fair! from this fair's fall!
*One act* (the Vagrant Act) hath been its ruin!
Listen, oh listen, to *Law's serious call*,
For fun and pleasure lead but to undoing!

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## PETER PINDARICS;
### OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.
### No. VIII.

### A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUFFLERS.

A gascon once, an honest wag, you'll hear,
About to leave his inn for God knows where,
Although his money did not incommode him,
Begg'd of his host the small account he ow'd him;
Not that he ever dreamt to pay a sous,
But thought it decent just to have it, too.
The landlord, at this sweetest of requests,
Obey'd him, as he always did his guests.
Our hero, reading it in silence, thought
The bill was long, and knew his purse was short.
Meantime his host, who studied to divert him,
Talk'd much of rats, and how their ravage hurt him;
And ask'd his guest if haply he might know of
A poison that would chase his deadly foe off.
"Yes," said the gascon, coolly, "there is one,
Which take my word for't, host, will make 'em run;
Nay, may destroy 'em too, if fright can kill:—
When next they come, present 'em with this bill!"

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### THE CONVENT OF ST. BERTRAND.
#### OR, THE APOSTATE NUN.

Who is she, with wild, dishevell'd hair,
With fault'ring step and mournful air,
And brow of saddest thought?
She breathes no sigh—she sheds no tear—
And yet that beauteous bosom bare
With direst grief is fraught.

St. Bertrand's walls the vow had heard
Ere evening's vesper bells had rung,
And now St. Bertrand's shrine rever'd
Shall hear her fun'ral anthem sung
At midnight's dreary hour.

For she who did her vow forsake,
And dares her cloister cell to fly,
Who dared the holy missal break,
The apostate wretch is doom'd to die
Beneath St. Bertrand's tower.

What gallant youth from Madrid's plains
Rides gally round the Convent bower,
'Tis he whom maiden ne'er disdains—
But, ah! he comes in evil hour
That lady bright to woo—

Too soon she hears the syren knight
With whispers soft and bridal vow,
With him to fly ere morning's light—
And she, fair maid, hath brav'd it now,
What long her love shall rue.

Deep toll'd the bell the midnight chime;
The maiden, from her turret high,
With beating heart hath marked the time
That warns her with her love to fly—
And now she must be gone.

But oh! that hour has sealed her doom,
For treach'ry marked her as its prey,
And now she falls in life's best bloom
Yet she who basely did betray
Shall live to wish she'd ne'er been born.

It need'st be told what now must be,
That maiden's hopeless destiny
Which bears her to a dungeon deep,
In lingering misery there to weep,
Where none may hear her last sad sigh,
In dark and noisome cell to lie,
Remote from all of earthly bliss
The apostate nun must die!

## The Novelist.

No. XXV.

### THE FALL OF USBEK.

The hand of munificence had poured upon the head of Usbek all the blessings which this world can bestow. Abbas, the mighty sovereign of the East, before whose throne the world pays homage, had made him governor of a region beauteous as Paradise, and fertile above all others. Nothing was wanting to complete his felicity but the inward serenity of conscious virtue—the soft whispers of the angel of peace. Usbek, therefore, amidst the glare of magnificence and pomp of power, was a prey to the violence of ungovernable passions. The glittering pinnacles of ambition dazzled the eyes of his frailty; he viewed the summit with exultation, and thirsted with insatiable desire of arbitrary sway. The power of subduing temptation became less in proportion as he viewed the prospect of success, till at length he resolved, by whatever means, to gratify his criminal propensity. Impelled by some evil genius, he raised the hand of rebellion against the life of that sovereign who had exalted him to dignity and honour, and seated himself on the throne of his power. The soul of Usbek was now flattered by the adulation of the abject; the proud were humbled in the dust before him, and the sovereigns of mighty kingdoms paid homage at his feet. The arrow of affliction had not yet wounded his bosom, and he exulted in the grandeur which surrounded him: but short are the triumphs of iniquity; they pass away like the shaft that flieth in the dark, and are seen no more. The transitory gratification of despotic power became familiar by habit, and the former perturbation of his mind returned.

He was sitting alone in one of the apartments of his seraglio, and arraigned the justice of Providence as envying him the happiness he so eagerly sought. The past afforded no consolation; the present was without enjoyment; and the future without hope. Such was the situation of Usbek, when one of his slaves, with all the marks of frenzy and despair, rushed into the apartment, and exclaimed, "Pardon, mighty Sultan of the East, the liberty of thy slave: thy favourite Roxana."—"Presumptuous wretch!" cried Usbek, in all the bitterness of anger, "who thus unbidden durst"—He could say no more; rage stopt his utterance; when stamping with his foot on the ground, the ministers of his will appeared before him. "Drag hence," said he, "that victim of my displeasure, and let him suffer the punishment due to his temerity." They had no sooner obeyed his mandate, than sudden darkness surrounded him, and an awful voice thundered from the cloud that caused it, "Usbek, hitherto thou hast lived for thyself alone! Thou hast sacrificed the Sultan thy master to the insatiable lust of power, and now thou condemnest thy servant without cause. But know, that the decrees of heaven are not to be infringed to gratify the caprice of a tyrant; and that the weakness of mortality must necessarily be crushed when it stands in opposition to the arm of Omnipotence. Thou hast broken through the order of Nature by aspiring to that throne which was designed for another; that throne, therefore, which thou hast unjustly usurped, has proved the source of perpetual disappointment. It is still in thy power to repent; profit by the precious opportunity, and beware lest that Being, who by a single beam of his effulgence irradiates the universe, involve thee in that abyss of misery where thy torments shall increase to all eternity, and aggravated horrors reduce thee to endless despair!"

As soon as the first emotions of terror and astonishment had subsided, Usbek, struck with sudden remorse, rushed forth in order to prevent the execution of his command. But it was too late; the vital spark, which no violence can extinguish, had flown for ever. The Sultan therefore returned to his apartment in gloomy disappointment; and, throwing himself on a sofa, again mused on the wretchedness of his condition. "What then," exclaimed he, "availeth the power of Usbek, if he may not, without reproof, sacrifice the slave

who has offended him?" Unable to support the thought, he arose in haste, and entered the apartment of Roxana, in order to drown the recollection of his misery in the society of his favourite Sultana. He had paid no attention to the last word of the slave whom he had sacrificed to his resentment. He therefore now expected to gratify a passion which he had long restrained. A gleam of hope played around his breast as he entered the apartment; but what were the transports of his rage when he found it deserted! He called the attendants of Roxana with a voice of thunder: they instantly obeyed the summons; and in tears deprecated his wrath, affirming that they knew not what was become of their mistress. Usbek uttered the most horrid imprecations, and threatened to sacrifice them without delay if they did not instantly inform him by what means she had escaped. As they were really ignorant of her flight, their answers were unsatisfactory; and Usbek was about to put his menaces in execution, when he was prevented by a tumult from without, which suspended the effects of his anger. Upon inquiring the cause, he was informed by Ozim, the vizier, who in vain had sought him in all the apartments of the seraglio, that one of the governors of his provinces had secretly stirred up the people to revolt, and at that moment was attempting to force the gates of the palace. The rage of Usbek was now redoubled, his eyes sparkled with fury, his limbs trembled, and he rushed forward to the gate in all the frenzy of despair. He was scarcely prevented by Ozim from attempting to revenge with his single arm the disobedience of his subjects. In the agony of his mind he flew to one of the windows of the palace, on that side where the multitude were assembled, and demanded, in incoherent expressions, the reason of the mutiny. The rebels were struck dumb at the sight of their monarch, and let fall their weapons. But the usurper now beheld his rival encouraging them to proceed, and resume their arms. Unable to endure perfidy in another who was only adopting those measures which had enthroned their guilty Usbek, he once more rushed towards the gate, and commanded it to be opened. He was obeyed, and instantly laid two of the conspirators dead at his feet. But now sudden darkness obscured the sun, the air thundered, and a voice thus issued from the bursting clouds: "Hear all ye nations the decrees of the Most High! know your weakness and adore in silence that Power who governs all things by his will. Shall mortality prescribe laws to Omnipotence? Shall the reptile of the dust aspire to the government of the universe? Shall the children of infirmity ascend the heights of ambition; and shall they not feel the storm that rages at the summit? Shall man aspire to rule without control? and shall he escape the vengeance due to his rashness and folly? Though heaven protect the innocent from wrong, and reward the fidelity of the virtuous, shall he gratify the arrogance of impiety and presumption? Know then, that vice and usurpation are no longer permitted to exist, when they become ineffectual to forward the designs of Providence. Listen to the admonitions of superior wisdom, and wait the event without murmur or complaint." Whilst the genius thus spake, the attention of the multitude was suspended in silence, like the calm ocean after the violence of a storm. When he had ended the clouds dispersed, and the glorious orb of day shone forth in all the majesty of light. Usbek and the rebel chief now appeared lifeless on the ground, stabbed by an unknown hand. The multitude were proceeding to treat with ignominy the corpse of him whose very shadow made them tremble when alive, but another object demanded their attention.

A stranger appeared in a chariot at a distance, and Roxana by his side. They approached; and the stranger rising from his seat, thus gratified the curiosity of the crowd: "That Being who animates all nature with his presence, let all the nations of the world adore! Ye behold before you Aluzar, the descendant of the mighty Abbas, at the foot of whose throne the kingdoms of the East paid homage. When the angel of death visited my father, by the hand of Usbek, I fled from the violence of the usurper, and concealed myself in impenetrable solitudes. There, the disciple of meditation, I gave myself up to the duties of devotion, and learned to estimate this life by the hope of immortality. One morning, ere the sun had exhaled the dews of heaven, as I walked out to gather the scanty provision which the desert affords, I perceived the prints of human feet upon the grass. I had not proceeded far before I beheld the

beauteous Roxana, whom my father had destined as the consort of my bed. By her I was informed that she had been preserved by a superior power from violence; that he had transported her to that desert, and bade her wait with resignation the disposal of heaven. The same friendly power has punished the usurper, and led us hither to claim the throne of our ancestors." The son of Abbas was going to proceed in his narrative, but was interrupted by reiterated shouts of wonder and applause, and he was proclaimed sovereign of the East by the united voice of the multitude.

## Miscellanies.

### BONAPARTE'S PATRIMONIAL HOUSE.

In No. XXVI. of the MIRROR we gave, along with several other embellishments, a view of the house in which Napoleon was born; and we now add from the 5th part of Las Cases' Journal, published on Monday, some further particulars respecting it. "The patrimonial house of Napoleon, his cradle," says Las Cases, "at present actually in the possession of M. Romalino, member of the Chamber of Deputies, has remained, as it may be thought, an object of eager curiosity and great veneration to travellers and military men. I am assured by eye witnesses that on the arrival of every regiment in Corsica, it becomes the object of a spectacle constantly renewed. The soldiers instantly run to it in crowds, and obtain admission with a certain degree of authority. It might be said that they believe themselves entitled to it as a right. Once admitted, every one conducts himself according to the warmth of his feeling; one raises his hands to heaven as he looks about him, another falls on his knees, a third kisses the floor, and a fourth bursts into tears. There are some who seem to be seized by a fit of insanity. Something similar is said of the tomb of the Great Frederic. Such is the influence of heroes."

### FAITH.

It is a glorious thing, when all is said,
To give one's soul up to some large belief,
For me I would much rather be a leaf—
Frail traveller with the winds, and by them led
To those dim summits where the clouds are bred—
Than scorn *all* creeds; or on the wild sea foam
Be driven, a weed, from home to unknown home;
Or like some gentle river fountain-fed
Lapsing away, and lost. These things in mirth
Live, though they know not whence they come or go:
I, with more knowledge, but less wisdom, flow
A melancholy sound—yet from dull earth
Borne on the wings of angels, or bright dreams,
Sometimes, from perilous thoughts, Heaven-convincing themes.

B.

### HOGARTH'S TAIL-PIECE.

A few months before that ingenious artist, Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the tail-piece. The first idea of this is said to have been started in company at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things"—"if that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heartily; "and, therefore, the sooner the better." Accordingly he begun the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension, as the report goes, he should not live till he had completed it; this, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things, a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump; the but-end of an old firelock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, a crown tumbled in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign post of a tavern called the World's End tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked; Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened, with *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far so good," said Mr. Hogarth, "nothing remains, but:" taking his pencil in a

sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken, "Finis," exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over." It is a very remarkable and well known fact, that he never again took the pallet in his hand: it is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary Tail-piece.

## CHINESE SHEET LEAD.

The following is the account of the Chinese method of making thin sheets of lead:

The operation is carried on by two men; one is seated on the floor with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone stand at his side.—. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead, and having poured a certain quantity upon the stone, the other lifts the moveable stone, and dashing it on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed, the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are soldered together for use.

## ON ECHOS.

Daughter of air and tongue
Which the last of dying speech retorts
Whilst she with other's language sports.

An echo is a reflected sound: the ancient philosophers were unacquainted with the true nature of the echo. The poets supposed it to have been once a nymph, who pined into a sound, for love of Narcissus. But the modern state of philosophy has established it upon unerring principles. According to the various distances from the speaker, a reflecting object will return the echo of several; or of a few syllables, for all the syllables must be uttered before the echo of the first syllable reaches the ear, otherwise it will make a confusion. In a moderate way of speaking, about 3½ syllables are pronounced in one second, or seven syllables in two seconds. From the computations of a short-hand writer, it appears, that a ready and rapid orator, in the English language, pronounces from 7,000 to 7,500 words in an hour; viz. about 120 words in a minute, or two words in each second. Therefore, when an echo repeats seven syllables, the reflecting object is 1,142 feet distant; for since sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second, the distance from the speaker to the reflecting object, and again from the latter to the former, is twice 1,142 feet. When the echo returns 14 syllables, the reflecting object must be 2,284 feet distant, and so on. A famous echo is said to be in Woodstock Park, Oxford. It repeats 17 syllables in the day time, and 20 at night, when the air, being somewhat denser, the sound does not travel quite so fast. There is likewise a remarkable echo on the north side of Shepley Church, in Sussex, which will repeat distinctly 21 syllables. At Rosneath, near Glasgow, there is an echo that repeats a tune played with a trumpet three times completely and distinctly. At the Sepulchre of Metella, wife of Crassius, there was an echo which repeated a sentence five times. Addison speaks of an echo in Italy, near Milan, that returns the sound of a pistol 56 times, even though the air be very foggy. Lord Bacon says, that French echos may be oddly construed. He mentions an instance of the repetitions of the voice on the ruined church of Pont Charenton, on the Seine; and here that intelligent scholar discussed the inability of an echo, to return the letter S, for having pronounced the word Satan, the echo replied Vat'en, which signifies "go away," from which circumstance the Parisians concluded, that some guardian spirit prevented the walls of the sacred edifice from pronouncing the word Satan.

# The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

Clocks.—Clock-makers were first introduced into England in 1368, when Edward III. granted a license for three artists to come over from Delft, in Holland, and practice their occupation in this country.—The oldest English clock of note is in the turret of the Royal Palace, Hampton, constructed in the year 1540, which was in the reign of Henry VIII., by a maker whose initials are N. O. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, clocks were denominated orloges, or horloges.

Descartes used to say, that when he received an injury, he seated himself so high above it, that it could not reach him.

EPIGRAM, IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

Tom engages a poet of famous renown,
Some verses to write—which he shows as his *own*;
Go on, Master Tom, nor mind what the world says,
That is surely his *own* for *which a man pays*.

LORD MANSFIELD.—This great man was never ashamed of publicly recanting any wrong opinion he might have adopted or made known, and he used to say that to acknowledge you were yesterday wrong was but to let the world know that you were wiser to-day than yesterday.

EPITAPH ON A VIOLENT SCOLD.

My spouse and I full many a year,
Liv'd man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—the Lord knows *whither*.

Of tongue she was exceeding free,
I purpose not to flatter;
Of all the wives I e'er did see,
None sure like her could chatter.

Her body is disposed of well,
A comely grave doth hide her;
I'm sure her soul is not in h-ll,
For old nick could never abide her.

Which makes me guess she's gone aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her well-known voice
*Rending the skies asunder*.

ROUNDABOUT EVIDENCE.—Mother Hopkins told me, that she heard Green's wife say, that John Glarrie's wife told her, that granny Hopkins heard the widow Basham say, that Captain Weed's wife thought Colonel Hodkin's wife believed that old Miss Lamb reckoned that Samuel Dunham's wife had told Spalding's wife that she heard John Frinks say, that her mother told her, Old Miss Jenks heard Granny Cook say, that it was a matter of fact!!! —*American Paper*.

EPIGRAM.

Pray, is it owing to the weather
That U and I can't dine together?
Why no—the reason is, d'ye see,
U cannot come till after T.

EPIGRAM.

"My wife's so very bad," says Will,
"I fear she ne'er can hold it;
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse," quoth Phil,
"The jade has just now sold it."

Written by Ralph Tyne, vicar of Kendal, Westmoreland, who died 1627, and inscribed on his tomb by his friends.

London bred me, Westminster fed me,
Cambridge spred me, my sister wed me,*
Study taught me, living sought me,
Learning brought me, Kendal caught me,
Labour prest me, sickness distrest me,
Death opprest me, the grave possest me,
God first gave me, Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and Heaven would have me.

* Meaning at the instigation of his sister.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bardulus, and several other Correspondents, shall have a place in our next.


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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXIX.] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1823. [Price 2*d*.


## View of London from the Cross of St. Paul's.

What a living poet, Mr. Haynes, has observed in his tragedy of *Durazzo*, of an ambitious man, that,

——— "Had he but wings to fly,
He'd bear his very appetites to heaven,
And slake his thirst i' the clouds,"

may well be applied to the young artist who passed whole nights in an observatory erected over the cross of St. Paul's cathedral, in order that he might take a panoramic of London; and yet such a dangerous and difficult enterprize was achieved by an English artist. If any proof were wanting of the aspiring ambition and elevated and extensive views of the present age, such an undertaking as this would certainly supply it; and anxious to perpetuate an adventure unparalleled in the annals of art and enterprise, we this day, at a considerable expense, present our readers with a large and beautiful engraving of this singular subject.

It was when the cross of St. Paul's was taken down, in 1821, to be repaired and regilt, that an ingenious and enterprising young artist, Mr. Thomas Hornor, availed himself of the circumstance to obtain permission to erect an observatory above the usual scite of the cross, for the purpose of making panoramic drawings of the metropolis and the surrounding country.

Mr. Hornor had been for some time engaged in executing pictural delineations of landed estates in perspective panoramic views. In the course of his pursuits this way, he constructed an apparatus by which the most distant and intricate scenery may be delineated with mathematical accuracy. The metropolis and its beautiful environs furnished a fine subject for Mr. Hornor's delineation, and in order to effect this object, he passed the whole summer of 1820 in the lantern of St. Paul's immediately under the ball, in executing a general view.

When this view was nearly completed, preparations were made for removing the ball and cross; and the scaffolding, which excited such general admiration, as a stupendous and most ingenious structure, and of which our engraving presents a correct idea, was erected. But even this was not sufficient for the aspiring artist's ambition, that

"Desire of active souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of Nature,
And elevates the hero to the Gods."

Mr. Hornor obtained permission to erect an observatory, supported by a platform, several feet above the highest part of the present cross: and having succeeded in fixing the apparatus in the interior of the observatory, he commenced a new series of sketches, on a greatly enlarged scale, so as to admit the introduction of minute objects at a distance of some miles. In doing this he had to contend against numerous obstacles; sometimes portions of the scene would be in bright sunshine, and at others in total obscurity, producing an incessant alteration in light and shade. Other difficulties also presented themselves, but Mr. Hornor surmounted them all, and he made a complete panoramic view of the metropolis and its environs, on 280 sheets of drawing paper, comprising a surface of 1680 square feet.

The laborious toil, which he had daily to undergo, in ascending the infinite staircases and ladders to reach his aerial habitation, independently of the danger of a journey so often repeated, would have damped the ardour of most men. Few artists, however enthusiastic, profess the requisite courage and physical ability to encounter such herculean labour, attended with such imminent personal risk. But our readers will form a better conception of Mr. Hornor's impressions from his own characteristic description.

"On entering the cathedral at three in the morning, the stillness which then prevailed in the streets of this populous city, contrasted with their mid-day bustle, was only surpassed by the more solemn and sepulchral stillness of the cathedral itself. But not less impressive was the developement, at that early hour, of the immense scene from its lofty summit, whence was frequently beheld 'the Forest of London,' without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptons of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle, and business. On one occasion the night was passed in the observatory, for the purpose of meeting the first glimpse of day; but the cold was so intense, as to preclude any wish to repeat the experiment.

"In proceeding with the work, every assistance was readily afforded by the gentlemen connected with the cathedral; and, through their kind attention, all possible precautions were taken for the prevention of accidents to be apprehended in such an exposed situation. But the weather was frequently so boisterous during the stormy

summer of 1821, as to frustrate the judicious contrivances for security. Indeed scarcely a day passed without derangement of some part of the scaffolding, or machinery connected with it; and so strong became the sense of danger arising from these repeated casualties, that notwithstanding the powerful inducement of increased remuneration, it was difficult on these emergencies to obtain the services of efficient workmen. This will not appear surprising, when it is known that, during the high winds, it was impossible for a person to stand on the scaffolding without clinging for support against the frame-work; the creaking and whistling of the timbers, at such times, resembled those of a ship labouring in a storm, and the situation of the artist was not unlike that of a mariner at the mast-head. During a squall, more than usually severe, a great part of the circular frame-work of heavy planks, erected above the gallery for the prevention of accidents, was carried over the house-tops to a considerable distance. At this moment a similar fate had nearly befallen the observatory, which was torn from its fastenings, turned partly over the edge of the platform, and its various contents thrown into utter confusion. The fury of the wind rendered the door impassable; and, after a short interval of suspense, an outlet was obtained by forcing a passage on the opposite side. * By this misfortune, independently of personal inconvenience, considerable delay and expense were occasioned ere the work could be resumed; and it became necessary to provide against similar misfortunes, by securing the observatory to a cross-beam, and constructing a rope fence.

Our engraving presents a large and correct view of the scaffolding erected for the repairs of St. Paul's; with the observatory constructed above the cross of the cathedral for Mr. Hornor; beneath is seen a beautiful panoramic view of the metropolis; the whole copied from Mr. Hornor's own drawings; as is an enlarged view of the observatory itself, at the bottom of the plate.

Mr. Hornor is about to publish engravings from his highly interesting views, on an enlarged scale, by subscription, and we have no doubt that he will meet with ample success: though it would be difficult sufficiently to reward an artist who has incurred such hazards in an intense ardour for his profession.

* An accident somewhat more perilous befel Mr. Gwynn, when occupied in measuring the top of the dome, for a section of the Cathedral. While intent on his work, his foot slipped, and he slided down the convex surface of the dome, until his descent was fortunately obstructed by a small projecting piece of the lead. He thus remained until released from the danger which threatened him, by one of his assistants, who providentially discovered his awful situation.

## THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM RICHARD IN TOWN, TO ROBIN IN THE COUNTRY.

*Somerset House, May 8, 1828.*

DEAR ROBIN,
Once more in the midst of our fam'd picture mart,
Our cheap shilling show, and our bazaar of art,
Where all, if their stomachs allow them to stay,
May feast upon pictures the whole of the day;
And never was, surely, a twelvepenny crowd,
A much greater quantum of freedom allow'd.
Here the men from the East, and the men from the West,
Bring the labours of art to their critical test,
And deal out their knowledge and amateur skill,
And praise, blame, and blunder, as much as they will;
For all think the pleasure in seeing the sight,
Is to find it *all wrong*, and to set it *all right*.
With a connoisseur look, and a connoisseur glass,
From picture to picture in censure they pass:
"That curtain's too red, or that sky is too blue,
Or the keeping, or colour, is bad in that view."
Here one makes a shrewd anatomical point,
And shows that the arm, leg, or neck's out of joint;
Another finds fault with the true picture twist,
And swears that the hand don't belong to the wrist;
— — — — —
And now the throng thickens, and now the folks squeeze,

You may elbow a Lord, or a Duke, if you please.
If the weather proves warm, you may judge in the case
'Twixt the paint on the canvass and that on the face,
And the shade with the substance may boldly compare,
As all pay their shilling to have a good stare.

— — — — —

To see the fine sights, and to buy a fine gown,
Peter Puddle has trundled his daughter to town:
With pressing importance he enters the rout,
And fancies he knows what it is all about.
"Now look at that picture! I say, *Suke*, look there!
They wont make us think *that* was done for the May'r!
Here, stand in my place, wench, and mind you, don't budge,
I'll show you at once I'm a bit of a judge.
Does his eyes look on me now, or do they on you?
Why then if they don't, girl, it never will do.
I was told by the man in our parish who paints,
When I made the tight bargain to touch up our saints,
That a portrait that does not look all the room round,
Is not worth the price of the colours it ground.
If you go to the left, or you go to the right,
Your true picture should always keep you in sight."

— — — — —

And thus, while the critical mania goes round,
All the beauties are lost, and the faults are all found.

— — — — — —

"I am pondering, friend Giles," (said a book-keeping cit,
Who thought he spoke well, tho' it was not all wit).
And more had he said—but cut short by his wife,
Whose pride with his pocket was ever at strife:
For seeing her neighbour, the Cheesemonger's spouse,
Look down from her frame, gave her spirits the rouse,
And placing within her good husband's her arm,
Which acted the part of a spell or a charm,
Still keeping her eye on her neighbour's broad face,
Paused a moment for matter, then stated the case,—
"In her age Mrs. Butterpat sinks half a score,
And the Painter as much, or perhaps something more,
You and I, my dear Mudge, are but just in our prime,
Which for having our pictures is sure the best time,
And the man in our garret can do them, you know,
For without it you'll scarce think the sum he will owe."

— — — —

"Now, Sir, don't you think," (said a Prig, taking hold
Of the man who stood next him,) "the fellow was bold,
To hang on the walls such a vile piece of stuff?
The hands and the feet may be done well enough,
But as to the coat they have hung on his back,
Why it fits just as well as a shirt or a sack:
Not a man that I keep on the board of my shop
But would cry out *for shame* on this vile piece of slop,
All who know what a coat is, with me too must join;
Don't you think, Sir, I'm right?"—"Sir, the picture is mine,
And when next you a critical judgment afford,
Let it be on your men, and your shop, and your board."

— — — — —

But how does it fare with the sons of the brush,
As eager to find out their stations they rush;
Now high, and now low, shoots the eye's rapid glance,
Scarce daring to meet with its lottery chance.
Poor Crosswit is seen for the twenty-fifth year,
With a look of sad omen, and brow as severe:
—Say his works are hung up, he replies with a frown—
"No, Sir, you're mistaken, my works are hung down;
As low as my feet now my labours are found,
But 'tis not in this way I shall ever *gain ground*."

— — — —

But now, my dear Robin, the end of my paper
Has warned me that compliments too must be taper;
And so to this line I shall just add another,
To say that I am your affectionate brother,

RICHARD.

## LORD BYRON.

The following most recent and highly interesting account of Lord Byron is copied from a private letter, dated Genoa, April 5:—"You are of course aware that Lord Byron is still here; his Lordship lives in a villa at Albano, within a mile of the city gate, on the eastern coast. Having a letter to present, I waited on him this morning, and was received with his accustomed affability. As you will readily conceive, I was highly gratified at finding myself in the society of one whose constant application to literature and study renders him by no means easy of access. Though somewhat thinner in the face than he was six years ago, when last I saw his Lordship, I am happy to inform you that he enjoys perfect health. I perceived that a few white hairs have begun to obtrude themselves on his ebon locks, but the general cast of his features are more marked and interesting than ever. His eyes retain all their penetrating brilliancy, and that voice with which you were so affected at Venice has lost nothing of its impressive tone and flexible qualities. The young Count Gamba, with whom his Lordship seems to be on terms of the warmest friendship, is distinguished both as a patriot and poet. This amiable Nobleman has translated the *Bride of Abydos*, which is printing here, and will appear in a few days. The Italian version is highly spoken of by those who have seen specimens.—Knowing the general anxiety which prevails relative to the noble author of *Childe Harold's* return to England, I ventured to hint at the subject, and from the reply I should imagine his Lordship has no intention of going home at present. Our conversation related almost exclusively to Greece, in whose cause he is quite enthusiastic. I need therefore scarcely say with how much satisfaction he heard of the change in our policy, which has followed the accession of Mr. Canning; nor was his Lordship less gratified when informed of the recent association in London to promote the interests of the Greeks.—From the manner in which he dwelt on this important question, I should not wonder if he bent his course towards the Morea, rather than England. Certain persons will be chagrined to hear that Lord Byron's mode of life does not furnish the smallest food for calumny. I have ascertained that he leads a most retired life, and that when from home, he seldom returns without having the consolation to reflect upon some act of benevolence or charity. Still attached to excursions on the water, his Lordship has fitted up a small schooner, in which his hours of recreation are likely to be passed during the ensuing summer.

Though the villa occupied by Lord B. is spacious and elegant, the room in which I was received is fitted up with the greatest simplicity. On entering, I perceived a guitar, some music, and a few books strewed on the table. Of four or five engravings suspended in plain gilt frames round the room, two are portraits of his daughter, and a third, one of Westall's illustrations of *Childe Harold*.

## NUGÆ CANORÆ.

*To the Editor of the Mirror.*

SIR—In my younger and wilder days (and that is no very long time ago either) I was much addicted to that species of dissipation, which, in the softened language of fashionable life, we term gallantry; and, *(horresco referens!)* the objects of my attachment were no others than the fair sisters of Parnassus themselves. "Many a time and oft" was I wont to hold amorous dalliance with one or other of them in some lonely bower, or other propitious retreat; and numerous were the proofs of this illicit intercourse, that time brought to light under the various guises of odes, sonnets, epigrams, elegiac effusions, *et hoc genus omne*. But, notwithstanding the number, to which my Parnassian progeny at length increased, I was fortunate enough, by a rigid exercise of my parental authority, to avoid that public exposure, which the emigration of so many of my bantlings into the world might have occasioned. A few of them, indeed, did contrive to elude my vigilance, and were the cause, at the moment, of "many compunctious visitings" to their unfortunate sire. But since then, Mr. Editor, times are strangely altered,—

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis,"

and I begin to feel it my duty, by way of offering some atonement for the indiscretions of youth, to make a public

avowal of my former peccadilloes; and, if you can afford me your aid towards the accomplishment of this object, by introducing my Parnassian family to the world, I shall, as in duty bound, ever hold myself your debtor. But I ask not this charitable office, provided the aforesaid family may be found, in any way, to discredit your patronage. Yet, it would ill become me to say much on this point, influenced, as I necessarily must be, by that natural partiality, which too often magnifies the merits, as it palliates the imperfections, of those to whom we are so nearly allied as our own offspring. To your better and unbiassed judgment, then, I resign the management of this weighty affair, merely adding, that act as you may, you cannot offend, but may greatly oblige, your constant reader,

*April* 26, 1823. BARDULUS.

## EPIGRAMS.

ON AN IGNORANT, LYING PRIEST.

MENDAX, so strange the whims he feels,
Ne'er *reads*, but when he *stands*, or *kneels*;
And, you will hear it with surprise,
Whene'er he *speaks*, he always *lies*.

ON SEEING A FLY BURNT IN A CANDLE.

See, how around the gaudy flame
The giddy insect flies,
Till, flutt'ring on with fatal aim,
It drops at last and dies.

Just so, in pleasure's sultry maze,
The victim courts his doom;
Awhile he wantons in the blaze,
Then sinks into the tomb.

ON NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Bonaparte at Moscow was *roasted*, they say,
And since has been *basted*, while running away;
What wonder then now (as was long ago wish'd),
That we find the great Emp'ror about to be *dish'd*.

ON HIS STYLING THE RUSSIANS "BEARS."

Napoleon dubs the Russ a *bear:*
He might have added something more,
For, sure I am, he now will swear,
This *bear* has proved a mighty *bore*.

ON HIS RETURN TO PARIS.

Who sent thee back in such mishap?
The Monsieurs cry, and scoff.
Alack-a-day, quoth Emp'ror Nap,
The great bear CUT-US-OFF.*

IN BONAPARTEM.

*Imperat in mundo vir, qui* Bonaparte *vocatur;*
*Sed regnare virum non puto* parte bonâ.

ON THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN IN 1815.

To Spain, entranc'd in golden dreams,
Fair freedom comes, and tempting seems
The heavenly apparition;
But ah, when waking, Spain essay'd
To hold the all-enchanting maid,
She clasp'd the—Inquisition.

LEX TALIONIS.†

'Tis said, the lawyers cannot hit
Upon a punishment, that's fit
For this offence:—what blocks!
Some talk of flogging, some of fine,
While some to pillory incline,
But none have named the *stocks*.

AN ANAGRAM.

In Protean forms I first imply
What all must do ere thèy can die;
Yet, metamorphosed, I shall be
What all, who are to die, should flee,
Or in my last disguise, behold
Their character concisely told.

ANACREON IMITATED.

*Ode* I.

Of Wellington I fain would sing,
Of Nelson's more than mortal fire;
But silly Love has caught my string,
And check'd the ardour of my lyre.

Although my instrument of late
I trim'd anew, to sing the praise
Of Pitt's proud genius; yet my fate
Was cast, and Love renew'd his lays.

So, heroes all, a long adieu;
For, I protest, I cannot sing,
To please myself or flatter you;
For silly Love has seized my string.

TRANSLATIONS.

*Adrian's "Dying man to his soul."*‡

Ah! whither fond and flutt'ring thing,
Ah! whither bend thy falt'ring wing,
With mirth and pleasure flying;
A parting guest—no more to cheer
My drooping frame, but disappear,
All trembling, fainting, dying!

---

* Kutusoff, the Russian General.

† Or, an appropriate punishment discovered for a certain notorious stock-jobbing hoax.

‡ This is the foundation of Pope's beautiful lines—"Vital spark of heavenly flame," &c.

EPIGRAM ON DIDO, BY AUSONIUS.*

Ill-fated queen, though twice caress'd,
To be in both your loves unbless'd!
One husband dead, away you fly,
The other fled, alas! you die.

## MEDICAL QUACKERY.

*(Concluded from page 487.)*

Prevented by the disgraceful quackery of some branches of the profession, and by the equally degrading puffing of others, joined to the expense of getting into practice by such means, even if I could contrive to puff with more delicacy; I was on the point of giving up all ideas of London, and of resigning myself to the sameness of a country practitioner's life, when Dr. B. came down into our neighbourhood; to him I told my situation and various plans, in the same manner as I now tell them to you. He advised me to turn *aurist*, which he assured me was a department of the profession less occupied than any other. I therefore obtained all the works both ancient and modern upon this subject; but, alas! I found but little assistance from any of them; fanciful theories and erroneous conclusions, with plenty of anonymous cases, were their chief contents. I then sent up to my old master, Mr. Brookes, for a supply of *heads* occasionally, and setting to work at dissection, I think I have discovered many new lights in the science, and by the various agents I have employed to visit the *aurists* of the present day, and catch their opinions as they rise, I flatter myself I shall make a figure in the world: but I plainly see I must resort to a little quackery and puffing even in this; however, I'll endeavour to do it as *decently* as possible, and shall now proceed in confidence to give you a brief sketch of my plans of proceeding; but pray take great care of my letter, lest it should fall into the hands of persons who may adopt the same in their practice before I appear on the stage.

I had intended to develope to you the whole of my plans as aurist, but fearing my letter should miscarry, and I be deprived of the benefits of my discoveries, I shall touch but lightly on the subject. In cases where the ears of the patient are devoid of the natural excretion of wax, I shall not proceed by the tedious and round-about method of stimulating the glands gradually, but by means of a *small newly invented trowel*, I shall line the ears with an artificial composition I have invented, which your best aurists would believe to be natural. In cases of indurated cerumen I shall adopt the contrary process, and pare away what in the other case I had artificially to create. As I shall in both cases operate very gradually, I suppose *twenty* to *thirty* visits will be required; now here I think the public will have a great advantage, as I learn some of your aurists seldom get hold of a patient's ears without tickling forty, fifty, or sixty guineas out of them, and sometimes much more. You may think this will not *take*, I then beg to assure you that it has *taken*; and I see no reason why it should not do so again.

Some of your London aurists I understand are, or pretend to be, of opinion that the drum of the ear acquires a degree of opacity which it is necessary to remove: this has been *drummed* into the ears of patients too much for me to hope to eradicate all at once, and as it has been a prolific source of emolument, I suppose I must fall in with the stream. I shall, however, proceed upon a very scientific plan, for I propose to dilate the auditory passage with a similar instrument to that used by Sir Astley Cooper, for another and a very different operation; or without the aid of this instrument I can pour a little *pure* æther into the ear, and set it on fire, which will certainly destroy the whole of this *thickening*. I have not heard whether this latter plan was adopted in the case of the Duke of Wellington; he suffered, as the papers informed us, dreadful pain and fever: I never have had a patient *complain* who has *once* experienced this plan of mine; but possibly the æther used to the Duke was not *pure!!*

Blisters behind the ears, kept open from *six weeks* to *six months*, have afforded *great amusement* to patients, and as it is always dangerous to interfere with the amusements of the public, yet thinking blisters are getting old-fashioned, I shall offer a *quid pro quo*, which my patients will find *quite* as *much amusement* as if perpetual blisters had been applied, and I am certain far more benefit.

Noises in the head have generally been a species of *opprobia medicorum*,

* Dido is reported to have taken to flight on the death of her first husband Sichæus, and to have killed herself upon the departure of Æneas, her second. The following is the epigram of Ausonius:—

"Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris."

after all other means have failed, such as cupping, leeching, bleeding, physicing, &c. &c. I think it will be well to try a sort of artificial O. P. row; for a friend of mine went to Covent Garden during that *amusement*, and the noise in his head, which had resisted every attempt before made to cure it, immediately ceased, and he has never been *sensible* of it since.—As the *Opthalmic* Hospital, in the Regent's Park, is now I understand *discovered* to be an useless building, probably I may find friends sufficient to obtain leave for it to be appropriated to the purpose of *another experiment;* and if so, I purpose having it fitted up with machinery, to set in motion Chinese gongs, dustmen's bells, mail coach horns, watchmen's rattles, and other instruments of the kind, and the noise in the head or ears which is not cured by *twenty-four hours' confinement* amidst this din, I shall consider as *incurable*.

As to medicine, you and I must make a *joint* affair of it, in conjunction with a *chemist* and *dentist*. The one must *charge enough* to allow you and me something out of the medicines, &c. which we recommend, and should our patients lose a few teeth by following our prescriptions, the *dentist* must give us a per centage on the artificial ones with which he replaces the loss.—*Verb. sap. sat.*

I have various other *bold* and *decisive* methods of treatment, which I shall defer mentioning till we meet; and surely with these, a good house and elegant furniture, which I must have at all events, I shall get into good practice. You will say probably that my plans are *unique*, and that the world will not properly appreciate them; whilst there are a sufficient number of *simpletons* in existence to support one old woman, who calls herself an aurist, in selling about a *half-penny worth* of oil, coloured green with the elder leaves that grow round her hermitage, and a few grains of valerian powder, for *twenty-two shillings*; or another in a like sale, of a little balsam of Peru, mixed with gall and spirits of turpentine, for *half-a-guinea* a bottle, I think I need not fear for the success of my artificial wax. Neither am I at all doubtful as to my *ætherial* application, whilst people *will* visit a *visionary*, or *half-crazy doctor*, to have the extract of cabbage-stump, or a little of the precious water from the pool of Bethesda, in the city of Jerusalem, put into their ears, the first of which, on being subjected to analysis, proves to be a liniment composed of the nitrate of mercury, and the latter, although a pretended *far-fetched* remedy, is most likely the water of some convenient horse pond; for we read in scripture, that the water of this famous pool (long since dried up) was only efficacious when in a turbid state, and therefore it would not do to sell clear water as coming from the pool of Bethesda. My surgical operations must be approved of, for they are quite *mild* in comparison with those of some of your great *aurists*, one of whom touched the tonsils (which are, as you know, situate at the back of the mouth), with a caustic every day for *six months*, in order to cure a polypus in the *external* ear; and in another case, recommended a branch of the *external* carotid artery, which passes at the back of the ear, to be *taken up*, with a view to destroy a discharge from the *internal* part of the ear! The patient and his surgeon had too much good sense to allow the wild scheme to be carried into effect:—Another of your *learned* aurists *proposed* perforating through the upper jaw, in order to clear the eustachian tubes: how he would have got to the end of his journey, God only knows, he very wisely never set out; but he says, he has *torn away* part of the tonsils by a *new invented* pair of forceps!!!

When I come to town I must fall in with the custom I suppose, and *publish* a *book*. As I shall not have *time* to do this myself, some compiler must be found, who can furbish up an old anatomical description of the ear, and with an account of my *new methods* of treatment, make up a *small octavo*. He must also write some *lectures* for me, but we must be sure to engage a man that can be depended on, one that will not *betray* the *secret*. Then with a view to *appear* of *consequence*, I should have *foreign correspondents;* but I shall *really obtain* them, as I shall visit Paris, Berlin, Vienna, &c. Here I shall have a decided advantage over some of my contemporaries, for as you know I am acquainted with the languages, and at any rate I shall not become a *laughing* stock to foreign servants and my English companions in the *Diligence*, as a certain *learned* professor of the healing art did a few months ago. As the expense of house, furniture, advertisements, &c. will be very considerable, I must get my relative, who seems to approve of the plan, to advance some cash, and use all his electioneering

interest to obtain for me an appointment to royalty; I shall then form a *dispensary* for the poor, and you must look out for me a good collector, well acquainted with all the *charitable* and *humane* in the metropolis: if he has a long *puritanical* face, so much the better. There are many of this sort, I learn, who gain a comfortable living by the poundage they receive. If the fellow is not dead, who for many years lived in a state of affluence in the Fleet-Prison, upon the donations his advertisements produced, and which generally began, "*Oh that the eye of pity may meet this,*" I think he would suit admirably; at any rate he must be a *sturdy beggar*, and quite up to "*every thing in the world.*" You shall be consulting physician; I hope, therefore, you are F. R. S. and F. M. S. as well as M. D. Then we must have a secretary, a *Mister* will do for that very well; our chemist shall be styled *Esquire*, as well as *myself*—he must be our treasurer, and I shall be the surgeon of the new institution. There must also be plenty of bankers, and though last, not least, we must have a long list of patrons, presidents, vice-presidents, and governors, the higher the rank the better; the Court Guide will here be of service to us, as we can select their names from that; if they grumble at the use of their name without permission, we must point out that it is a *pious fraud*, to serve the cause of heaven-born charity; that this virtue "*covereth a multitude of sins;*" so self-interest will whisper, that they will do well to sit quietly under its mantle. Talking of charity, I am reminded of a certain *worm doctor*, who blasphemes the name of the Deity, by joining it in his advertisement, "*inviting the naturalist to inspect the wonders of nature.*" This man subscribes to the deaf and dumb asylum, and his name is of course in the list of governors; he has, I understand, pretended that he is appointed to the medical care of the deaf and dumb children in that institution, and even shews his name in the list, in confirmation of the fact. The imposition is said to have succeeded with the ignorant, and, if true, is an ingenious but not an honourable way of turning a guinea given in charity to a good account.—After paying for *house-rent, advertisements*, and some *furniture*, we must have a good dinner or two, (i. e. the officers of the institution, and a few of their friends) which must be advertised as a meeting of the governors: I must be *complimented* with a *piece of plate*, out of the surplus money, for my *wonderful* services rendered to the poor: we may safely state the numbers of those *cured*, as being nearly, or quite equal to the number received; no one will know the *real truth*, or think it worth his while to inquire; and being inserted in the public papers, it will serve as a good *decoy*, both to bring me *patients* and keep up the *funds* of the charity. We should also get the use of a church now and then, and a bishop to preach a charity sermon: no! a *bishop* will not do *now*, I think that an A. M. will suit better, but we must be particular as to his character, for as there are many of the *cloth* in *banco regis*, we might *happen* to get one *just discharged*, with *no great credit*, under the *Insolvent Act*. I am of opinion we should not have the bills of the sermon placed in chandler's shops, or stuck about the streets, cheek by jowl with those of Dr. Eady, and others of that class, as I have seen *some instances* of; we can arrange all this on my arrival, and I think by the help of *God* and *man*, the *church* and *king*, the devil is in it if I do not succeed, even although I should be *fully entitled* in the opinion of *all* who *know me*, to *add* to my name, A. S. S.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my maternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years: on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-street, and I am in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, insomuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this; but my mother has a growing family that must be pushed. Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother, upon these occasions, schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which

the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial; my brother John, who is articled to an attorney, is told to pull Boote's suit at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial to parsnips; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-hart-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great bustle in our establishment as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is very little variety in the infliction. The narrative of what passes at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own. That is to say, whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer: upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Phlegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington: upon another, to pay a kind visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross: upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home on that day? My father answered yes; as indeed he would have done had he been engaged to dine off pearls and diamonds with the Royal Ram. "Bob," said my father to me, "do run up stairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day." I did as I was bid, and on opening the parlour-door, found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication-table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me." As she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo harbinger of Spring." This was unlucky: the cadenza might have been heard down in the counting-house: and any thing more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message: my alarmed mother started up; Charlotte threw away her Hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea began to growl "Oh, ruddier than the berry." As for little Charles, he was left to find out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity. A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte upon the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate: a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that it was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father: he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instanter* to Leadenhall-market. "No, my dear, no," said my father; remember when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone." My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner-hour is five, and my brother John dines with us, generally returning afterwards to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say, "let me alone: I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us: Charlotte mechanically began to play, "Comfort ye my people:" my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation; the door opened, and the servant delivered—a twopenny-post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Stuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated "Psha!" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradually diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his High Mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had just before been rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny postman, was now performed afresh, and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honour to receive his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without

spilling. "What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the Great Man to my brother. "Only the first volume of Morgan's Vade Mecum," answered the driver of quills. "Right," rejoined our revered uncle: "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!" "At this he laughed," as Goldsmith has it; "and so did we: the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter, and in downright earnest began to allege that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership I should, in all human probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it Heaven only knew. Charlotte's talent for music was then represented to be surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring: it is no fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced, the Great Man took his seat at the right hand of my mother. He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but, when the Great Man of the Family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit, the Great Man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there: no, not there: a little nearer the fat: or stay: no: it is a little too much boiled: I will wait a slice or two: ay: now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonsful of gravy: put two small parsnips with it; and, Thomas, bring me the mustard." It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands to which I entertain an aversion—parsnips and tripe. The former always give me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter, of boiled leather breeches. My politic mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum. It would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches pocket. "Has any body seen Simpson and Co." inquired the Great Man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls. I was upon the incautious point of answering yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father, with the most adroit simplicity, answered, "I met Simpson this morning at Batson's: his partner is at Liverpool." Hereat the Great Man chuckled so immodestely that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson and Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha, ha, hah! No: I mean Simpson and Co. at Drury-Lane." "No," answered my mother, "we none of us ever go to the play." Lord, help me! it was but a week ago that my father, Jack, and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First, the Great Man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potatoe. Then our man Thomas placed the pewter dish, carefully covered, immediately under our visitor's nose. At a given signal Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he were harpooning a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingratiation. Such, for instance, as none of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress; our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar,

and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in the shortness of their memories. Bedford-square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's sensorium all geographical knowledge of City streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime-street is the second or third turning: affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate-street; and tells me that, when he goes to receive his dividends at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the first ten years of his civic existence, threaded every nook and alley in the City, with a black pocket-book full of bills as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

I yesterday overheard my maiden Aunt Susan giving a hint to some body, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years abstinence, is certainly "as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case, I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink, talk, and think for myself. At the very first uncle-given dinner after the *dénouement*, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson and Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List. I am, &c.

ROBERT RANKIN.

## NIGHT.

When I look forth into the face of night,
And see those silent orbs that gem the sky—
The moon that holds her glorious path on high—
The countless host of stars of lesser light,
All moving on their destined course aright,
Through the broad ocean of infinity,
Steer'd by the hand of Him whose glories lie
Beyond the stretch of mortal sense or sight—
When I behold all Heaven divinely bright
With this array, and downward turn mine eyes,—
My soul expands into its native might,
And loathes the burden of that coil that lies
Like lead upon the soul, and clogs its flight
Unto its purer seat and kindred skies.

M.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

# The Novelist.

## No. XXVI.

## THE RETURN.

At the close of a fine summer's day Mrs. Willman, her son and daughter, the only members of her family, were seated at the door of their humble dwelling, a lonely cottage on the banks of the Hudson, in the United States. Mrs. Willman and Anna had thrown aside their sewing, at which they were generally employed, and Albert was reciting the following little poem, the unstudied effusion of an unlettered youth:

### THE SETTING SUN.

The golden sun now in the West,
Smiling reluctant sinks to rest;
A transient glance a ling'ring beam,
Now only plays upon the stream.

He fades—but still a ling'ring ray,
Does o'er the waters gently play;
A dusky cloud his beauties shade,
He sinks—now ev'ry ray is fled.

When Albert ceased, he looked, blushingly, around him for applause. But, instead of smiling her approbation as she was wont to do, his mother sighed audibly. "It is two years this very day, said she, that your father went away!" Melancholy overspread the face of Albert; and a tear trembled in the eye of the gentle Anna. "I fear he will never return!" continued their mother, "but the will of the Lord be done;" and she dropped the painful subject.

"O mother!" said Anna, "what a storm is rising in the west! Mercy! let us get into the house and shut the door before it comes up." "O don't be scar'd Anna," said Albert, laughing at the fears of his sister.

At this moment, a person on the other side of the river, shouted "*Over, Over, Over.*" This was the well known cry for the boat. Albert's lay just below the house; his oars stood near him; and scarce had the last "Over" died, when he was ready to launch his skiff on the dark blue and slightly agitated waters of the Hudson. Mrs. Willman went into the cottage, but

Anna stood on the bank watching her brother's skiff as it cut lightly through the water. He reached the opposite shore; he stood a while with the stranger; and she then saw that stranger enter the boat, and her brother mount a horse that till that moment she had not noticed.

The storm that Anna had noticed at a distance, came on apace. The light breeze that had so gently played o'er the waters below, had increased to a brisk gale—yet she who was so alarmed at the first appearance of the storm, still fearlessly stood on the bank waiting the return of her brother.

It was now quite dark, but there was still light enough remaining for her to see, when they were about in the middle of the river, that the horse was without its rider. The maiden shrieked—but the voice of her brother soon assured her of his safety, and in a few minutes he was at her side. The stranger who was with him, explained the incident in the water by saying, that, owing to his inexperience as an oarsman he had struck one of the oars too deep, and being assisted by a brisk gale of wind upset the boat, but by the timely assistance of the youth had been brought with the boat safe to the shore.

Anna led the way to the cottage, and Mrs. Willman rose to welcome the stranger. He forgot his predetermined forbearance, and exclaiming "My dear Catharine!" caught her in his arms. It was her husband—and the father of her children. * * * * * *

## Miscellanies.

### Mr. MOORE'S NEW POEMS.

As we wish not to occupy our columns with politics, we shall not quote any of Mr. Moore's "Fables of the Alliance," but rather select a few gems of equal if not of superior merit, which are inserted in the same volume.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

*The English to be met with every where.—Alps and Threadneedle-street.—The Simplon and the Stocks. —Rage for travelling, &c.*

And is there then no earthly place.
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle-street!

If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change my dear—
"The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly hill)—
"Are low'ring fast—(what, higher still?)—
"And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—
"Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference *which*—
Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockney's of all sects and castes,
Old maidens, aldermen and squires,
*Will* leave their puddings and coal fires,
To gape at things in foreign lands,
No soul among them understands—
If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off 'mong the Wahabees—
If neither sex nor age controls,
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies, with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids—*
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot, that's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some *Blue* "at home"
Among the *Blacks* of Carolina—
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
And toast upon the wall of China!

* It was pink *spencers*, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.

### LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And whimsical enough, heav'n knows,
The things he rav'd about, while waking
To let him pine so were a sin—
One, to whom all the world's a debtor—
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent;—

" Dose, as before"—a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.
After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue to downright snoring.

## TO MY MOTHER.

*Written in a Pocket Book*, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (*if* fame it be)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

## VESSEL DASHED TO PIECES BY A WHALE.

(*From the Annual Register of* 1821.)

On the 19th of Nov. 1821, the Essex, a Russian vessel, of 250 tons which was employed in the whale fishery was in lat. 47 deg. S. and long. 118 deg. W. from Greenwich, and consequently about 500 geographical miles to the west of the Patagonian coast, when it was surrounded by whales; and one of them of the largest size gave it so violent a blow with his tail, that the keel of the vessel was partly laid bare. The monster stopped some time near the ship, endeavouring to strike it again with his tail: not being able to succeed, he swam before the vessel to the distance of about half a werst, (one-third of an English mile) then at once he swam back, and struck the prow with such violence, that notwithstanding the rapidity of her course, under full sail, the vessel receded, and this retrograde movement was almost as rapid as her advance forwards. The damage which was occasioned by this gigantic shock is not to be described. The waves broke into the ship through the cabin windows, all the persons who happened to be on deck, were thrown down, the vessel filled with water, was laid on the side, and did not right herself till the masts were cut away.

It was immediately evident that there were no hopes of saving her. The crew, thinking only of their own safety, got into the two boats, in which they embarked some provisions which they had with great difficulty taken out of the sinking vessel. A month after, that is on the 20th of December, these unfortunate people arrived at the Isle of Ducie, where they stopped eight days: but not finding any provisions there, they endeavoured to reach the continent of South America, leaving, however, three of their companions on the island. A short time after this the two boats separated; and one of them, which had only three men in her, met, sixty days after their shipwreck, an American vessel, which took them on board. It was not till ninety six days after their departure from the island of Ducie, that the other boat had the good fortune to meet with a vessel: but there were only two persons on board, the Captain and the cabin boy. Famine had reduced them to the horrible necessity of eating each other! Eight times they drew lots, and eight victims were sacrificed to the hunger of their surviving companions. The lot had been already drawn which condemned the boy to the same fate, when he and the Captain discovered the vessel which saved them. An English vessel, on her way to Port Jackson, in New Holland, touched at the Island of Ducie. A gun having been fired, the crew soon afterwards saw the three men who had been left there come out of a wood. A boat was sent to bring them on board the ship.

## A DESCRIPTION OF SUN-RISE AT MOUNT ETNA.

But here, says Brydone, description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a

noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the East to illuminate the wondrous scene. The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and shewed dimly and faintly, the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to shew their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight; catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun appears in the East, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to such objects, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of them. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lepari, Panari, Alicudi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and I am perfectly convinced that it is only from the imperfection of our organs that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon.

## BEATING THE BOUNDARIES.

Thursday the 8th inst. was Ascension-day—a festival well known to every school-boy in the metropolis, since it is devoted to a parochial perambulation of each parish, generally called beating the boundaries. The custom is of considerable antiquity. Spelman thinks it was derived from the heathens, and that it is an imitation of the feast called Terminalia, which was observed in the month of February in honour of the god Terminus, who was supposed to preside over bounds and limits, and to punish all unlawful usurpations of land. On this festival the people of the country assembled with their families, and crowned with garlands and flowers the stones which separated their different possessions, and sprinkled them in a solemn manner with the blood of a victim, generally a lamb or a young pig, which was offered to the God who presided over the boundaries. Libations of milk and wine were made.

In making the parochial perambulations formerly in this country on Ascension-day, the minister, accompanied by the churchwardens and parishioners, used to deprecate the vengeance of God, by a blessing on the fruits of the earth, and implore him to preserve the rights of the parish. This custom is thus noticed by Withers in his "Emblems:"

"That ev'ry man might keep his own possessions,
Our fathers used in reverent posses sions,
(With zealous prayers and with praise full cheers)
To walk their parish limits once a-year;
And well-known marks (which sacrilegeous hands
Now cut or break) so bord'red out their lands,
That ev'ry one distinctly knew his own;
And many brawls, now rife, were then unknown."

In Lyson's Environs of London, in the Churchwarden's books of children, there is the following singular entry, 1670, spent at the perambulation dinner - - £3 10 0
Given to the boys that were *whipt* - - - 0 4 0
Paid for poynts for the boys - 0 2 0

The custom of beating the boundaries on Ascension day, prevails in several large towns in England as well as in London.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A few nights since a gentleman fell down by accident in the gallery of the House of Commons, which caused a laugh, when a gentleman observed to his friend near him, "He is the Member for *Downshire.*"

The tailor who accused Mr. *Poole*, the coal merchant, at Guildhall, with sending coals without a venders' ticket, could not say he had not had *Poole measure*.

---

In the Committee of the House of Commons on the London Bridge, are, Alderman Wood, Esq.; Davies Giddy, Esq.; Christopher Smith, Esq.; —— Lambton, Esq.; Home Sumner, Esq., &c.; upon which a gentleman observed, He hoped it would not be a *wooden* bridge, for it would make him *Giddy* to go over it, for one *Smith* could never make it firm, and if they had a two-penny clause putting a tax upon every ton going under it, it would not be like a *Lamb*-ton act or deed—and would come *Home* to almost every man.

---

NEWSPAPERS.

——— Messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and to joy of some;
What is it but a map of life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?

---

By adding an *i* after the letter *e* in Jackanapes, we have a complete sentence, expressive of the meaning of the term, viz. Jack-an-ape-is, which we believe to be the actual derivation of that word.

---

EPIGRAM

*On a lady wearing the miniature of an unworthy person suspended round her neck.*

"What hang from the neck of a lady!" cries Bill,
"Were ever such folly and impudence known?
As to hanging indeed he may hang where he will,
But as to the *neck* let it be by his own."

---

EPITAPH.

ON A RICH MISER,

Here lies one who for medicines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost.
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but know how much his funeral cost.

---

EPIGRAM.

A bailiff once, a sentimental man,
To seize a cobler went, and thus began,
"Depart, I must have *all*;"
"If that's the case, thou stupid fool,"
The cobler said, and handing him a tool,
"Depart, thou hast my *awl*."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On Wednesday next, the 21st of May, will be published No. 30 of the Mirror, containing an elegantly engraved Title, Vignette, and copious Index to the first volume.

And on Saturday, the 24th inst., will be published No. 31 of the MIRROR, being the first number of the Second Volume, and consequently affording a favourable opportunity for new subscribers, on a large accession of which we calculate.

The favours of H. W. W. P., G. S. A. R., A. E. I., G., Alatus, G., A. J. P., and A. W., are intended for early insertion.

T. R. Y's Sonnet on parting is not good enough for the Mirror; he may however T R Y us again and perhaps be more successful.

We will search among our papers for the communications of Alegorieus, X. Y. Z., and several other Correspondents, and give them the decisive answers they request

The favours of Junius, H. X., W., W., E., G., M., S., Ghnitraf, S., L. D. G., and of numerous constant readers, have been received.

We shall be happy to hear from Alfred.

Birthday Odes, Lines of Love-sick Poets to Young Ladies, Stanzas on infant beauty, Elegies to departed worth, and "all that sort of thing," seldom possess any interest but to the parties concerned.

We feel much pleasure in encouraging youthful literary efforts, but our duty to the great body of our readers renders it imperative upon us to be careful if not rigid censors. We are sensible of the difficulty of pleasing every reader; but we endeavour to do it, although we have somewhere met with four lines which give little hopes of obtaining a "consummation so devoutly to be wished." We shall however quote them:—

"Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work to day,
But God knows when 'twill end."

---

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# The Mirror

OF

## LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXX.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.


### THE EDITOR'S ALBUM.

At a time when every *bas bleu*, or young miss just escaped from the boarding-school, is tendering her Album to every visitor, and filling its pages with insignificant autographs, or silly verses, the Editor of the Mirror may perhaps not be thought obtrusive when he produces his Album; not, however, so much to solicit contributions as to exhibit a portion of what he already possesses; but before he does this, he will make a few observations on the history of Albums.

The first Albums were nothing more than the surface of the wall of some frequented place on which those who thought they had wit and were fond of showing it, wrote what they pleased. The sick, who crowded to the temple of Esculapius, are said by antiquaries to have written on the walls their maladies and the means by which they had been cured; and these inscriptions, collected by Hippocrates, formed his work, which may thus be considered as the oldest Album on record. A similar custom prevailed among the Romans; and in the ruins of Herculaneum is a guard-house, the walls of which are covered with inscriptions.

In more modern times the invention of glass has in some degree superseded the white-washed wall, though Shakspeare's house and monument at Stratford on Avon bear testimony that the ancient custom is not extinct. Of window gleanings a curious collection might be made, and we invite such of our readers as are travellers to copy any they may meet with, and forward them to us for some future Album. Shenstone has furnished a stanza, which is often inscribed on the windows of inns by those who wish to flatter their host, and have not the genius to pay him an original compliment.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Another traveller, anxious to display his talents as a linquist, wrote the following *impromptu*, in four different languages, on a window in the Warwick Arms inn, Warwick.

In questa casa troverate
Tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter
Vinum, panem, pisces, carnes,
Coaches, chaises, horses, harness!

An honest, but somewhat cynical John Bull, Thomas Hollis, Esq. who had travelled through a good part of the world, without forming foreign attachments, on landing at Falmouth, on his return from the Continent, thus recorded his feelings on the window of the inn:

"I have seen the specious vain Frenchman, the truckling Dutchman, the tame Dane, the sturdy self-righting Swede, the barbarous Russ, the turbulent Pole, the honest dull German, the pay-fighting Swiss, the subtle splendid Italian, the salacious Turk, the sun-warming lounging Maltese, the piratical Moor, the proud, cruel Spaniard; the bigotted, base Portuguese, with their courtiers; and hail again old England, my native land. Reader, if English, Scotch, or Irish, rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy native land, and maintain it sound to posterity. April 14, 1753."

The inmates of prisons, who have generally plenty of time, much food for reflection, and ample space in the unfurnished walls, frequently give vent to their feelings, and record their misfortunes on the windows and walls of their cells. When the Bastile, that engine of French tyranny, was destroyed in Paris, several inscriptions were found upon the walls. In an interior cell, which, from the gradual declension of the tyranny that populated the place, had been some time without an inhabitant, there was found a feeble inscription on the stone fronting the door, of which the following were the only words that could be read:

"Gravé par l'aide d'un dent du qui je n'ai point aucune besoin."—*La Malheureux de Prie.*

This nobleman, who thus recorded his misfortunes and his name on the wall with one of his teeth, for which he had no longer any occasion, had resided some time in England during the embassy of the Chevalier or Madame

d'Eon to this country, and married an English lady, who died a melancholy death. In another cell was found an inscription, signed Loland, of which the following is a translation:

"Here is entombed happiness, so eagerly sought by mortals! Alas, I am deprived of my liberty, sweet liberty! and my only consolations are vain complaints and unavailing tears! If [here some words were illegible] when you forsake us, the days lag on like ages. Live there [some words effaced] if you have had, O mortal! the misfortune to incur suspicion, do not imagine that you will so soon depart hence. The hour of entrance into this fatal place is too well known: but no man knows when the happy moment of his departure shall come."

The walls of the Tower of London also furnish some interesting inscriptions, though, thank God, this fortress is not stained with the crimes which distinguished that of France. In the Beauchamp Tower, one of the principal state prisons, several of these inscriptions were discovered in 1796, on making some alterations for the purpose of converting the building into a mess-house for the garrison. A young Fleming or Brabanter, of the name of Charles Bailly, who was an adherent of Mary Queen of Scots, has ornamented a panel with lozenges, and inscribed the following reflections:—

'J. H. S.

1571, die 10° Aprilis.

Wise men ought circumspectly to se what they do; to examine before they speake; to prove before they take in hand: to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they truste. Charles Bailly.'

In another place, there is the following inscription:—

'Principium sapiente timor Domini. I. H. S. X. P. S. Be frend to one, be ennemye to none, Anno D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have; but with ye impatience which they suffer.

Tout vient apoient, quy peult attendre
Gli sospiri ne son testimoni veri dell angoscia mia.

æt. 29. Charles Bailly'

In another part of the room there is a rude piece of sculpture by "Thomas Wyllingar." It is without date, and consists of a bleeding heart with the letters T. W., the initials of his own name on one side, and P. A., most likely the initials of his mistress, on the other. There is also a figure of death holding a dart in the left hand, and an hour glass in the right; and on the opposite side of the bleeding heart are the words—"Thomas Wyllingar, goldsmithe. My hart is yours tel dethe." No account has been preserved of this prisoner, or of the offence for which he was confined.

Another prisoner, whose name is unknown, has thus recorded the tedious period of his confinement. "Close prisoner 6 monthes, 32 weekes, 224 dayes, 5376 houres." This prisoner does not appear to have taken confinement so easily as a gentleman who passed some time in prison in 1715, and left the following memorial on the windows of his cell:—

"That which the world miscals a gaol,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty."

But a truce to "prison thoughts." The Albums, consisting of fragments written by various persons in a blank book, came into use soon after the revival of letters. They appear to have originated with the Germans, and the Flemish and English travellers adopted them. Thus one of the first indications Algernon Sydney gave of his republican principles was, when the University of Copenhagen brought their Album to him and desired him to write something in it, when he thus recorded the awful purpose of his soul:—

"Manus hoc, inimica tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

Madame Dacier, when called upon to write her name in an Album, refused it, because it contained the names of several of the most eminent scholars of Europe, saying, "it would be presumptuous to insert her's among those of so many distinguished persons." The gentleman insisted on it, and Madame Dacier then displayed the modesty of her character by writing in it the verse of Sophocles,

"Silence is the ornament of the female sex."

Albums are now usually kept by ladies, and consist of original contributions, drawings, music, scraps of poetry, autographs, fragments of prose, sentiment, wit, and no wit at all, written either by the possessor or such of her friends and acquaintance as she can press into the service.

Such, indeed, in a great measure, is our Album, a few extracts from which

we have preceded by so long, though we trust not uninteresting, an essay. Our readers are no doubt aware that we are much in arrear with our correspondents, from the frequent apologies we have had to make for deferring the articles with which they favoured us. It was a conviction of this which prompted us to devote the few pages we are allowed in the present Number, to inserting a few of their contributions under the title of the Editor's Album, which we shall do without further apology. Of complimentary verses to Young Ladies, our Album has a most ample store. The following appear to us to be the best:

STANZAS TO ———.

If thou, whom most I love,
These simple, artless lays approve;
If of thy care they aught beguile,
And make thy faded aspect smile,
A smile of fondness—such as late
Won all my heart, and changed my fate;
Then for the noisy breath of fame,
Then for the lustre of a name,
I little care—if thee I please,
No cavils shall disturb my ease.
Whate'er betide, I blest shall be,
For thou art all the world to me.

S. N.

Women and wine are so frequently associated, that we shall need no apology for following the breathings of S. N. to his mistress, with an Anacreontic from the pen of another Correspondent:

YOUR GLASSES FILL.

Your glasses fill, your glasses fill,
For thirsty souls like me
Love to see each brimmer thrill
The souls of men so free.

For know, if joy illumes your heart,
'Tis wine infuses wit,
Then drink one glass, 'twill sure impart,
The social comfort fit.

But should grim woe prey on your mind,
And care your heart imbue,
The only thing that e'er you'll find
Give joy, are glasses two.

Then do not spare this luscious store
Of wine.—For tho' I think
A maiden's kiss can please us more,
When we've not that 'tis drink.

Your glasses fill, your glasses fill,
For thirsty souls like me
Love to see each brimmer thrill
The souls of men so free.

Asm Abrah.

A great admirer of the curiosities of nature and of art, who ransacks the world for both, has presented us with the following article, which will at least be acceptable to our botanical readers, and to all who look up "from nature to nature's God:"

ON THE SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

There are some plants on which if a fly perches they instantly close and crush the insect to death. Plants also change their position and form in different circumstances and seasons. They take advantage of good weather, and guard themselves against bad weather; they open their leaves and flowers in the day, and close them at night; some close before sun-set, and others after; some open to receive rain, and others close to avoid it; some follow the sun, and others turn from it; the leaves of some plants are in constant motion during the day, and at night they sink to a kind of rest or sleep. It has been observed, that a plant has a power of directing its roots for procuring food; and that it has a faculty of recovering its natural position after it has been forced from it. A hop-plant, for instance, in twisting round a pole, directs its course from south to west, as the sun does; if it be tied in the opposite direction, it dies; but if it be left loose in this direction, it will regain its natural course in a single night. A honeysuckle proceeds in a certain direction till it be too long to sustain itself; it then acquires strength by shooting into a spiral form, and if it meet with another plant of the same kind, both these coalesce for mutual support, one twisting to the right and the other to the left. The colours of plants are so wonderfully diversified, and so constantly meet the eye, whenever it is directed to the face of nature, that they contribute, more than any other quality, to the beauty of the creation. Cowley says,

Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew;
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the human heart.

It would be tedious to enumerate the beauties of the component parts of flowers. The microscope has enabled us to discover exquisite beauties. The leaves of rue seem full of holes, like a honeycomb; all the kinds of St. John's wort appear likewise stuck full of pinholes to the naked eye; but the microscope shews that the places where

those seem to be, are really covered with an exceeding thin and white membrane. A sage-leaf appears like rug or shag, full of knots tasselled with silver thrums, and embellished with fine round crystal beads or pendants, fastened by little footstalks. The back-part of a rose-leaf, but especially of sweet-brier, looks diapered with silver. Every body knows that the leaves of stinging-nettles are thick set with sharp prickles, that penetrate the skin when touched, and occasion pain, heat, and swelling, which symptoms were imagined formerly to ensue from the prickles being left in the wounds they made. But the microscope discovers something much more wonderful in this common vegetable, and shows that its prickles are formed and act in the same manner as the stings of living animals. Every one of them is found to be a rigid hollow body, terminating in the most acute point possible, with an opening near its end. At the bottom of this cavity lies a minute vessel or bag, containing a limpid liquor, which, upon the least touching of the prickle, is squirted through the little outlet, and, if it enters the skin, produces the mischief before mentioned by the pungency of its salts. Hence it comes to pass, that when the leaves of nettles are considerably dried by the heat of the sun, they sting but very little; whereas such as are green and juicy produce violent pain and inflammation. But the contrary to this would happen if the symptoms were only owing to the breaking of the prickles in the flesh, since, when dry, they must be more brittle, as well as more rigid, than when they abound with juice. The back-part of the herb mercury looks as if rough-cast with silver, and the ribs full of white transparent balls, like numberless grapes, fastened by little footstalks. So that "we may read and read again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct, even in the noisome weed." P. T. W.

---

A young lady, whose family had lived in affluence, but was afterwards much reduced by a fatal suit in Chancery, thus sighs over her misfortunes:

Are we to fall, to rise no more,
Lost to what we should have been,
Crush'd our hopes, our happiness all o'er,
And all that's past appear a dream?
No! for the future Heaven will provide;
Or why saved from the past?
Then let's each anxious fear deride,
And hope will prove our friend at last. L. G.

"Alatus," who likes a good joke better than verse, supplies us with the following clincher from Voltaire:

Miracles.—One of the junior monks of a convent in Italy was so much addicted to performing miracles, that his Prior forbad him to continue the practice. The monk obeyed—but happening to pass one day as a poor bricklayer was in the act of falling from a scaffold, his humanity made him hesitate between the desire of saving the man's life, and his obedience to superior injunctions. He therefore merely commanded the labourer to remain in the air till he returned, and hastened away to the Prior, to inform him of what had happened. The good Prior gave him absolution for the sin he had committed in beginning a miracle without his permission, but allowed him to finish it, on condition of offending so no more!

---

The following beautiful lines, communicated by W. D. S., and written by the Honourable St. George Tucker, of Virginia, on his being asked why he had ceased to court the poetic muse, need no apology for an introduction to our Album:

Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away.
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and grey.
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more.
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrow'd all o'er.
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone.
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall.
Hours of my youth,
I'm content you should fall.
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen.
Cheeks of my youth,
Bath'd in tears have you been,
Thoughts of my youth,
Ye have led me astray.
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay.

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past.
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last.
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight.
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light.

Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod.
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fix'd on your God.

---

An anecdote of our great tragedian very opportunely presents itself at the present moment, when theatrical funds are celebrating their anniversaries:

MR. KEAN.—At one of the Anniversary Dinners of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, at which His Royal Highness the Duke of York presided, Mr. Kean, as treasurer, had to return thanks, when he happily alluded to the flourishing state of the fund since His Royal Highness had become its patron, by saying, in that language of Shakspeare, which he has often repeated with so much effect on the stage—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the Sun of *York*;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

The mention of the stage almost involuntarily forces upon us "Dick Wildfire's Directions to the Players," but we cannot, for the life of us, get beyond the first couplet, and we therefore print it in justification of not reading any more of it—

"When first you come on, 'ere you've time for a speech,
Take care to begin with a horrible screech."

---

The next half dozen lines, by a correspondent, too modest to give either name or initials, will compensate to our readers for reading the couplet of doggrel we have just quoted:

ON A LADY WHO DIED IN CHILDBED.

The breath which you surrender, I receive:
I enter on a world—'tis yours to leave:
My cares are all to come—yours are all past;
And my first moment proves my mother's last:
My life, your death—your pangs, my power supply:
I kill in birth—and you in bearing die."

---

The following stanzas were written on a blank leaf of the Bible, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, the fair author of a pretty volume of Poems:

Has grief's rude hand thy bosom torn,
And dost thou weep some fatal truth?
Art thou untimely left to mourn,
The blighted visions of thy youth?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Flows it for friendship ill repaid?
Or does thy heart in secret sigh,
O'er hope deceived—or love betray'd?

*Then*, pilgrim! turn this soothing page,
*Here* find a solace for thy care;
That can life's darkest ills assuage,
And calm the tortures of despair!
And learn with gratitude to know,
This sacred book to man was giv'n,
To light his erring steps below;
But 'twill be realized in Heav'n!

---

But poetry avaunt, since here comes a correspondent, Jacobus, to wit, who burlesques it.

ON POETRY.

A certain Arabic author whom I have read somewhere, observes, "that the superior excellence of any science can only be demonstrated by the number of its votaries, and the attractive power of its charms"—and if so, I think poetry will bear the bell from all others.

Every man scribbles verses and attempts at poetry, as every woman curls her locks and endeavours to appear beautiful; both seem willing to deceive themselves, for the one is as fondly prone to be acknowledged a poet, as the other to be celebrated for beauty. The ridiculous figure which some ladies make in their finery may be seen every day in the streets and public places of amusement; and to illustrate the comparison, I shall show how ridiculous some men appear in their poetic apparel. Take the first instance from a fiddle-faddle poet to his mistress—

Pretty mis—se,
Come and kis—se,
With your black and rolling eye;
Oh! that lip—pe,
Let me sip—pe,
Or with anguish I shall die.

Another gentleman whom I have also the honour (shall I call it) to know, has such an art of swelling with bombast, that many of his pieces (which I am confident were written without any meaning) have, among the vulgar, passed for strong sense and sublimity. Mark the pomp of the following:

And round his head a flood of darkness roll'd,
So massy, permanent, and thick, you could
Not hear the cock's shrill din when morn appear'd.

Here the *flowers of rhetoric*, and the *nutmeg* and *sugar of poetry*, are finely intermixed!

I could give innumerable instances

of this sort of the sublime, but the above may serve my present purpose. I shall now, sir, exhibit some few stanzas of a very extraordinary Psalm which was composed last summer on the distemper among the horned cattle, by the clerk of a certain parish in Yorkshire, and chorussed by the whole congregation. After the first four stanzas (which contain an account of the cattle lost, and the sufferer's names,) the fifth runs thus:

No Christian bull, nor cow, they say,
  But takes it out of hand;
And we shall have no cows at all,
  I doubt, within this land.

The doctors they alike have spoke
  Like learned gentlemen,
And told us how the entrails look
  Of cattle dead and gean.

Yet they do nothing do at all,
  With all their learning store;
So Heav'n drive out this plague away,
  And vex us *not no more*.

This piece was so well received that after service was over, it was desired again by all the congregation, except six farmers, who wept bitterly, and said the lines were *too moving*. 'Twas also much applauded by the 'squire, who himself writes verses, and may therefore (if you please) be esteemed a proper judge. As to the parson he was obliged to stand neuter; for 'tis as much as his benefice is worth to contradict the squire. When the people were going out of church, I heard him say to the clerk, "John, why what Psalm was this we had to-day? it was not one of David's." "No, sir," (quoth John, big with the new honour he had acquired,) "David never made such a Psalm since he was born. This is one of my own putting together, measter!"

I am, sir, &c. JACOBUS.

---

Silence now for a song:—here then we have it, communicated by a much-valued correspondent, TIM TOBYKIN.

SONG.

Gaelic Air.—"*O trio inhari Saoghach.*"

O, my own dear Mary,
  Trust this faithful heart,
It shall never vary,
  Though all else depart:
Beauty may be blighted,
  Youth must pass away,
But the vows we plighted
  Know not of decay.

Tempests may assail us
  From affliction's coast,
Fortune's smile may fail us
  When we need it most:
Fairest hopes may perish,
  Firmest friends may change,
But the love we cherish,
  Nothing shall estrange.

Dreams of fame and grandeur
  End in bitter tears;
Love grows only fonder
  With the lapse of years:
Time, and change, and trouble,
  That coarser bands unbind,
Those silken cords redouble,
  By true affection twin'd.

---

We had intended to introduce a portion of curious Epitaphs, Epigrams, Puns, Bon Mots, &c. but find we have only room for the following

TWELVE DROLL SIMILES,

"Rough and ready like a rat-catcher's dog."—DAVIES.

1. Sharp work for the eyes—as the devil said when a broad-wheeled waggon went over his nose.

2. I'm down upon you—as the extinguisher said to the rushlight.

3. I know the world—as the monkey said, when he cut off his tail.

4. Turn'd soldier—as the lobster said when he popp'd his head out of the saucepan.

5. Musical and melancholy—as the cricket said to the tea-kettle.

6. Here we are all mustered—as the roast beef said to the Welch rabbits.

7. I'm all in a perspiration—as the mutton chop said to the gridiron.

8. Where shall I go?—as the bullet said to the trigger.

9. Off with a whisk—as the butcher said to the flies.

10. I'll be quick—as the fly said when he hopp'd out of the mustard-pot.

11. Every one take care of himself—as the jackass said when he was dancing among the chickens.

12. When a man is ashamed to shew the front of his face, let him turn round, and shew the back of it, as the turnstile said to the weather-cock.

I. W. W. P.

# INDEX

TO

# The Mirror,

## VOLUME THE FIRST.


Abstemiousness, 208.
Abstinence, on, 407, 438.
Achmet, the Pasha, 260.
Age of Bronze, Extracts from the, 357.
Aguero, the Patriot, 376.
Aldermen, Court of, 168.
All Fool's Day, Account of, 354.
Alliterative Love Letter, 335.
Alexander, Byron's Character of, 358.
Album, the Editor's, 465.
Amphitheatre at Verona, 76.
Ancient Vessel, the, 177.
Anecdotes, 15, 30, 48, 64, 80, 95, 112, 127, 144, 160, 175, 192, 208, 223, 240, 256, 272, 287, 304, 320, 336, 352, 367, 384, 400, 416, 426, 429, 438, 440.
Anglo Norman Carol, 130.
Angling in Surinam, 22.
Ante and Post-Nuptial Journal, 358.
Antiquity, an Essay, 265.
Antonio, St. his Miracles, 343.
April the First, Journal kept on, 363.
Arabian Martyr, the, 341.
Arabs, Manners of the, 220.
Art, Curiosities of, 318, 330, 301.
Assassins, Origin of the, 139.
Asthma, Cure for, 319.
Authors, Conversation of, 135.
Autographs and Anecdotes, 329.

Bachelor's Fare, 373. Wish, 207.
——— Island, Description of, 222.
Bakers and Bread, on, 430.
Bally Groogagh, Splendid Fete at, 284.
Bankeriana, a Punning Invitation, 309.
Banks, Sir Joseph, Anecdote of, 438.
Barbarities, Eastern, 260.
Barbers, an Essay on, 53. Address, 303.
Banos, the Patriot, 376.
Barton, Barnard, Stanzas by, 294.
Bastile Inscriptions, 465.
Beating the Boundaries, 463.
Becket, Thomas à, Murderers of, 435.
Bells and Bell-ringing, 434.
Benefit of Clergy, Origin of, 351.
Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, 173.
Bible Statistics, 108.
Bidassoa, Pass of the, 354.
Birth of Eve, by T. Moore, 154.
Blundering Irish Letter, 324.
Blunders, 128, 256, 287, 324.
Bonfires, why so called, 440.
Bonny Wee Thing, by Burns, 220.
Books, odd Titles of, 304.
Bouffiers, Tale from, 443.
Bow Bells, Account of, 103.
Bow Fair, Elegy on, 443.
Brambins, the, 236, 313.
Brandenburgh House described, 369.
Brewing, History of, 84.
British Empire, Extent of, 128.
Bridge, the Iron Suspension, 274.
Broken Metaphors, 146.
Brothers, the Prophet, 6.
Brownies, Description of, 382.
Bruce, Michael, Life of, 403.
Bull Baiting, Origin of, 77.
Bumper, Origin of the Word, 192.
Bonaparte's Birth Place, 409.
——— House at St. Helena, 401.
——— Patrimonial House, 446.
——— Anecdotes of, 151, 247.
——— Byron's Sketch of, 357.
——— Family Portraits, 409.
Burdett, Sir F. Character of, 102.
Burning Dead Bodies, 9.
Byron, Lord, a Fragment by, 288.
———, Sketch of, 331.

Caledonian's New Year's Wish, 180.
Canadian Cannibals, 60.
Canara, Ceremonies in, 92.
Canine Affection, 14, 344, 383.
Canning, Lord Byron's Sketch of, 358.
———, Memoir of, 330.
Canton, Conflagration at, 321.
Caravan, an Eastern, 381.
Card Table Compassion, 16.
Caroline, Picture of the Trial of, 370.
Celia's Arbour, by Moore, 80.
Celibacy *v.* Matrimony, 373.
Centenarians of Yorkshire, 99.
Chapel on London Bridge, 337.
Charles I. Remains of, 333.
——— II. Anecdotes of, 287, 206, 429.

Charing Cross, on, 192, 228, 264.
Chamois Hunting, 285.
Charlotte, Princess, Monody on, 27.
Chatham, Lord, Anecdote of, 30.
Cheap Times, 229.
Chinese Tailor, Ingenuity of a, 351.
——— Tailors and Barbers, &c. 174.
——— Women, 48. Sheet Lead, 447.
Christina, of Sweden, 106.
Christmas Customs, 115.
Clothes taking Fire, Hints on, 224.
Clubs of former Days, 78, 291, 408.
Coaches, Antiquity of 383.
Cock Fighting, Origin of, 77.
Cocquenar Drinkers, 140.
Cold Pudding, a Yorkshire Story, 199.
Coliseum, at Rome, the, 143.
Colossus, at Rhodes, 173.
Comforts of an Inn, 319.
Commerce, Vicissitudes of, 301.
Consanguinity, Extraordinary, 47, 93.
Contrast, the; a Pathetic Tale, 91.
Converted Native, the, 156.
Coral Reefs, Description of, 189.
Corruption, Bill on, 11.
Country Cousin, Epistle to a, 261.
Courage and Integrity, 301.
Crispe, Sir Nicholas, 309.
Cross Readings, 223, 352.
Cruel Father, the; a Tale, 284.
Cupid and Psyche, the Story of, 206.
Customs, Curious, 228, 416.

Damp in Walls, to prevent, 110.
Days, Origin of their Names, 199.
"Dead as a Herring," Origin of, 335.
Death of the Year 1822, 160.
Deaths of French Generals, 158.
Diligence, Travelling in a, 386.
De Staël, Mad. de, Anecdote of, 85.
Devil and Dr. Faustus, 367.
——— Painted by himself, 109.
Dexterity, Extraordinary, 92.
Dialogue, an Irish, 141.
Dictionary, Specimen of a New, 38.
Dinner Company to Let, 230.
Distinction, new mode of, 319.
Dogs, Anecdotes of, 294, 71, 189.
Dolly Dray, a Song, 173.
Domestic Life, Anecdotes of, 318.
Dragooning in France, 171.
Drama, History of the, 328.
Dress, Antiquities in, 107.
Drunkenness, Definition of, 221.
Duel, Ludicrous, 250.
Duels of the Turks and Germans, 238.
Dumesnil, Gen., Anecdotes of, 152.

Earth's Motion, Velocity of the, 355
Earthquakes at Aleppo, &c., 77.
Early Rising, Maxims on, 47.
Easter, Customs at, 356
Eccentricity, Anecdotes of, 264.
Echo, the, 212, 417.
Economical Sportsman, 264.
Eleanor, the Heroine, a Tale, 298.
Election Expenses, 10.
Electors, Irish, 11.
Elm, its multiplying powers, 79.
Elephants, on, 144, 270, 304.
Elizabeth, Queen, Death of, 143.
Ellen, a simple Story, 410.
Emigrant's Farewell, the, 163.
Emmett, the Irish Patriot, 251.
Encouragement to marry, 211.
English Manners, 375; Fogs, 48.
——— Travellers, 461.
Epigrams, 31, 152, 192, 223, 274, 288, 319, 320, 352, 383, 399, 416, 432, 448, 464.
Epigram Club, Account of the, 291.
Epitaphs, 15, 80, 111, 164, 191, 223, 255, 280, 287, 304, 335,, 367, 368, 283, 599, 416, 431, 448, 454, 460.
Epitaphs, what they ought to be, 87,
Escape, a Wonderful, 331.
Esquimaux Indians, the, 425,
Esquire, the Title of, 42.
Etna, Sunrise at, 462.
Eugene, Prince, Anecdote of, 153.
Executions in Antigua, 269.
Executioner in Georgia, 64.
Exhibition, Opening of the, 451
Eyam Banks, a Sketch, 326.

Faith, Lines on, 446.
Fair Penitent, Tragedy of the, 256.
Fairy Castles described, 441.
Fanatics, Sketches of, 6.
Farmer and Counseller, the, 316.
Farquhar, Mr., Life of, 33.
Fashionable Misery, 365.
Felicity, Idea of, 96.
Female Christian Names, 265.
Fielding's Portrait, by Hogarth, 126.
Field Sports for November, 407
Filial Piety, Anecdotes of, 313.
Fire Irons, the, a Tale, 262.
Fish, Anecdotes of, 335.
——, Method of preserving, 110.
——, Remarkable, of Guiana, 352.
Fisherman and his Wife, a Tale, 122.
Floating Island of St. Omers, 351.
Fonthill Abbey, Description of, 49.
Foote, Anecdotes of, 127, 367.
Food, Nutritive Properties of, 110.
Foscari the Somnambulist, 350.
Fox, Charles James, Life of, 210.
Franklin, Capt., Memoir of, 405.
Frederick and Catherine, 186.
Frenchman and Pigs, 288.
French Nobility, on the, 189.
Friendly Heroes, 236.
Funeral in Borneo, 282.
Futurity, a Peep into, 282.

Game Cock, Anecdote of a, 78.
Garrets, in praise of, 29.
Garrick, Anecdotes of, 126, 208, 366.
——— Mr. and Mrs., 29.

GATHERER, the, in every sheet.
Gay's Chair described, 127.
Gem Engraving, History of, 179.
George I., Anecdote of, 144.
——— III., a Colossal Bust of, 255.
——— IV. imitates Kemble, 234.
——— King's Petition, 160.
German Honesty and Simplicity, 169.
Geysers of Iceland, the, 359.
Gin Twist, Lines on, 116.
Glaciers of the Alps, 211.
Gladiators, Roman, 143.
Glance at the Year 1822, 146.
Glass made from a Dead Body, 400.
Glue, how made, 384, 415.
Glutton, Confessions of a, 280, 294.
Gluttony, Anecdotes of, 439.
Gold Fish, how prepared, 398.
Good Friday, Customs on, 356.
Goose, Michaelmas, Origin of, 271.
Ghosts of Craig Aulnaic, 395.
Grave, the choice of a, 169.
Great Man of the Family, the, 457.
Green Coat and Brown Coat, 43, 57.
Guanches, Hunting of, 305.
Guy Fawkes's Plot, 25.

Habeas Corpus Act, 47.
Hagamore, the Rev. Mr., 319.
Half Guinea, lost, 201.
Hamburg, Festival at, 48.
Hands, Language of the, 181.
Hardy, Admiral, 301.
Hart, Nicholas, the Sleeper, 108.
Hats, Antiquity of, 386.
Haydn's Compositions, 287.
Haymarket Theatre, 225.
Hayter, Mr., on Crayon Painting, 421.
Hell Bridge, 221.
Hellespont, Byron's Account of, 331.
Heralds, the Duties of, 160.
Hermitage of Rolanseck, 74.
Heroism and Affection, 80.
Highland Lassie, 247.
Hindoos, Superstitions of the, 9, 142, 309, 406.
Hodge and the Fiddler, 328.
Hoadly Bishop, 318.
Hogarth's "Lady's Last Stake," 182.
——— Tail Piece, 446.
Hogg, Essay on the, 9.
Holy Land, Sketch of the, 32.
Honesty in Humble Life, 260.
Hooping Cough, Recipe for the, 366.
Hornor's View of London, 450.
Hornby, Mrs., Sketch of, 196.
Horse Racing at Verona, 175.
How-d'ye-do and good-bye, 414.
Hudson Jeffery, Memoir of, 219.
Hunters, the, a Parody, 228.
Hypocondriacism, 207.

Idolatry, a Sketch of, 139.
Imagination, Force of, 414.
Impromptus, 207, 287, 399, 416.
Industry, Fruits of, 30.
Indian Corn, 106.
——— Jugglers, Dexterity of, 433.
Inkle and Yarico, Story of, 255.
Integrity, Anecdotes of, 200.
Irish Calculation, 383.
Italian Hoaxing, 103.

Jacob's Pillow, 272.
Jane Shore, Sketch of, 117.
Jenner, Dr., 286.
Jewel, a valuable, 304.
Joe Miller's Epitaph, 6.
John Bull, Origin of the Name of, 192.
Joking in Company, 212.
Justice, how to obtain, 184.

Kemble, Mr. J. P., Memoir of, 306, 308, 332, 237.
King Edward's Avarice, 384.
—— of Rome, the, 152.
Kosciusko, the Patriot, 230.

Lady buried alive, 237.
Lady's Dress, Recipe for a, 367.
Laplanders, Ceremonies of the, 237.
———, Customs of the, 146.
———, Sketch of the, 129.
Laughter, on the Wisdom of, 24.
Lavalette, Anecdote of, 270.
Law and Lawyers, 12.
Leeds, the Duke of, 350.
Legal Process in Ireland, 144.
Leonitius Pylatus, 139.
Letter, a Sailor's, 111.
"Lex Talionis," 164.
Lying, an Essay on, 118.
Lightning, Caution against, 398.
Light Bread, a Tale, 188.
London Bridge, its Antiquity, 21.
———. ———, Plans for constructing a new one suggested, 338, 398.
———, View of, from St. Paul's, 450.
Long Vacation, the, a Parody, 392.
Longwood, Description of, 401.
Long Yarns, 154.
Lord Mayor, Origin of the, 19.
Lover's Alphabet, 165, Vows, 244.
Lovat, Matthew, Crucifixion of, 81.
Louis XIV., his Appetite, 106.
——— ———, and the Bishop, 202.
Love and Hymen, by Moore, 461.
Louis XVIII., Character of, 358.
Love and Friendship, 392.
—— Unrequited, 374.
Love is Lightest, Lines on, 355.
Love Tale, an Oriental, 364.
Luxury, evil Effects of, 175.
Lyre of Timotheus, 174.
Lying, Observations on, 7.

Macheath, the Scotch, 299.
Magnanimity, 127.
——— of King Edward, 256.

Magnanimous Legatee, 201.
Mahomedan Punishment, 341.
Man, a Republic, 256.
Mansfield, Lord, Anecdote of, 448.
Maria Louisa at Verona, 358.
—— ——, Marriage of, 151.
March, on the Month of, 277.
Marriage Act, the New, 3, 15, 21, 140.
———— Ceremonies, 232, 315.
———— with the Ring, Origin of, 332.
————, Lines on, 112.
———— of the Persians, 25.
Married Man's Fare, 378.
Marvell, Andrew, 175.
Maternal Affection, 315.
Mathews at Carlton House, 230.
Matrimonial Ladder, 402.
Matrimony, the Island of, 279.
May, the First of, 418.
——, on the Month of, 420.
Medical Quackery exposed, 370, 393, 422, 435, 455.
Medical Small Talk, 293.
Mendicant Robber of Orleans, 133.
Merchant of Balzora, 327, 347.
Merit, Unpatronised, 261.
Mermaid Exhibited in 1822, 17.
———— in Chancery, 70.
Mermaids, various Accounts of, 18, 35.
Metempsycosis, 40.
Michael Howe, the Life of, 195.
Machiavel's Choice, 96
Midnight Murder, the, 251, 267.
Miniature Watch, a, 318.
Minor Miseries, 267.
Miracle of the Skull, 365.
Miracles of St. Patrick, &c. 342.
Miser, Lines on a, 382.
Monks and Friars confounded, 140.
——— of the Screw, Clubs of, 73.
Monte di Pieta at Rome, 30.
Months, Origin of Names of, 199.
Montmorency, the Falls of, 159.
Morgan, Lady, on Nobility, 180.
Moore, T. Esq. Memoir of, 331, 185.
———'s Poems, 30, 106, 461.
Morin, the Harness-maker, 109.
——— Simon, the Fanatic, 238.
Mortality, Literary, for 1822, 230.
Moses's Trial, a Tale, 380.
Moscow, Byron on the Fire of, 358.
Mother and her Babe, Lines on a, 182.
———, Mr. Moore's Lines to his, 462.
Mount Radamanth described, 85.
Multiplier, singular, 366.
Murders within the Tower, 286.
Music, Charms of, 64.
———, ancient state of, 188.

Nadir Shah's Tent described, 249.
Nautical Breeding, 6.
Navigation, Improvements in, 384.
Neapolitan Thieves, 31.
Negroes, on the, 140, 160.
Nets and Cages, a Melody, 106.
Newton's Philosophy, 303.
New Year's-day Customs, 148.
Night, a Sonnet, 460.
North Cray described, 97.
Novelist, The, in every Number.
Nugæ Canoræ, 453.

Ogle, General, Anecdote of, 175.
Old Friend with a New Face, 352.
—— Seaman, a Sketch, 120.
Oranges, Introduction of, 437.
Organ at Haerlem described, 429.
Orkney Isles described, 61.
Owen, Mr. and his Plan, 212, 324, 345.

Pantomimes, Origin of, 181.
Pardon Church Haw, 198.
Paris, a Winter in, 237.
——, Mode of Living in, 249.
——, in 1822, described, 183.
Parisian English, 98.
Parricide in China, 318.
Patrick, St., the Life of, 342.
Pattens, the Antiquities of, 386.
Pawnbroker's Sign, Origin of the, 367.
Pear Tree, Longevity of a, 192.
Peter Pindarics, 233, 250, 282, 316, 328, 380, 424, 443.
——, the Wild Boy, Account of, 76.
Penn, William, and the Indians, 203.
Perceval, Mr., Life of, 258.
Peveril of the Peak, 216.
Phansigars, Account of the, 197, 214.
Phillip II. of Spain, 323.
Physic and Astrology, 158.
Physicians, Recipe for making, 125.
———— in China, 139, 127.
Pig, how to ship a, 192.
Pisa, leaning Tower of, 430.
Pitt, Mr., Memoir of, 330.
Plants and Flowers, on, 467.
Pleasure, Innocence, and Modesty, 204.
———— Poetry on, 469.
Praying Mantis, the, 364.
Prefiguration of Remote Events, 374.
Premature Interment, Dangers of, 325.
Prisons in Venice, State of, 253.
Protean, Description of the, 312.
Protestants tortured, 171.
Punch Bowl, an Immense, 304.
Punning Epistle, 229.
———— Preacher, 48.
Punishments, Foreign, 63, 64.
Pyramids of Egypt, 39.

Quick Retort, the, 425.
Quiroga, Memoir of, 376.

Rattle-Snakes, Tame, 246.
Refinement, Modern, 192.
Rein-Deer, History of the, 129.
Reformation, Sketch of the, 155.
Return, the; a Tale, 461.

Richelieu, Anecdote of, 106.
Riego, Memoir of, 376.
Rob Roy, Character of, 242.
Robbery, a singular, 126.
Rosslyn Castle, Ruins of, 190.
Rousseau's Heloise, on, 109.
Routs, Satire on, 41.
Rope-Dancer, Extraordinary, 144.
Ruling Passion, the, 223.
Rural Felicity, 280.
Rums is Riz and Sugars Fell, 127.
Russell, Lady, nearly buried alive, 325.

Sadler's Daughter, the, 264.
Sailor, Sketch of a, 264.
Sandwich Isles, Executions at the, 385.
Saucy Arrangements, 264.
Saturday, Sketch of, 254.
Sea Sickness, Hints on, 366.
Scots Grey, Anecdote of a, 80.
Scott, Sir W., Memoir of, 331.
Scripture History, the Ceylonese, 107.
——— Prophesies fulfilled, 191.
Sculls, Drinking from, 73.
Shah Choram, Brutality of, 216.
School-master, Miseries of a, 413.
St. David's-Day, History of, 278.
Shakers, Account of the, 124.
Shakspeare, Life of, 161, 304.
Shark, Dreadful Battle with a, 300.
———, Boy's Escape from a, 332.
Shenstone, Anecdote of, 429.
Shoes, Antiquity of, 386.
Shoe-Leather, to Preserve, 110.
Shipwreck in the Greenland Seas, 376.
Signs in Ale Houses, 101.
—— of the Times, 101, 245.
Slave Trade, Speech on the, 11.
Sleeping Beauty, the, 244.
Smith, John, the Assassin Poet, 138.
Smollett, Anecdote of, 31.
Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, 159.
Sore Throat, Recipe for a, 365.
Spain, Executions in, 382.
Spanish Liberty, Founders of, 376.
——— Piety, Anecdotes of, 61.
Spaniard's Soliloquy, 360.
Spiders, a Microscopic View of, 61.
Spirit of the Public Journals, in every Number.
Spriggs, John, a Runaway, 216.
Starvation, Voluntary, 94.
Steam Carriage, the, 241.
Stick, on cutting a, 24.
Suett, Dicky, Character of, 5.
Surgeon, Difficulties of a Consulting, 338.
Sussex Calf, an Anecdote, 408.
Swallowing Clasp Knives, 26.
Sweet Home, a Song, 383.
Syrens, History of the, 37.

Talkative Wives, 208.
Tarring and Feathering, 288.
Tailor, a Precise, 283.
Tailors' Soliloquy, 299.
——— Melancholy of, 53.
——— Celebrated, 16.
There is a Tongue in every Leaf, 362.
Throwing the Hatchet, 133.
Thor and Loke, a Celtic Tradition, 284.
Tiger, Death of a, 216.
——— Hunt in Paraguay, 305.
Time, Lines on, 367.
Tobacco, how first produced, 106.
Tom Ruby's Journey, 68.
Tower Inscriptions, 466.
Treacherous Host, 397.
Tread Mill at Brixton, the, 1, 125.
——— Origin of the, 145.
Tread Wheel, Chinese,
True Ambition, 324.
Turbot, the, a Tale, 62.
Turkey, the, a Tale, 200.
Turkish Epitaph, 366.
——— Women, their Manners, 263.
Twin Brothers, of, 9, 158.
Twelfth Night, Festivities on, 140.
Twelve droll Similes, 470.
Twist-imony in favour of Gin Twist, 88.

Umbrellas, Origin of, 64.
Universe, vast Magnitude of the, 28.
Usbek, Fall of, 444.
Useful and Domestic Hints, 110, 224, 365, 384, 398, 445.

Valentine's Day, History of, 226.
Van Diemen's Land, Account of, 193.
Venice, a Picture of, 202.
Verdicts, Curious, 30, 302.
Vesuvius, Eruptions of, 65.
Vessel destroyed by a Whale, 462.
Vicar and the Soldier, 316.

Wager decided, 208.
Walking Stewart, Life of, 54.
War, the Effects of, 398.
Wars of France and England, 414.
Wandering Jew, the, 157.
Wapeti, History of the, 113.
Warning, Supernatural, 270.
Wassail Bowl, Origin of the, 149.
Water, value of, in India, 208.
Weddings of the Highlanders, 389.
Whig and Tory, 144.
Whittington, Sir Richard, 426.
Wheat, Origin of the Indian, 106.
Whydah, Description of, 107.
White Wolf and Dog-rib Rock, 417.
Wife, what she ought to be, 336.
Wilberforce, Mr., 11.
Wild Beasts, Combats of, 215.
—— Pigeons in America, 48.
Wilkes, Anecdote of, 14.

William with the strong Hand, 302.
Wilson, Dr. Anecdote of, 14.
Wife's Obstinacy cured, 134.
Winter in London, 416.
Wives, Purchase of, 431.
Wolves, Story of the, 380.
Women sold by Auction, 95.
Wooden Leg, the, a Tale, 136.
Year, the, 272.
Yeast, Recipe for Making, 32.
Yeoman, on the Title of, 166.

# LIST OF THE ENGRAVINGS IN VOL. I.

1. The Tread-Mill, at Brixton, page 1.
2. The Mermaid, 17.
3. Fonthill Abbey, 49.
4. Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 65.
5. Crucifixion of Matthew Lovat, 81.
6. North Cray, 97.
7. The Wapeti; or, Gigantic Elks, 113.
8. Laplanders and Rein-Deer, 129.
9. The Chinese Tread-Wheel, 145.
10. Shakspeare's House at Stratford, 161.
11. Shakspeare's Autograph and Seal, 163.
12. Ancient Vessel of the Rother, 177.
13. Van Dieman's Land, 193.
14. Monument of Mr. Fox, in Westminster Abbey, 209.
15. New Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 225.
16. Patent Steam Carriage, 241.
17. Monument to Mr. Perceval, in Westminster Abbey, 257.
18. Iron Suspension Bridge over the Tweed, 273.
19. Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena, 289.
20. Tiger Hunt in Paraguay, 305.
21. The Protean, a new Carriage, 313.
22. City of Canton, 321.
23. Autographs of Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Moore, 329.
24. The Ancient Chapel on London Bridge, 337.
25. Plan of the proposed New London Bridge, 337.
26. Mr. Owen's proposed Village, 345.
27. The Pass of the Bidassoa, 353.
28. Burning of a Hindoo Widow, 361.
29. Brandenburgh House, 369.
30. Portraits of the Four Spanish Patriots, Quiroga, Riego, Aguero, and Banos, 376.
31. Execution of a Criminal in the Sandwich Islands, 385.
32. Plan for a New London Bridge, 393.
33. Bonaparte's House at St. Helena, 401.
34. House in which Napoleon was born, 409.
35. Portraits of Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and Young Napoleon, 409.
36. The White Wolf and Dog Rib-Rock, 417.
37. The Esquimaux Indians, 425.
38. Hindoo Jugglers, 433.
39. Fairy Castles, 441.
40. View of London Bridge from the Cross of St. Paul's.
Engraved Title, Vignette, &c.

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